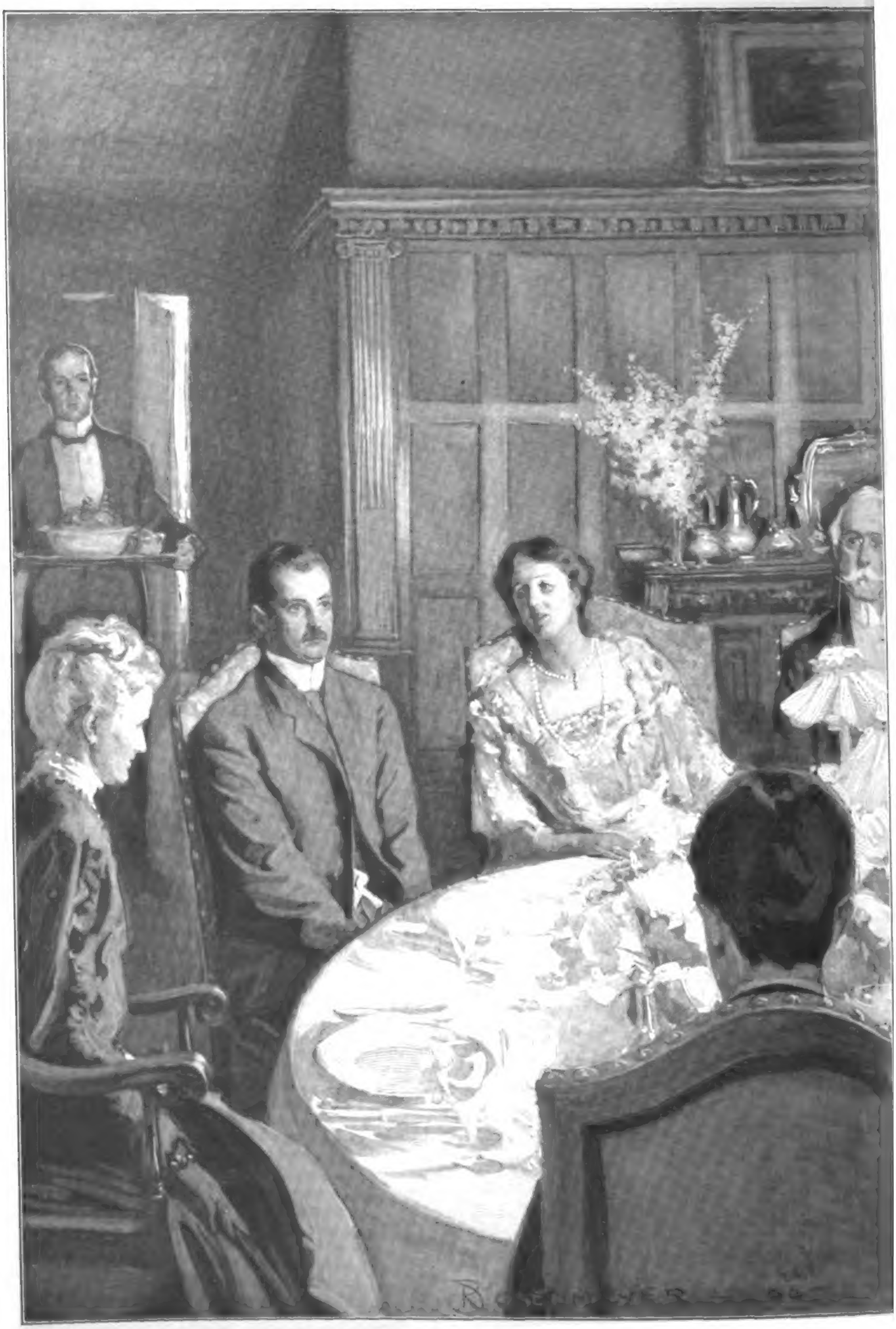
June



HE WAS CONSCIOUS OF MUCH MORE THAN HIS CLOTHES.

—*See "An Angel Unaware," page 137*

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV. JUNE, 1906. No. 6.

Bucket-Shop Sharks

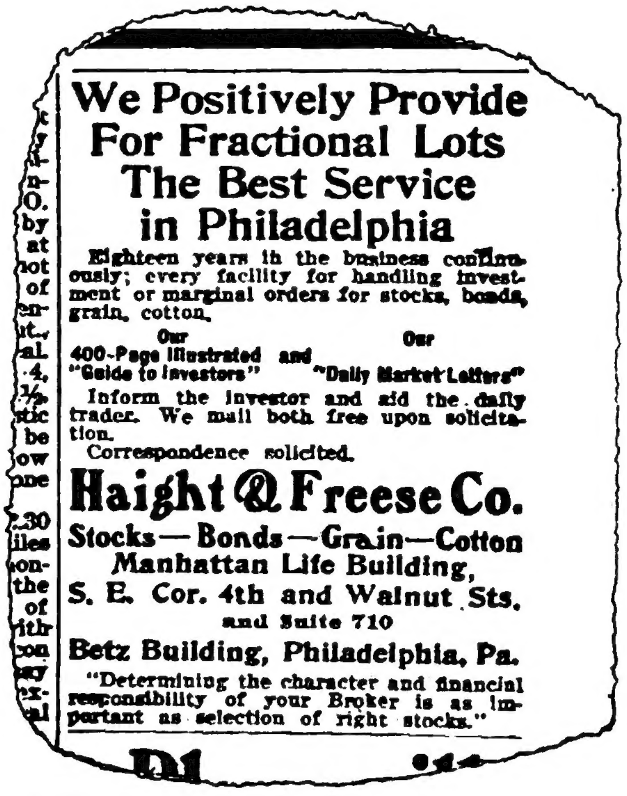
By MERRILL A. TEAGUE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Bucket-Shop thief is the jackal that sneaks along on the trail of the big beasts of prey—the Frenzied Financiers—picking up their leavings. He drags down the maimed, the weak, and the small who are disdained by the larger and more daring plunderers. The Bucket-Shop thief invades fields into which the Frenzied Financier does not think it worth while to go—the small town and city—and lures the storekeeper and the business man to their ruin by the glitter of his false "Banker & Broker" sign. Mr. Teague led a famous fight last year on a notorious pack of these unclean creatures in Philadelphia. He has been engaged by EVERYBODY'S to explain what a bucket-shop is, who the thieves are that run bucket-shops, and where they are.

IN the summer of 1903 Ridgway Bowker, then more than sixty years old, had saved $5,000 from his wages as a typesetter in a daily newspaper office. There was no dishonest penny among those dollars. Nor was there taint of dishonesty in the man who had saved them. For his wife and for his nine children Bowker had worthy aspirations. He wanted to do better by them than his scant earnings had made possible; he wanted to leave them secure from want.

On a Sunday morning in July, 1903, while reading a Philadelphia newspaper famed for moral tone and intelligence, Mr. Bowker, whose home is in Camden, N. J., came across an advertisement.

Into the fathomless depths of speculation Bowker had never thrown a financial sounding-line. Wherefore, as he read, he reasoned in this fashion: Why may not I, as others have done, use my means in the purchase of stocks, hold my purchases until prices advance, and then, by selling, realize profits to the increase of my small savings? Now this was the advertisement:



We Positively Provide For Fractional Lots The Best Service in Philadelphia

Eighteen years in the business continuously; every facility for handling investment or marginal orders for stocks, bonds, grain, cotton.

Our 400-Page Illustrated "Guide to Investors" and Our "Daily Market Letters"

Inform the investor and aid the daily trader. We mail both free upon solicitation.

Correspondence solicited.

Haight & Freese Co.

Stocks—Bonds—Grain—Cotton

Manhattan Life Building,
S. E. Cor. 4th and Walnut Sts.
and Suite 710
Betz Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Determining the character and financial responsibility of your Broker is as important as selection of right stocks."

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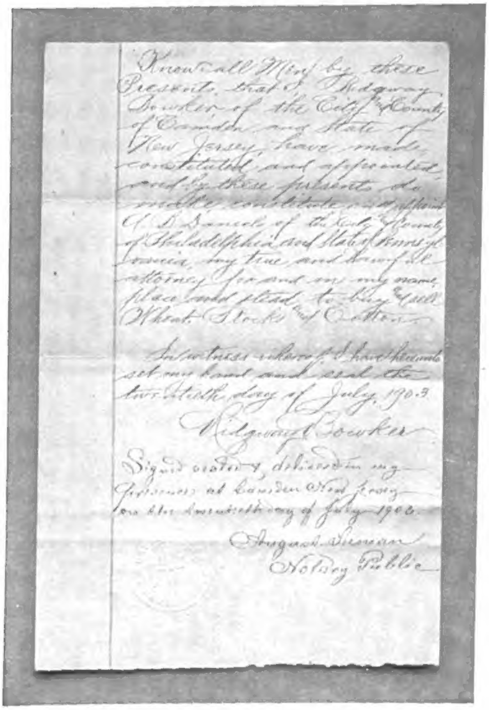
Mr. Bowker understood that his capital was meager. The greater part was invested in an unpretentious home. He would grope his way. He made a request, and promptly there came to him the "Guide to Investors" and the "Daily Market Letter." Studying these, he rose like a trout to the fly. He learned that an approaching boom market would incubate great fortunes from the smallest and most aged of nest-eggs. Untoward investments were scarcely possible. He learned, too, how tremendous fortunes had been wrested from speculative markets by the Goulds, Vanderbilts, Morgans, Sages, Keenes, and scores of other generals of finance—men who had started with less capital than he. The "Bankers and Brokers" who flung him the bait assured him:



Know all Men by these
Presents that I Ridgway
Bowker of the City & County
of Camden and State of
New Jersey have made
constituted and appointed
and by these presents do
make constitute and appoint
A. B. Daniels of the City & County
of Philadelphia and State of Pennsyl-
vania my true and lawful
attorney for and in my name
place and stead to buy & sell
Wheat Stocks & Cotton.

In witness whereof I have hereunto
set my hand and seal the
twentieth day of July 1903
Ridgway Bowker

Signed sealed & delivered in my
presence at Camden New Jersey
on the twentieth day of July 1903.
August [illegible]
Notary Public

THE DUPE'S SELF-SURRENDER.
Ridgway Bowker's Power of Attorney.

"We have every facility that capital can command for serving our clients on the different exchanges.

"Over twenty years' successful experience as brokers in bonds, stocks, grain, cotton, and provisions enables us to guarantee that all orders entrusted to our care will be executed with strict fidelity to our customers.

"We confine ourselves solely to a brokerage commission business, thus leaving our judgment as to the course of the market unbiased, our endeavors at all times being to make our clients' interests identical with our own."

Bowker pursued his investigations. He ascertained that the Haight & Freese Company comprised "Bankers and Brokers" of large importance. The corporation was regularly chartered by the State of New York, with a paid-in capital of $300,000; it had succeeded a partnership founded in 1890. Firm and corporation had always met every obligation promptly. The severest shocks dealt by turbulent storms of many market-seasons had been impotent to shake their stability. The "Guide to Investors" explained in detail how success could be won by speculation, and dilated upon the philanthropy which moved the Haight & Freese Company to take its clients' small capital and supplement it from its own abundant resources, thereby enabling transactions of small size, promising satisfactory profits, to be made. For this philanthropic service the Haight & Freese Company asked only a fair interest upon sums advanced to complete trades, together with an equitable commission for handling operations. Thus there was dangled before Bowker an opportunity of gambling upon margin.

Ridgway Bowker drew a check for $150 and had it certified. He then went to the office of the Haight & Freese Company, at Fourth and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia. What happened there he told, months afterward, as a witness before the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania:

Q. When you went there, whom did you see? *A.* When I first went in I saw a young lady. I asked for the manager, and she pointed to Mr. Turner as the manager; to a gentleman who she said was Mr. Turner.

Q. Did you converse with Mr. Turner, the manager? *A.* Yes, sir.

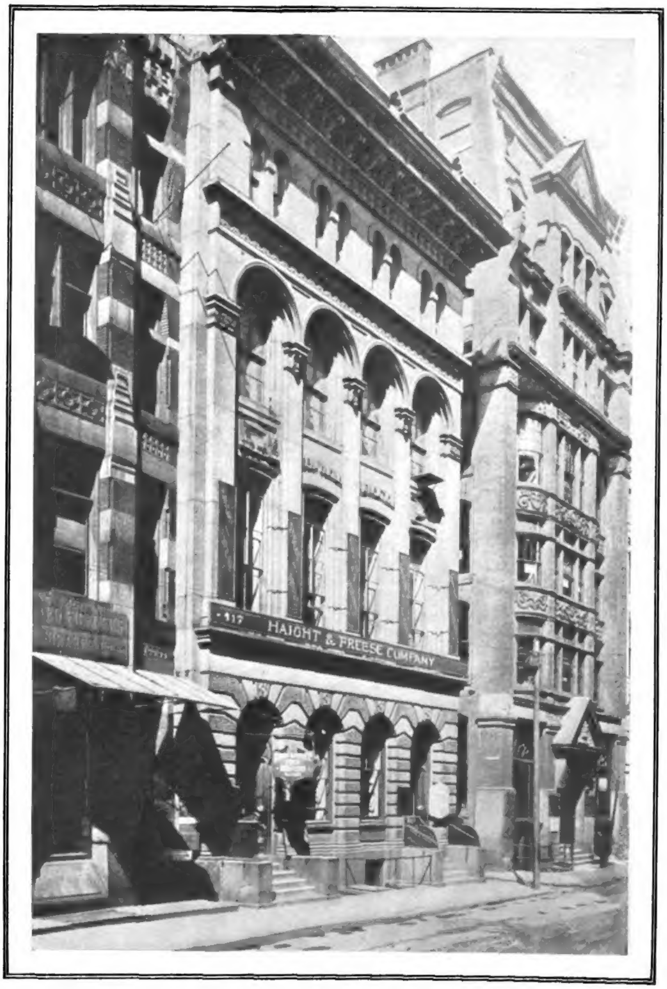
Q. What did he say and what did you say? *A.* I told him I came there for the purpose of depositing a check to open an account with them. I told him I had come with a certified check intending to open an account with their house to deal in stocks, bonds, commodities. He introduced me to Mr. Daniels.

Q. What was his full name? *A.* Mr. Alfred B. Daniels.

Q. What took place? *A.* Mr. Daniels showed me a pamphlet, handed me a pamphlet which he pulled out of his pocket, stating the fact that he was engaged in operating through brokers for customers who deposited their money with the brokers. Mr. Turner asked me to give a power of attorney authorizing Mr. Daniels to operate in my name in my behalf through the firm of Haight & Freese Company, which I did, and delivered the same to Mr. Turner.

Thieves were at work, but the victim could not see them as thieves. In the first little speculations Bowker won. And within a few days he was visited by Mr. Daniels. Daniels induced Bowker to give to him every remaining dollar of ready money he could command, about $1,550. This money Daniels deposited to Bowker's credit with the Haight & Freese Company. Ridgway Bowker prospered in the market. Incredibly soon his $1,700 grew to be $2,500, exclusive of interest and brokerage charges. Mr. Daniels apparently was managing the account with superior skill and intelligence. Was it strange, then, that when the market began to "slump" and paper profits to vanish, Bowker should listen unquestioningly to Daniels's advice that he be not afraid? Falling prices could not long prevail; market conditions would quickly change, and what at the moment seemed to be losses would be transmuted into profits.

Bowker's account, opened in July, after showing its profit of $800, ran down nearly to an even balance in early September. Before October he was notified that "additional margins were required to protect his trades." Cash the man could not furnish. He called at his "bankers," saw George G. Turner, Pennsylvania manager and assistant treasurer of the corporation, and explained his dilemma. Before he departed he had made a mortgage note for $2,000 payable in ten days to the Haight & Freese Company; it was secured by a lien against his little home. The time for which the note was made passed, and under Daniels's advice Bowker made no effort to pay it. Another ten days passed, and the account was "closed out by the bankers." Bowker, who had never defaulted on an obligation, went to the offices of his "bankers" to renew the note. Let him tell in the words of his testimony before the United States Circuit Court what took place:



A TYPICAL SWINDLERS' STAGE-SETTING.

Q. Did you see Turner? A. No, sir, not that morning.

Q. Whom did you see there? A. I saw Mr. Daniels.

Q. Tell us what took place between you and Mr. Daniels? *A*. I was in the trading-room. I went up to Mr. Daniels, and he asked me if I had seen Mr. Turner. I told him no; I had come in to see Mr. Turner, to renew my note and protect my stock. He said, "I am glad you have not seen Mr. Turner." He said, "Just wait a moment until I get my hat," and he drew me down-stairs and he told me that I should not place another cent on the Bowker account; if I did I would lose it—but he promised if I would allow him to open an account under another name, and he suggested the name of L. Rothschild, I should recoup all my losses and make additional money.

Q. Then did you open an account? *A*. Through his influence I mortgaged my property and deposited the $1,500 with Mr. Daniels, and he deposited that in turn with Haight & Freese Company, and their receipt is shown there in the name of L. Rothschild.

Ridgway Bowker was one of the "suckers" that are born with the minutes as they flit by. He did not understand that thieves handle only cash—never notes of hand. In less than six weeks his second deposit of $1,500, made, as he believed, surreptitiously, under the fictitious name of "L. Rothschild" (grim humor in the "capper's" choice of an alias for his victim), had gone the way of the first investment. Beside his cash loss, Bowker stood indebted to Haight & Freese Company for $2,000, represented by the note with its lien against his house. We find him writing to George G. Turner, pleading for the return of the note and imploring the man, whom he did not yet recognize as a thief and a swindler, to aid him in securing a position "where I can earn a living for my family."

The note was returned to its maker. Collection of a mortgage note necessitates court proceedings, and thieves of the class to which George G. Turner belongs shun courts as the devil shuns churches. In returning the note, Turner, the swindler, took occasion to upbraid Bowker, the honest man, for a deception that never deceived; for the swindler had known and helped along his capper's juggling the "L. Rothschild" account from the moment it began. In defense, the honest man sent to the swindler this letter:

JANUARY 10, 1904.

MR. GEORGE G. TURNER.

Dear Sir: Your favor enclosing the note for $2,000 received, for which please accept my thanks. I did not suppose for a moment you would ever have the note negotiated, as I have always believed you to be the soul of honor, but Mrs. Bowker was anxious lest it should fall into the hands of some other party who might attempt to use it, and she gave me no rest until I secured possession of it.

I do not think, Mr. Turner, you would look at the circumstances in the manner you have portrayed did you but know what influences were brought to bear upon me to cause my change of attitude in regard to renewing my account. You recommended Mr. Daniels to me, and I placed implicit confidence in him, and on account of my inexperience in buying and selling stocks, did what he advised me to do, with the result that out of $3,200 invested, I have received $100, which I was compelled to withdraw. . . . A year ago I was nicely situated financially, but needing a little larger income, tried to augment it by speculating, resulting in the loss of every dollar I invested. . . . To-day I am looking for work to enable me to maintain one of the best families God ever gave a man! . . . I have never intentionally defrauded any one to the extent of a dollar, and when you spoke about my not having kept my promise, I thought I should explain that it was my intention if I was successful with the second account to repay the money due on the first. . . .

I thank you, Mr. Turner, for the courtesies shown me by yourself, and could you have known the mental suffering and anguish I have undergone, I believe you would forgive me and try to secure a position for me.

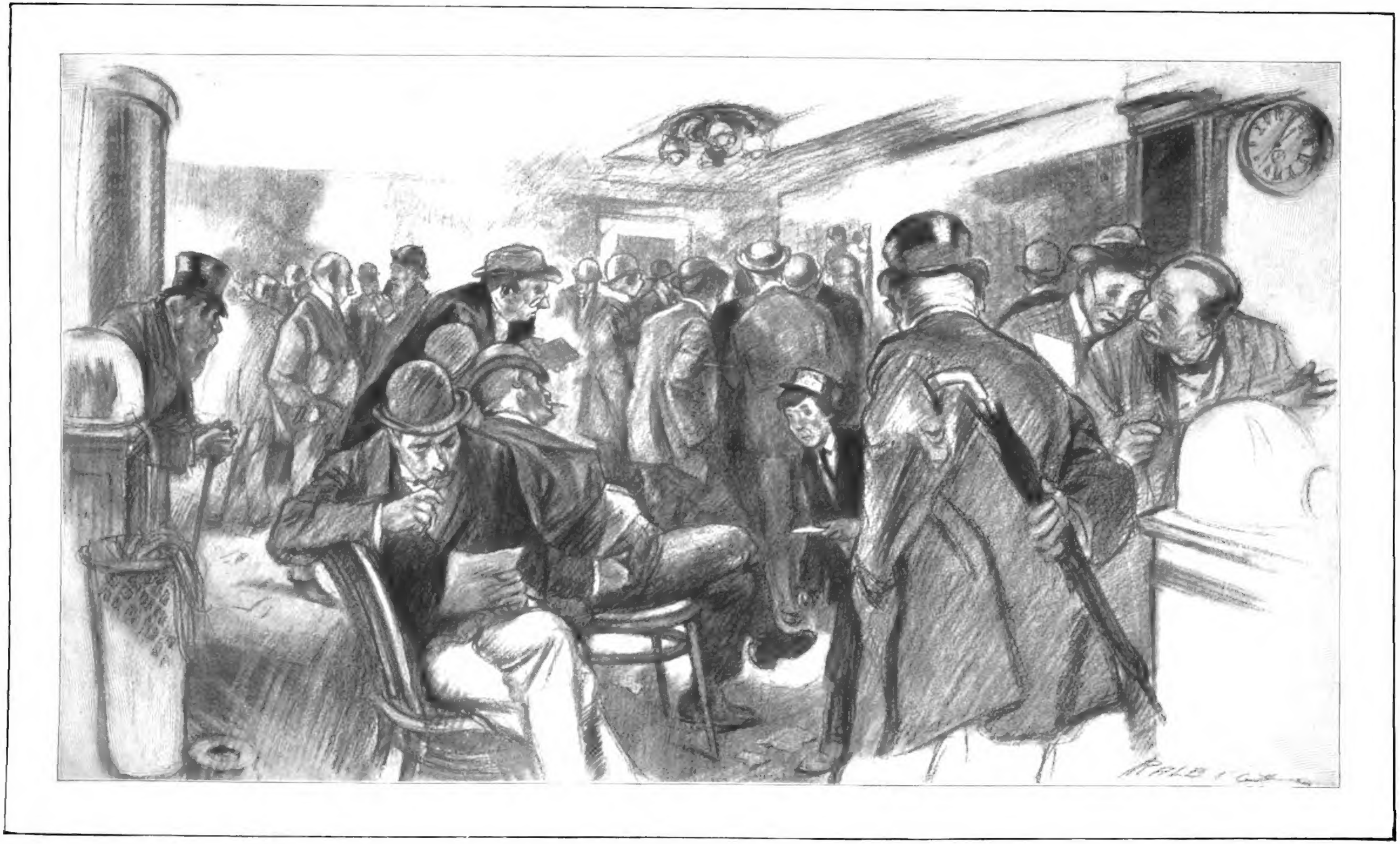
Yours respy.,
RIDGWAY BOWKER.

Come and see me some time; I should be glad to have you.

It was a small tragedy and soon over. Ridgway Bowker, savings and home gone, and family brought to penury, found work as a laborer in a Federal building in Philadelphia. In going to and from his work he walks six miles each day, without overcoat and gloves, even in severe winter weather; he is too poor to buy luxuries. His salary is $60 a month. Ridgway Bowker is not of the stuff suicides are made of, or he would have marked the end of his financial tragedy with a bullet through his brain. With his sixty wasted years behind him, he has faced the world poor and become a hero for the sake of "one of the best families God ever gave a man."

CHAPTER II

YOU may not be attracted by the story of Ridgway Bowker's little tragedy. You may deem it commonplace. It is. It may seem to lack dramatic interest. It does. It may seem almost trivial. It is. But this story has been printed here not because it has worth as a tale. It is told because it is commonplace—because it is so trivial that it has



THE SKINNING-MACHINE AT WORK.

a counterpart in nearly every county and hamlet in the United States. It is a tragedy that is enacted before your eyes, if you but knew, almost every day. It has been told because behind it lie the reasons why many once good men are now in penitentiary cells and suicides' graves; the reasons why men of excellent repute in their communities have been guilty of day-by-day embezzlements, of till-tapping, of forgeries.

Ridgway Bowker's story has been told here because it is typical of the most wide-spread, most insidious form of villainy that is now being practised in America without molestation. It is a villainy which takes from Americans of comparatively small earnings one hundred million real, honest dollars each year. One-third of this sum goes directly into the pockets of thieves of the sort with whom Bowker dealt. The other two-thirds is tribute to the ostensibly respectable accomplices of the thieves—publishers of newspapers, brokers of standing in the world's stock-markets, the telegraph and telephone corporations.

Rogues who operate this system for fleecing the public establish themselves in the financial districts of the great cities; they push their way into the remotest nooks and crannies of the Republic. Their harvest-field lies wherever there is a dollar that can be stolen. For their assistance leading daily newspapers and periodicals freely offer advertising space—even seek their patronage, offering them place and publicity equal with that afforded advertisements of legitimate bankers and brokers, not in any way distinguishing, for the public's protection, the spurious from the genuine.

In the furtherance of this villainy the United States mails, too, are freely employed. And the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Postal Telegraph & Cable Company, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, and divers other agencies for quick communication lend eager aid, collecting in exchange for their assistance great slices of the loot of thievery.

Ridgway Bowker's story has been told here because in its details it demonstrates explicitly and incontrovertibly how this organized and systematized scheme of thieving works impoverishment and ruin. It is sapping the wealth and gnawing at the productive energies of millions of Americans.

Speculation is as vital to modern business as is credit. The speculator is as indispensable to the nation's well-being as is money; the broker is as important as is the banker. These postulates imply no defense of the speculator, nor of his agent, the broker. But no inquiry into bucket-shopping—that form of well-masked thievery which counterfeits speculation with splendid ingenuity and daring—is possible except there be adequate differentiation between the false and the true. Speculation, as the word is used here, means ventures in stocks, bonds, and other negotiable securities and in the produce of farm and plantation—wheat and other cereals, staple provisions, and cotton. Commenting, in a decision rendered on May 8, 1905, the Supreme Court of the United States said of this form of speculation, which consists of purchases and sales made in anticipation of rising or falling prices:

"People will endeavor to forecast the future and to make agreements according to their prophecy. Speculation of this kind by competent men is the self-adjustment of society to the probable. Its value is well known as a means of avoiding or mitigating catastrophes, equalizing prices, and providing for periods of want. It is true that the success of the strong induces imitation by the weak, and that incompetent persons bring themselves to ruin by undertaking to speculate in their turn. But legislatures and courts generally have recognized that the natural evolutions of a complex society are to be touched only with a very cautious hand, and that such coarse attempts at a remedy for waste incident to every social function, as a simple prohibition and laws to stop its being, are harmful and vain."

The thing the Supreme Court thus approved was legitimate speculation, trading among competent men according to their forecasts of the future, buying and selling under responsibility, and with full intention to consummate transactions by actual transfer of things traded in, or by transfer of equivalent money-values. Between this legitimate speculation, carried on by real speculators and real brokers, and the counterfeit devised and operated by thieves and swindlers—bucket-shopping—there lies a gulf wider than that which separates life-insurance promise from life-insurance performance.

Legitimate speculation tends to the ascertainment, establishment, and maintenance of prices, whether the thing traded in be stocks, bonds, grain, cotton, or provisions. The time of direct trading between producer and consumer is long gone; the evolution to present-day methods created great commercial exchanges. These are scattered over the country; and while their machinery has been too frequently manipulated for the manufacture of false booms or panics, their relationship to the complex aspects of modern business is clearly defined, is recognized.

But essential as are these agencies for legitimate speculation to business as it is done to-day, the swindling bucket-shop is modeled after them.

When actual trading in stocks, bonds, and commodities began to require more money than speculators could command, there was invented the scheme of marginal gambling. Greed for wealth had then overreached scruples in regard to legitimacy. Neither traders' profits nor brokers' commissions enabled men to get rich quick enough to satisfy the promptings of modern money-lust. Marginal dealing became the vogue at the moment when brokers and speculators realized that to gamble might be more profitable than to trade.

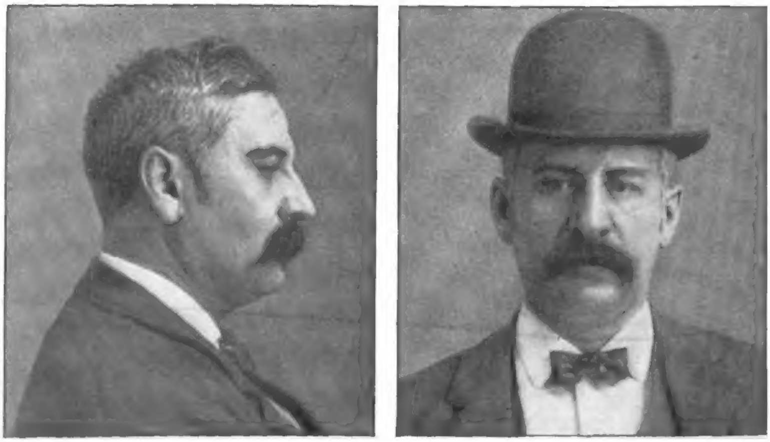
Legitimate speculative operations involve the outright purchase or sale of fixed quantities and the payment of full market prices. The seller must actually own the thing before he can sell it, and must actually transfer it when he has made a sale. Transactions of this nature have been dwarfed in volume and importance by the growth of gambling on margin. They are sneeringly referred to in these days as "buying for investment." Marginal gambling now holds sway even in the realm of legitimate speculation. For out of the wagers made upon margin there are resolved a sufficient number of *bona-fide* transactions to adjust and maintain real prices and to effect the necessary commercial movements from producer to consumer. It is the number of transactions over and above those that end in *bona-fide* transfer and settlements that marks the extent of the gamblers' activities. But a clear comprehension of real gambling upon margin is requisite to an understanding of the viciousness of the counterfeit.

Suppose you have received information which leads you to believe that stock now selling at $100 the share, will increase in value, and you determine to speculate in that stock. Your capital is, say, only $1,000—not enough to justify anticipation of any considerable profit from shares when the rise shall come. I am a regular commission broker, member of a regular exchange which permits transactions to be made upon margin. With proper introduction, you call at my office, make known your wishes and the amount of money you are prepared to risk in the operation. I make the situation clear to you thus:

"I will buy 100 shares of X Y Z for your account and carry the purchase upon your deposit of $1,000. That will give me a margin of ten per cent. for my security. I will require you to make deposit of additional margin whenever fluctuations in X Y Z bring your deposit below ten per cent. of the value, and I will charge your account with interest at the market rate on the $9,000 I must furnish to complete the purchase of $10,000 worth of this stock for you. I will, also, charge your account with the amount of my commission, commission being payable on both the purchase and the sale, the sale to be made when you wish to close the trade."

You accept these terms, recognizing them as the usual terms of legitimate brokerage, and knowing that regular brokers never deal in stocks in less than 100-share lots, and seldom on margins narrower than ten per cent. You deposit your $1,000 with me and give me a formal order for the purchase of the 100 shares of X Y Z, of the market value of $10,000. Thus fortified, I as your broker go upon the floor of my exchange, and of a fellow broker, who is selling, purchase these 100 shares, giving him my check for $10,000, and receiving from him the certificates for X Y Z shares. The broker who figures as the seller in this transaction must make actual delivery of the certificates. Should he be selling for a client who is going "short" of the market—that is, one who without really owning the shares sells them in anticipation of a decline in price—he must borrow the certificates, or himself purchase them, to make actual delivery to me. These certificates I hold as my security for the $9,000 I have advanced to complete your trade. With my multiplicity of clients, my capital is not sufficient to enable me to carry all accounts with my own funds. I go, therefore, to my bank, and, depositing the shares of X Y Z bought for your account as collateral security, borrow upon my note as large a percentage of their full market value as the banker will lend. In the vernacular of the market, you are "long," having purchased ten times the amount of stock your capital warrants, and being but the nominal owner of the certificates, the actual ownership being in me. The financial burden of this transaction is, in the main, carried by my banker—who lives by trafficking in credit for the use of other people's money. This banker holds as security for the loan he has made to me the shares I have bought for your account, and I, in my turn, hold those same shares as my security for the loan I made you when I advanced the $9,000 necessary to complete their purchase. My bank charges me interest at the prevailing market rate on the amount of my loan, and I charge your account with interest on the loan I made to you when I bought the shares. My margin of security is the $1,000 you have deposited with me. The interest and commission I charge against your account constitute the price you pay for the facilities afforded you for speculating to the extent of ten times your capital.

Now, X Y Z shares advance in value. When they are quoted at 110 you order me to sell yours, and I sell them. The broker who buys these shares gives me his check for $11,000. I pay my indebtedness to my bank, and thereby release the certificates of X Y Z stock, and deliver them over to the buying broker. You receive my check for $2,000 (being the amount of your original deposit plus the profit of $1,000) minus the amounts charged against you for interest and commissions. This closes the trade. On the other hand, suppose X Y Z shares decline in value against your expectations, and when called upon to do so you fail to deposit additional margin. When the decline in price has exhausted all of your deposit except such portion as may be required to pay interest and commissions, I sell these shares to another broker. I receive from him a check for the stock at the depreciated price, and with its proceeds pay my indebtedness to the bank, principal and interest, and satisfy my own commission charges. The certificates are thus released, and I deliver them to the buying broker; and the trade is closed.



ALEXANDER J. HALTER ("HIPPOPOTAMUS"), A PROMINENT NEW YORK "BANKER AND BROKER."

Every gamble upon margins takes, in a general way, this course when the gambler is a buyer, or an operator on the "long," or "bull," side of the market. The reverse is the case when the operator is a seller, on the "short," or "bear," side. Then a rising market—when prices increase—exhausts his margins, his transaction being a sale in anticipation of declining prices, and in expectation of his ability to buy at some future time the thing he has sold, at a price lower than that at which he has agreed to make delivery.

The difference between this form of gambling and bucket-shopping is the difference between playing poker with friends, using an honest pack of cards, and playing with professional card-sharpers who stack the cards, abstract aces from their coat-sleeves, and resort to every other crooked trick to secure possession of your stakes the while they rob the "kitty." Even marginal gambling is frowned upon by the laws of nearly every State in the Union; almost without exception the statutes bring this form of speculation within the classification of wagering upon games of chance; but these laws are not enforced. And, despite the illegality of your conduct when you gamble upon margin though the offices of a legitimate broker, you are quite sure to receive "a square deal." It is not to the interest of the broker to deal unfairly by you. He has no concern in the transactions you order beyond the collection of his commission charges and his own protection against loss of any portion of the money loaned or borrowed for you. Neither has his banker any concern in your transactions beyond protecting himself against loss of any part of the money he has loaned your broker and the collection of the interest other people's money has earned for him. Neither has nor can have the smallest motive for influencing prices so as to cause the gambler the loss of a dollar. On the contrary, it is to the advantage of both broker and banker to have the client make money. The more profit the client makes, the more extensive will be his trades, the more frequent the collection of commissions by the broker and of interest by the banker. With the cutthroat tactics practised in that warfare which is interminably waged between those who range themselves on the "bull" side and those who range themselves on the "bear" side of the market we have nothing to do. It is these tactics that result in the wholesale fleecing of the public; and because of them the man who sets out to speculate faces the almost inevitable prospect of seeing his dollars vanish like food in the maw of a hungry tramp. Success is the exception. Failure is the rule. The word to those who are wise enough to take it is, then:

When you are moved to speculate, or to gamble upon margin, DON'T.

But if you must gamble on margin; if you are of those that in their folly and vanity think they can beat the game that has broken better men than live to-day, by all means give your patronage to a regular broker. Shun the bucket-shopper as you would shun a house quarantined for smallpox. Your regular broker will sail you as straight a course as you have a right to expect when you embark upon your career as a gambler, albeit his fellow broker, on the opposite side of the market, will be endeavoring to scuttle your ship, striving with all his might to send it to the bottom.

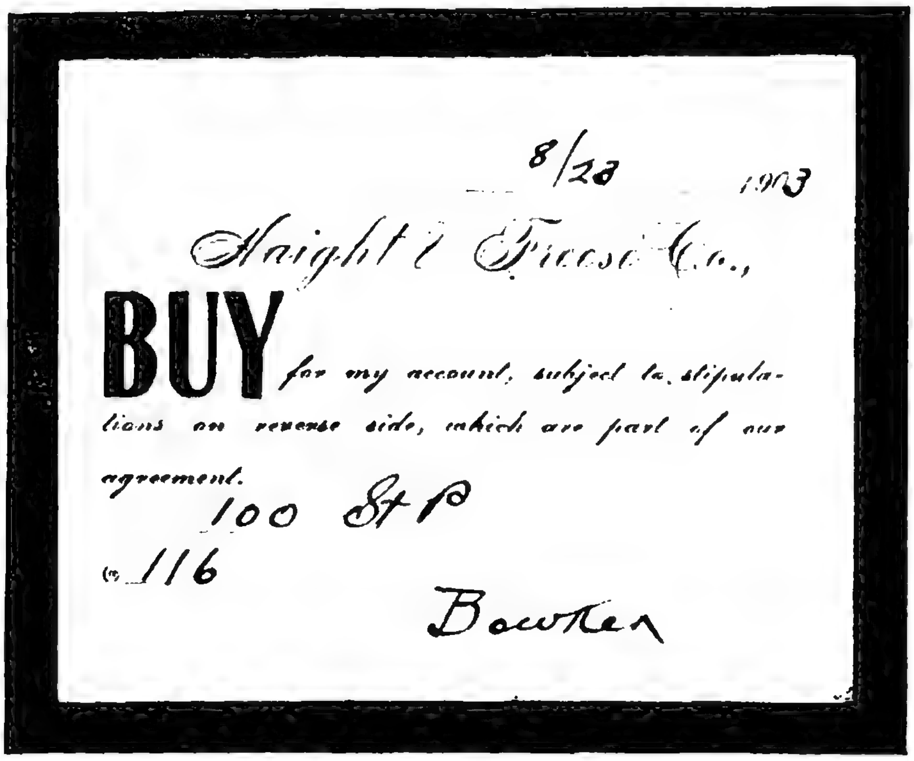
CHAPTER III

THE invention of marginal gambling was what made bucket-shopping possible. As long as trades were actual and the things bought and sold were actually transferred and the whole price was paid, there was no room in speculative markets for the keeper of the bucket-shop.

It was a quarter of a century ago that transactions on leading stock and cotton exchanges and boards of trade—the marts where prices originate and are fixed—were first counterfeited. Deals were consummated at the "buckets" with greater ease than on legitimate exchanges, where rigid rules governed each transaction, and where red tape had to be tangled, unraveled, and tangled again. The counterfeit transactions perfectly simulated the genuine. The counterfeiters used quotations established on regular exchanges. There was nothing to prevent, since those quotations were gathered by the telegraph companies and disseminated to anybody who paid for them. Places where the counterfeiters held forth stood cheek by jowl with the offices of regular brokers and bankers; there was no apparent difference in their appearance. But the keepers of bucket-shops held out to all who wished to gamble the inducement of "quick action" for their money. They charged small commissions, waived interest upon balances supposed to be advanced to cover deficiencies between margins and full values, required narrower margin than would be accepted by regular brokers, and, as an irresistible magnet to attract patronage, offered to accept orders for transactions in fractional lots. Legitimate exchanges countenance trades only when made in fixed units or multiples thereof, the minimum being 100 shares of stock, 10,000 bushels of grain, 100 bales of cotton, and so on. The bucket-shop keeper accepted orders for five shares of stock, 1,000 bushels of grain, and five or ten bales of cotton. Your bucket-shop keeper went on the road to steal all the money that might chance across his path. He has never had any more scruples about stealing the five-dollar bank-note of the broken-down gambler, the clerk or office-boy, than an industrial life-insurance company has about accepting the weekly premium of five cents on a policy of insurance on the life of the three months' old babe of unloving, poverty-stricken parents. The term "fractional lots" has been from the beginning almost infallible proof of the spuriousness of this form of brokerage.

We have seen how the regular broker does business. Now let us place in contrast the manner of the bucket-shop keeper's rascality.

Bucket-shopping is betting upon fluctuations in market prices. Where the broker buys or sells for his clients' accounts, the bucket-shop keeper buys or sells nothing—he lays a wager against the money his dupes have entrusted to him. Where the broker borrows from his banker to carry trades ordered by his customer, the keeper of a bucket-shop steals the whole sum his dupes have placed in his hands. Where the broker handles his client's money disinterestedly, the keeper of a bucket-shop has a stake in every order exactly equal to his victim's deposit. "Bucket-shopping is no worse than making a book at a race-track, or any other form of gambling," said George G. Turner, in a newspaper interview, after his swindling corporation, the Haight & Freese Company, had been put into the hands of receivers in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. The man who "makes a book" at a race-course allows you the privilege of seeing "a run for your money." The keeper of a bucket-shop practises plain sneak-thievery.



8/28 1903

Haight & Freese Co.,

BUY for my account, subject to stipulations on reverse side, which are part of our agreement.

100 St P

@ 116

Bowker

A FAKE "BUY" ORDER.

When Ridgway Bowker became the dupe of the Haight & Freese Company he was informed that his margins in stock transactions might be as small as three per cent.; in trades in grain, three cents per bushel, and in transactions in cotton, one dollar per bale of 500 pounds.

As orders for transactions to be made for Ridgway Bowker's account, blanks like the one shown above were filled out and handed to the Haight & Freese Company.

Under an order like that shown below, the Haight & Freese Company, had they been regular brokers, would have been required to go into the market and buy for Bowker's account 100 shares of St. Paul at $116 a share, and to carry the purchase until, under a rising market, Bowker should order it sold, or, under a falling market, until it should be sold at their discretion and for their protection against loss. Similar orders were required in all transactions involving sales.

As to what happened when the order-blanks had been filled out, signed, and delivered, there is testimony in plenty. When Bowker was seeking recovery of the money of which the Haight & Freese Company had robbed him, Arthur M. Johnson, of New York, was called as a witness in Bowker's behalf. Johnson had been, successively, mailing clerk, margin clerk, bookkeeper, and cashier of the Haight & Freese Company's offices in New York and Buffalo, and, later, he had been managing director at Philadelphia for the incorporated thieves. I quote from his testimony:

Q. Will you describe to the court the nature of the defendant's business while you were connected with them [Haight & Freese]? *A.* Where orders were received to purchase stock or orders to sell——

Q. Were given by customers? *A.* The orders from all offices were received. You want this at the time we were in Philadelphia?

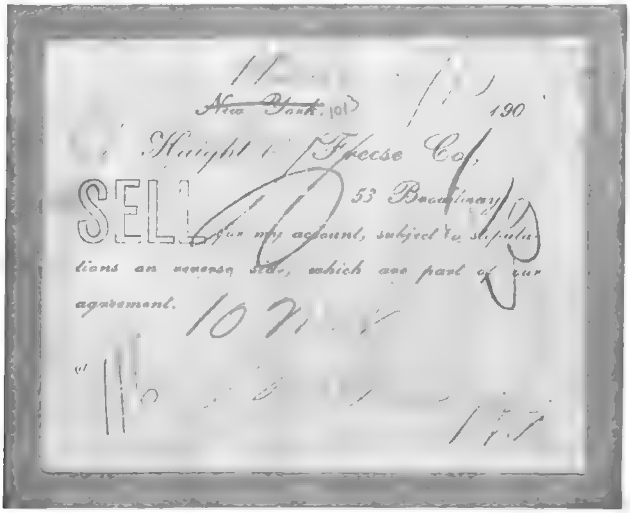
Q. Yes, take them up in their order; take Philadelphia, for instance. *A*. The orders came in over the wires, private wires, which were leased by the company. The orders were made on slips, buy or sell slips, as the case might be, taken by a boy and handed to the order clerk. If it was a market order, usually the next quotations, the order was filled at the next quotation received over the quotation wire.

Q. The defendant had what you called "quotation" wires there in its offices? *A*. Yes, it did.

Q. And those wires were used for receiving the quotations from the New York Stock Exchange and the New York Cotton Exchange and the other exchanges throughout the country? *A*. They were supposed to be exchange quotations.

Q. When you say these orders were filled, please state how they were filled? *A*. As the quotations came in, as I say, if it was a market quotation, the order was filled at the next quotation that came over the wire.

Q. That is to say, the order was marked filled or executed? *A*. The filling clerk's initial was usually put on it.



~~New York~~, 1013 190

Haight & Freese Co.,

53 Broadway

SELL for my account, subject to stipulations on reverse side, which are part of our agreement.

10

A FAKE "SELL" ORDER INITIALED TO SHOW EXECUTION.

Did these incorporated "Bankers and Brokers" go upon any exchange and buy or sell according to Ridgway Bowker's orders? They did not. Did they do any of the things which honest brokers do for the protection of their clients and themselves? Never.

Whenever a quotation that fitted in with the order came over the quotation wire, the filling clerk put an initial upon the slip, and, presto! the order was filled, executed. This initial on the slip is the bucket-shop keeper's simulation of the regular broker's actual purchase or sale. He perfects that simulation by book-keeping entries identical with those that would be made by the regular broker, and by mailing a "confirmation" slip to the dupe. Done into commonplace English, all of this means that the Haight & Freese Company, "Bankers and Brokers," were "making a book" on market quotations. They bought not, neither did they sell.

When Ridgway Bowker gave his order-slips the Haight & Freese Company, believing him forever stopped by the "stipulations on reverse side" from demanding an accounting, and knowing that his trades were so narrowly margined that the smallest fluctuations would turn his principal into their bank accounts, laid wagers against those orders. In every instance they bet that Bowker would lose and that they would win. And they won! Nor did they content themselves with odds naturally in their favor. Instead, they made Bowker give them odds. The instant a Bowker order was initialed, the Haight & Freese Company began to "till-tap" his account. First they charged their commission of one-eighth of one per cent. against the deposit. Then they charged the account with the interest, at the fixed rate of six per cent., on the "balances" they did not advance to complete his trades. The magic in the initials of filling clerks relieved them of necessity for making any advances. By this process of "till-tapping" their dupes' deposits the Haight & Freese Company accomplished the theft of $40,000 annually from the clients of the Philadelphia offices alone. The commission thievery netted them $100,000 a year at their Philadelphia offices.

The victim pays all the expenses of the robbery.

Before I have finished I mean to make clear just how the bucket-shop man captures and makes 'way with his "swag"—your money and your neighbors'. If you don't lose under regular market fluctuations, *you must be made to lose.* Your regular broker wishes you to win that your trades may increase in number and volume. Your bucket-shop keeper has no purpose other than to steal all the money you have, or can beg or borrow or steal, and when he has done this, to steal the home that houses your family, to steal the dress your wife will need next year, and to steal the food your baby will require as it grows. If you are skeptical on any of these points, ask Ridgway Bowker, one of the least of the thousands of victims. He knows! So does every other man and woman who has roused from dreams of riches to find himself in the clutches of the bucket-shop keeper.

Yet, because the bucket-shoppers simulate respectability, they are permitted to perpetrate their swindles with virtual impunity. The proprietor, manager, or operator of a horse-racing pool-room is under the ban of the law in nearly every State in the Union. The professional gambler sets up his outfit for poker, faro, roulette, monte, and craps behind barred doors and drawn screens. The expert manipulator of three English walnut half-shells and a pea is chased from every county-fair ground in the republic. Post-office inspectors and secret-service officers pursue into penitentiary cells the backers and managers of discretionary pool swindles. The promoter of fake mining, oil, or "development" stock swindles sooner or later brings up in the dock of a police court. Policy has been outlawed and practically banished.

But the bucket-shop keeper goes his way almost unmolested. Banks solicit his accounts. Newspapers are eager to print his advertisements. Proprietors of office buildings importune him to become their tenant. The telegraph and telephone companies furnish him with every facility to thrive by theft. Regular exchanges seldom punish members who maintain "underground" connections with the thieves of the bucket-shopping class. And, as though the immunity they enjoy were not otherwise broad enough, the United States affords to the bucket-shopping thieves freest use of the mails, albeit investigation by postal inspectors would invariably show up the fact that such use of the mails is fraudulent.

That there may be no misunderstanding as to the character of the men who compose this class, let us glance over the country and consider some of those who are numbered among the bucket-shop keepers of America—those who are blandly and uninterruptedly stealing one hundred million dollars of the public money each year.

George G. Turner and William H. Lillis, the head thieves during the latter days of the Haight & Freese Company swindle, are now backing the John A. Boardman & Co. system of bucket-shops—headquarters in Philadelphia, with branches in New York, Atlantic City, and throughout the East. Harvey Watson, who was in the old swindle, and whose peculiar antics, after the naming of receivers, with $25,000 belonging to creditors caused him to be cited for contempt of court, is still associated with Turner and Lillis. Boardman, ostensibly the head of this concern, is an impecunious stool-pigeon. Formerly a salaried clerk with the Haight & Freese Company, he has loaned the use of his name to Thief Turner and Thief Lillis, in furtherance of their more effectual thievery. And Daniels, Ridgway Bowker's particular Judas, is still "capping the game" in Philadelphia for these worthies who have not yet seen the inside of penitentiary cells.

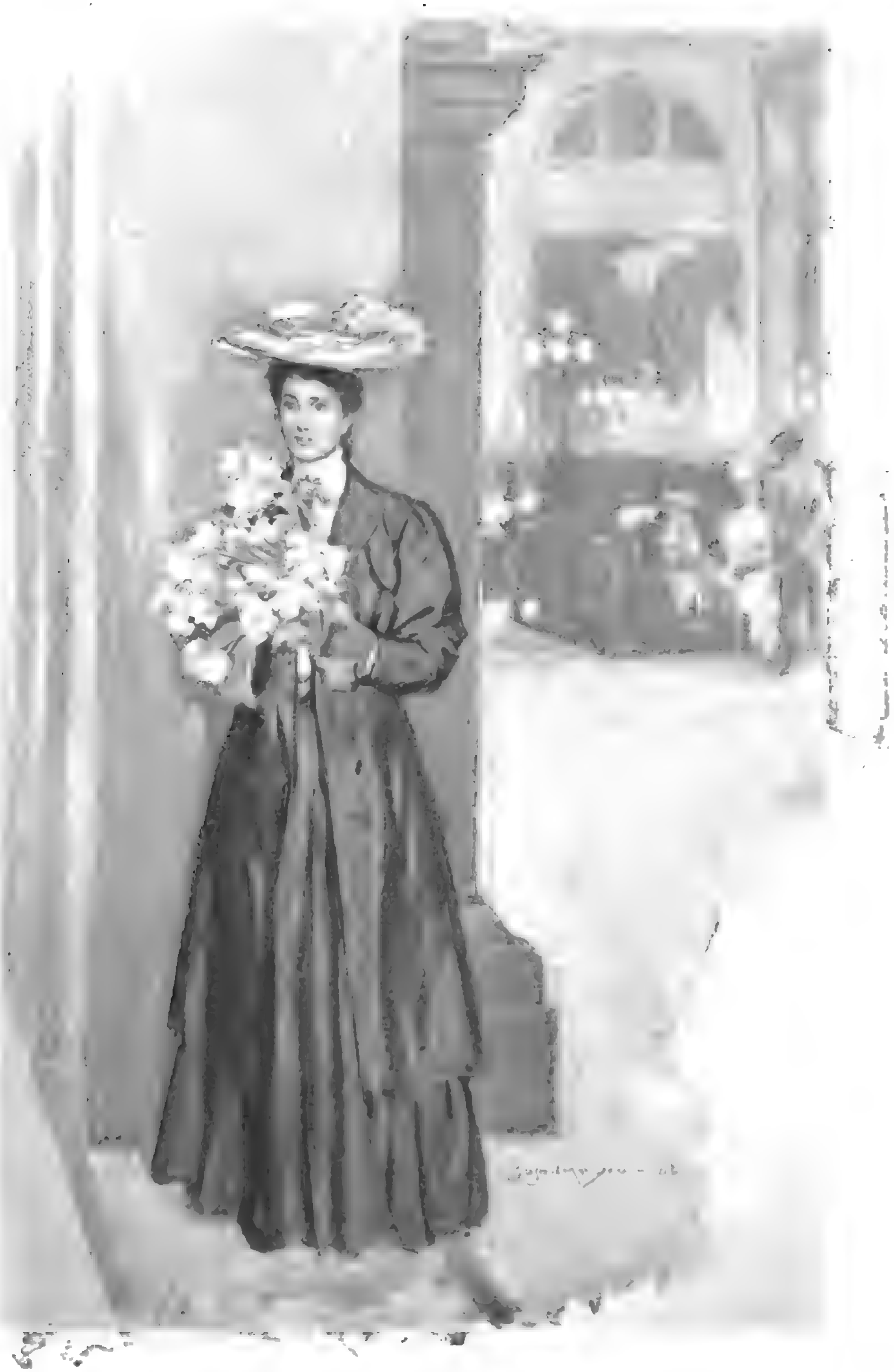
A great syndicate of bucket-shops is operated out of New York under the name of M. J. Sage & Co. This concern has recently extended its system of privately leased telegraph wires, furnished by regular telegraph companies, to include two hundred branch offices in the Southern States, where speculation in cotton runs riot. M. J. Sage, like Boardman, is a stool-pigeon. The moneyed member of the firm is "Al" Adams, the ex-policy king of the metropolis; the man who never made an honest dollar in his life, who was denounced by the judge that sentenced him to serve a year at hard labor in Sing Sing as "the meanest man in New York," and whose millions were filched from the ignorant poor of New York by the unspeakably cruel and shameless "policy" game. One who deals with one of M. J. Sage & Co.'s bucket-shops, or with a bucket-shop which classes itself as a correspondent of M. J. Sage & Co., is dealing with Al Adams.

In Philadelphia, E. C. Fletcher is bucket-shopping, through the Consolidated Stock Exchange of that city, against which *quo warranto* proceedings are pending. Fletcher has had strenuous encounters with the law in Boston and New York, not the least of his achievements having been the operation of the New York firm of Barry & Co., with a "great private wire system" which ran from a counter-desk in his trading-room to bury itself under the edge of the carpet on the floor of an adjoining room. J. Huntingdon Davis, whose portrait is No. 5,808 in the New York Rogues' Gallery, is aiding bucket-shoppers to fleece the public from a "fake" clearing-house in New Jersey, while Alexander J. Halter is one of the members of the firm of Bergstrom & Co., "Bankers and Brokers," at 68 William Street, New York. Halter is known to his familiars as "Hippopotamus," and his picture is in at least one police "rogues' gallery." An operation in La Chiva and Monarch mining stocks, engineered by Halter, gave Wall Street a most illuminating instance of the crooks' methods a few weeks ago, and will be valuable for illustration when, in the course of this series, I come to show just how the bucket-shopper works his thievery.

These are but specimens from the legion of thieves who ply their trade throughout the United States as keepers of bucket-shops while posing before the public as "Bankers and Brokers." Scattered over the country are thousands of these counterfeits of brokers' offices, and the disaster they work is almost incalculable.

Bucket-shopping should be suppressed, or placed at par with the pool-room and the poker or crap "joint" before the law of every State in the Union. The bucket-shop keeper should be hunted by police, secret-service and county officers with the same relentlessness which is shown in the chase of the professional card-sharper, the green-goods operator, the bunco-steerer, the confidence man, the pool-room proprietor and manager, the pickpocket, the safe-cracker, and the porch-climber. Up to the bucket-shopper rolls on every business day a dollar-burdened tide of tragedy out of which he steals incalculable sums of money belonging to the unsophisticated. On its ebb that tide carries a burden of dollarless misery, and its burden is spread among all the homes in the land. That this tide should flow and ebb at the beckoning of the meanest, most unscrupulous, and most dangerous class of thieves in America is a stain on government. Law purports to protect the public against the thief, yet law lies supine before the fact: "The 'bucket-shop' is a thief."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the next instalment of this series Mr. Teague will tell exactly how one may distinguish between real exchanges and the "fake" exchanges of bucket-shop thieves; he will name the syndicates which stretch their strangling tentacles across the States. The whole machinery of bucket-shop robbery will be laid bare and the mechanics will be pointed out at their work. The Editors will be glad if any reader of this article who believes himself to have been the victim of a bucket-shop thief will send a narrative of his experiences to Mr. Teague, in care of EVERYBODY'S. The name of the firm concerned in the transaction and of the local manager should always be included. While this magazine cannot undertake to acknowledge all such communications, or to take action on them, they will be of great assistance in making this series thorough, and will be highly appreciated.



TO MAKE THE POOR LITTLE HOME BRAVE WITH SPRING BLOSSOMS FOR HIS PLEASURE.

An Angel Unaware

By ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD

Author of "The Misdemeanors of Nancy," "Concerning Belinda," etc.

Illustrations by Bernard J. Rosenmeyer

J. SPENCER HUBBARD was a self-made man who found little comfort in his creative achievement. Not that he underrated the finished product. Far from it. But he would have preferred entrusting more of the task to the Creator and an illustrious line of ancestry. It annoyed him to waste upon foundation building talents eminently fitted to the embellishment of an imposing and ornate superstructure. With Knickerbocker blood or millionaire parentage to back him, his native ability, so he told himself, would have boosted him swiftly to the blue social empyrean. Only, even in moments of private meditation, J. Spencer did not use that vulgar word "boosted." He was a precisionist in speech. Only the illiterate and the social elect can afford to treat the language recklessly.

In a word, J. Spencer was a bit of a snob, though not a bad fellow as modern young men go. He had definite social ambitions and went about his climbing deliberately, measured every move, made use of every one who could further his aims; but he did not cringe nor sponge, and he was an honest, kindly little man, ready to do a good turn even for a humble associate upon whom he could not afford to waste much of his valuable time and purposeful society.

An advantageous marriage was clearly indicated upon Hubbard's map of life. His wife must bring him money and, even if she could not open the door of society for him, must be fitted to ornament the social pinnacle upon which he intended to place her—at his side. He would not choose hastily, and, in the meantime, he devoted no mean talents to the publishing business.

He had selected the business advisedly. It was a gentleman's *métier*. A fine flavor of scholarship was inherent in it, and from the coast of the aristocracy of letters to the coast of the aristocracy of birth and wealth was but a short sail. Once safely landed, a clever man could surely discover methods of inland travel.

Having figured out this theory, Hubbard broke into the publishing field, by means of a magazine apprenticeship and one Bernard Weeks—a young man of excellent family who was willing to supply capital for a business venture in which J. Spencer would furnish the experience.

The confiding young man was speedily rewarded for his touching faith. His partner was a shrewd and energetic business man, and Hubbard, Weeks & Co. prospered from the start; but, in the enthusiasm of business success, Hubbard never lost sight of his ultimate ambition. Literary aspirants of social importance found a particularly tender welcome in his office, and one of their publishers made the most of his acquaintance with them. His visiting list waxed impressive, his name was occasionally mentioned "among those present" at important social functions. In the intervals which business and society left him for reflection, he admitted to himself that things were coming his way.

And then Hildegarde Adams answered his advertisement for a stenographer. She was one of the things that came his way.

A long line of stenographers had risen and fallen in the Hubbard-Weeks office, and J. Spencer had grown pessimistic concerning the class; so when, one September morning, Burns, the office-boy, tapped at his office-door with the announcement, "Here's another of 'em, sir," the man, who sat gloomily staring at the accumulation of unanswered letters upon his desk, did not even look around.

"Show her in," he said wearily.

Already that morning he had interviewed twelve alleged expert stenographers and found them all wanting.

The door opened and closed.

"Sit down, please," Hubbard said civilly.

There was a soft swish of skirts in answer to the invitation.

"Are you an expert stenographer and typewriter?"

"Yes, sir."

Only two words; but J. Spencer whirled suddenly around upon his revolving chair and fixed his eyes upon the young woman, who sat near the door. The voice had been delightful. The girl matched the voice. Hubbard's first impression was of two steady, grave, gray eyes looking at him out of a frank, intelligent face that, for some reason, struck him as being oddly boyish. Later came a swift appreciation of the dainty femininity of her. From the crown of her straw hat to the toe of her well-made walking-boot she was immaculate. Her businesslike coat and skirt were severely tailored, her linen collar was spotless, her remarkably heavy hair was brushed smoothly from a low, broad forehead and coiled at the back of her shapely head. Not a hair was ruffled. There was no color in her cheeks, yet her smooth, clear skin held no suggestion of pallor or ill health—rather a uniform sun-kissed creaminess.

Hubbard suddenly realized that he was hot and untidy. He passed his kerchief over his face and furtively settled his collar and tie.

"You've had experience, of course?"

"No, sir, but I can do the work."

She was not boastful, merely sure of herself; but, remembering Mamie and Gladys and Estelle and Birdie and Maud and the others, the man coughed, a dubious cough. This was an attractive young woman, but business was business.

The girl interpreted the cough correctly.

"I'm sure I can do the work, Mr. Hubbard. Let me take your letters this morning, and I'll prove it."

She proved it.

That autumn was an eventful one for J. Spencer Hubbard. He published the best "Christmas seller" of the season, and he was one of the house-party invited to Wahlheim to meet the Duke and Duchess of Middlebury.

Both happenings were accidental. The mistress of Wahlheim had a poetic drama in blank verse which she wanted published, and one of her chatty young men failed her at the eleventh hour. The writer of the Christmas seller happened to have been a boyhood friend of the President. His book was readable, and a eulogistic autograph letter from the White House did the rest. Side by side with these two colossal pieces of good fortune ranked a third—the rise of Miss Hildegarde Adams in the Hubbard-Weeks establishment.

Quietly, efficiently, the young woman gathered up the floating threads in the office, took upon herself more and more responsibility, made herself more and more necessary.

"Ask Miss Adams; she'll know," became a cuckoo-song through force of repetition.

She usually did know. She made it her business to know. Gradually Hubbard allowed a large percentage of his letters to be turned over entirely to her. She could answer them as well as he. Why bother with dictating the answers?

She remembered his appointments and reminded him of them. She relieved him of a thousand petty cares and responsibilities, and did it all so unostentatiously that, though conscious of the relief, he scarcely realized the cause.

On the first of the year he raised her salary $5 a week, and had the satisfaction of feeling blandly magnanimous. She was a nice girl, this Miss Adams, and devoted to his interests. She deserved encouragement. Though she never talked of her personal affairs, he had gathered that she was the only daughter of a widowed mother, and he realized that the extra $5 would mean much in the humble home. Probably the family had known better days, and for people of that class poverty was particularly hard. Miss Adams wasn't a commonplace girl. In fact, she was quite a lady, in many ways. He confided this impression to Weeks, one day, as they were putting on their coats, preparatory to going out to luncheon, and he was surprised when his junior partner turned upon him with scowling advice not to be so damned patronizing to a girl like Miss Adams. The young woman in question passed them just then on her way out, but if she had heard Hubbard's words of praise she gave no sign of gratification. As a matter of fact, there was in her attitude a certain lamentable indifference to his opinion. She was always respectful, but when he relaxed into a degree of familiarity he had never displayed to other employees, she cheerfully ignored the concession. Occasionally he mentioned to her, in an offhand manner, that he was to dine with the Ponsonbys or had attended a Worthington ball. The announcement dropped into a vast gulf of indifference. Miss Adams was profoundly unimpressed by his social victories, and he was piqued, though he argued within himself that, knowing nothing of smart society, she could not be expected to understand the distinction conferred upon him by invitations from the elect.

With the early spring came a social calm, though the publishing business was seething, and all hands, Hubbard included, worked over hours, and strained nerves to breaking point. Perhaps it was the fatigue that weakened Hubbard's purposes and principles, perhaps it was the south wind with its witch-song of spring that stirred unaccustomed sensations in his breast. Whatever the cause, the effect was there, and it showed most perceptibly in his attitude toward the stenographer, who, during business hours, was his most constant companion. Into the relation of employer and employed there crept insensibly the relation of a man to a maid. The cool serenity and businesslike briskness of the young woman altered not a whit, but Hubbard thrilled to the music of the spring.

A desk for Miss Adams had been installed in his private office, and, as she sat there bending over her work, he could watch her unobserved. His own work lagged during the April days. The rush of business was over, and he was not hard driven; but even in his leisure hours he had never been an idler. Now he often caught himself sitting with idle hands, and with his eyes fixed upon the girl across the room. She was so good to look at, so superb in her glowing health and strength and buoyancy, yet so cool and quiet and womanly sweet. His thoughts went wandering along paths strange to them. On the highroad waited the woman of wealth and social position upon whom he would, one day, confer the inestimable honor of his name; but those vagrant thoughts of his deserted the broad and well-paved road where they were used to journeying and were off down the fragrant, rambling paths of the land of dreams.

Somewhere in those sunlit, rose-scented alleys they were sure to find a girl with grave, gray eyes and smooth, brown hair that shone in the sunshine. She smiled and blushed, this dream lady, and a wonderful light crept into her eyes and—there the dream ended and the dreamer pulled himself up with a sharp tug. Really, this would never do. He must stop it. He was positively growing sentimental, and sentiment had no place in his scheme of life.

But the dreams colored his treatment of Miss Adams. If she noticed it, she ignored it, and Hubbard gave no definite sign that the spring was working in his blood. He was only a trifle more patronizing than usual. From his height he stooped to be agreeable to the girl and was manifestly conscious of his own condescension. Even when May days came, with their urging to folly, he did not invite his stenographer to go out anywhere with him. It never occurred to him that she might decline an invitation should he offer it; but, of course, he couldn't carry such nonsense further than a dinner invitation at the most, and there was no use in rousing foolish ideas or false hopes in the girl's head. If she were in his social class—that is, in the social class to which he intended to belong—he might—but she wasn't, and there was an end on't. A fellow couldn't ruin his career by marrying a working-girl. To J. Spencer's credit be it noted that even in his fatuous self-esteem the idea of any relation less legitimate than that reserved for the noble lady on the highroad did not enter into his reflections. He was a decent little snob, was J. Spencer Hubbard. So he disposed of the situation and its possibilities bruskly, and straightway was off once more to his lady of dreams.

It was just after one of these self-examination sessions that Miss Adams stopped at his desk one Friday morning on her way from the coat-room.

"Mr. Hubbard," she said, with an air not quite that of business hours, "my mother has been very anxious to meet you and thank you for your kindness to me. It's lovely in the country now. The apple-blossoms are out. Mother thought possibly you could arrange to go out with me to-morrow afternoon and dine with us. Will you?"

She was looking directly at him and saw the flush of embarrassment mount to his temples. A smile hovered round the corners of her mouth and flickered in her eyes, but she repressed it and waited with becoming gravity while Hubbard sparred for time by a "Why, really, Miss Adams, I'm not sure; I've so many engagements. Let me think."

She let him think, and he thought sundry and divers things. He didn't really want to go. It would probably be awful. Miss Adams's mother ought to be a decent sort, but he had a vision of the little suburban cottage kept up by his $20 a week, and of the $20-a-week dinner. Hubbard was by way of being a gourmet. Still he hated to hurt the girl. She would be so pleased to have him. Of course it would establish a bad precedent, and he couldn't make a practise of that sort of thing, but, for once, it might be possible. He wouldn't be likely to run across any one he knew out there, and he would be doing a kindly thing, and—then, as he met Hildegarde's eyes, through all the blatant vanity and false pride and snobbishness thrilled the call of spring. The apple-blossoms were adrift in dreamland and the girl of the gray eyes stood among them, beckoning. Yes, he would go, he would be delighted to go. Even with the throb of genuine feeling in his heart he lapsed into condescension. He was stooping, and the fact was as apparent to the girl as to himself, but her perception of it only brought back her fugitive, whimsical smile.

At two o'clock on Saturday afternoon J. Spencer Hubbard walked out of his office with his stenographer at his side. He was carrying the situation off with dignity, but he had taken pains to be detained by pressing work until after all the office-force had departed. Only the elevator-boy was left to grin appreciatively, but Hubbard had an uncomfortable conviction that the whole establishment would share the joke on Monday. Well, what of it? Miss Adams was an estimable young person. He glanced sidewise at her and realized that "estimable young person" hardly fulfilled the purpose of description. She was beautiful. The thought that she was a very beautiful young woman had never before taken definite form in his mind. He had been accustomed to thinking of her as a very superior stenographer, and open acceptance of her new aspect was bewildering. He felt the necessity of a readjustment of his ideas, and, incidentally, of a reenforcement of his resolves.

At the station Hubbard hurried to the ticket-office. He had feared she might carry her conception of hospitality to the point of providing a ticket for him, and he couldn't allow any of her meager salary to go for that purpose. Turning from the wicket, he found her with her arms full of flowers—daffodils, narcissi, tulips—a wealth of them. Her face appeared more beautiful than ever above the mass of yellow and white blossoms, but he lost sight of that fact in his dismay at her extravagance. She had drawn her week's salary just before leaving the office, and now a rapid mental calculation convinced him that she had squandered almost half of it. A protest rose to his lips, but something in her face checked it. After all, she had a right to do what she pleased with her own money. Probably the riotous extravagance was in his honor. She wanted to make the poor little home brave with spring blossoms for his pleasure. Hubbard's face softened.

"You should have let me get them for you," he said gently. She smiled. Her gravity seemed to have fallen from her with the office shadows. She was younger, gayer, more approachable, and Hubbard found himself warming to her mood. The barriers of office formality were down, and they were man and maid in the May time.

All the way out on the train he studied her face with a certain eager surprise. She was even lovelier than the lady of the land of dreams. Queer he had never noticed how long her lashes were and how the color of her eyes deepened when she smiled.

The brakeman called their station and they left the train. Hubbard looked about in search of cab or car, but Miss Adams made her way swiftly to a smart dog-cart which waited in charge of a liveried groom at the end of the platform. Hubbard followed her, wondering. The groom touched his forelock, Miss Adams mounted to the box seat, Hubbard climbed in beside her, and they were off down the village street and out along a country road. The horse was a good one, the air was like mellow wine, apple-trees set the fields abloom and leaned out over low stone walls to scatter pink and white petals in their path. It was all exhilarating, intoxicating, and Hubbard surrendered himself to the spell of it. Wild extravagance again, of course. This swell turnout would take the rest of the week's salary. She shouldn't have done it, but— He looked at her and censure and regret died violent deaths. The thick hair, so smooth in its office guise, was roughened into distracting little waves and ringlets in which the sunshine was entangled. Excitement and the spring breezes had brought a flush to the creamy cheeks. The gray eyes were sparkling. The firm lips were smiling.

Hubbard's breath came more quickly. It was good to be alive and young. For the moment ambition seemed a poor thing, wealth seemed dross, social rivalry a pinchbeck show. The pagan slumbering in every man woke in him and made a mock of his worldly wisdom. The talk was frivolous, absurd, flirtatious. At times Hubbard's end of it approached the frankly sentimental, but Miss Adams skilfully rounded the emotional corners; and Hubbard's brain was grateful to her for saving him from greater folly, though his heart rebelled.

As the sun was dropping low in the west they drove in through a stone gateway and along a winding private road to a huge, rambling house of gray shingles. A groom hurried from the stables to the horse's head, and the girl turned to her guest.

"We're home at last," she said. "Welcome to Gray Shingles, Mr. Hubbard."

Dazed and uncomprehending, he helped her out of the cart and followed her through a wide hall to a great living-room flooded with light from the dying sun. A stately white-haired woman in an elaborate gray tea-gown sat by the window and rose to greet them.

"This is Mr. Hubbard, mother."

Hubbard bowed over her hand and murmured something banal and happily inaudible.

Mrs. Adams drew a low chair near a tea-table and motioned him to another.

"Ring the bell for tea, Hildegarde. You must need it after your long drive. I waited for you."

An impressive house man appeared with a tray, followed by an immaculate maid carrying another. Hubbard, who abhorred tea, absent-mindedly consumed three cupfuls and ate sandwiches and tea-cake with reckless abandon. Between mouthfuls he talked, but what he talked about he has never been able to remember.

Just in time to save him from a fourth cup of tea, a young man came in and Miss Adams murmured, "My brother, Mr. Hubbard." The brother was amiability personified, a genial, unpretentious fellow whose clothes filled Hubbard with a mighty yearning to ask him the name of his tailor, but who would have looked a prosperous gentleman in blue jeans. The talk drifted to masculine interests, and Adams mentioned casually being associated with men whose names Hubbard was accustomed to speaking with bated breath. The wife of one of these great men had been clamoring for Hildegarde's company on a yachting trip, it seemed. The yachting crowd were to run over on Sunday to dine and to reason with the obdurate young woman. Names great in society's blue book rattled like hailstones around Hubbard's ears. There were allusions to the family's winter place at Aiken and to Mr. Adams's shooting-box in Canada.

Suddenly mine host looked at his watch and sprang to his feet.

"Almost dinner-time. Any one coming in, mater?"

"Just a few intimate friends whom I thought Mr. Hubbard might enjoy, dear."

"All right. Come along, Hubbard; time to dress; your bag is in your room, I suppose?"

"Mr. Hubbard and I came directly from the office, Jim," interrupted Miss Adams. "He didn't bother with a bag."

"Oh, quite right too. Beastly business, dressing for dinner. I seldom do it, out here in the country. We'll have a wash-up, though." Talking cheerfully, he towed a crestfallen and embarrassed young man up to a luxurious suite of rooms and left him there.

When he had gone, Hubbard collapsed into a chair and set himself to cursing the Fates. It had never occurred to him that he might need dinner clothes. Miss Adams should have warned him. A dull flush of red rose in his cheeks. She should have given him some idea of what he might expect in her home. It wasn't fair. She had masqueraded under false colors. She had put him in a miserable position, humiliated him. And then, back somewhere in his brain, there was gradually formulated the other side of the argument. Miss Adams had never misrepresented things to him. She had never volunteered any information about herself, and he had taken things for granted.

Why hadn't he seen that she was different? He *had* seen it, but it had never occurred to him that the personal difference had meant social difference. She was his paid stenographer, and for so long he had reckoned personal importance by dollars and cents that a gentlewoman outside a luxurious and expensive setting had been an unknown quantity to him. The red deepened in his face. He might have known. She had all the marks of birth and breeding. A girl like that carried her credentials with her, but a working-girl at $20 a week couldn't expect the same consideration that one would— He had patronized her, had imagined her overwhelmed by the honor of a stray crumb of attention from him. Fatuous ass! With a groan of disgust he sprang up and paced the room, his hands rammed deep into his pockets, a vision of Hildegarde Adams before his eyes. Here was the girl he could have loved. Here was the one glorious woman in the world. He had weighed her in the balance with social ambition and coveted wealth—had told himself that he couldn't afford a love-match, had taken it for granted that he had but to ask and have, yet had not asked. A revelation of his own sordid, miserable standards and ideals flooded his mind and he writhed under the mortification of self-knowledge. If he had given himself to whole-hearted lovemaking, perhaps—who knows?—he might have won her. Old mental habit brought a swift suggestion that he would have won with her the wealth and position for which he had been willing to sacrifice love, but he put the thought away. It was enough to think that he had lost her. But had he? Perhaps even yet— He had made a false start, had injured his chances, but perhaps—Adams rapped on the door.

"Ready to go down, old man? I hear carriages."

There were six guests at the dinner-table. Twenty-four hours earlier, to have met any one of the six, thus informally, would have gratified Hubbard's wildest social ambition. Now the privilege was Dead Sea fruit to him. He was conscious of his clothes, though his host wore a business suit with easy nonchalance; but he was conscious of much more than his clothes. Every one was gracious to him. He was made the favored guest. Mrs. Adams, her son, her daughter, her friends, vied in cordiality toward him, yet he felt himself a rank outsider. Here were cultured men and women with generations of gentlefolk behind them. They had all he had coveted, but they carried it lightly, unpretentiously, with the familiarity of long association. They accepted wealth as their right, but laid no stress upon it, based no distinctions upon it. The type was a revelation to J. Spencer Hubbard and it disarranged his standards sadly.

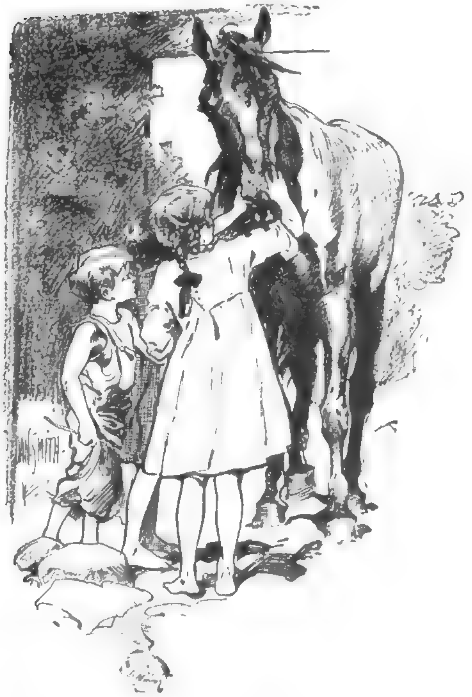
He was glad when dinner ended, glad when train-time came, even though Hildegarde, in her shimmering white gown, sat beside him, smiling softly at him in friendly fashion while she talked to him. Her brother insisted upon going to the station with the departing guest, and, as the two men bowled along in the snug brougham, Adams unburdened his mind.

"You know, Hubbard, we're all grateful to you for the kindness you've shown Hilda. She's a good girl, Hilda is, but she's the devil and all to manage. Take my advice, old man, and don't send your daughters to college. It plays hob with them. Hilda came home crazy about the beauty of labor and the horror of being a drone in the hive and the necessity of development through joining the workers and the value of independence, and all that rot. Mother and I tried to knock some old-fashioned horse-sense into her, but it was no go. Then finally I told her if she was bound to make a fool of herself by leaving mother alone all day and cutting herself out of society, she could come down to Wall Street and have a job in my office. Bless you, no. She wouldn't have that. It wasn't the real thing. She wanted to make her own way and feel that she could stand on her own two feet. Plucky little youngster, Hilda is. The Adamses were always mules for stubborn independence. Well, she boned up on stenography, and blest if she didn't come in one day and say she had a job in a publishing-house. You see, she picked out publishing because she was always crazy over anything connected with books. Mother was upset, but I told her she'd better give Hilda her head, that she was a good girl and wouldn't come to any harm, and she'd soon tire of the hard work. Of course I made some inquiries about the firm and about you and Mr. Weeks personally, and satisfied myself the girl was in good hands. By Jove! she took to business like a duck to water—tickled to death with it.

"There's your train whistling. We didn't have any time to spare. Come out often, Hubbard. We'd all like to have you whenever you can spare time for us. You know I'm proud of Hilda's business game, in a sneaking sort of way, though I wouldn't admit that to her. I like the pluck of it, but it's all dead wrong. A girl who doesn't need money has no right to take wages and work that should belong to some girl who has to earn her own bread and butter. But I couldn't make Hilda see that she was wronging some one and she didn't tire of the work as I expected, so I had made up my mind we'd have to stop the thing this spring, by sheer authority. Lucky it has all worked out naturally, instead of coming to a family row, isn't it? Of course Weeks isn't quite the match we had expected for Hilda, but he seems to be a good fellow and comes of good stock—has a little money, too, I'm told, but that doesn't make much difference so long as he's straight and a gentleman. Hilda has enough money for two. On the whole, we're very well pleased. Good-by. Awfully glad to have had you. Come again."

Hubbard climbed on the train and sank into a seat.

"Weeks!" he groaned feebly. "Weeks! Well, I'll be ——!"



THE OUTLAW

By **EDWARD L. SABIN**

Author of "When You Were a Boy"

Illustrations by Dan Smith

HE was a likely colt, one to be picked out from among his fellows by even the most casual observer; straight-limbed, arch-necked, well-maned, full-eyed, long-tailed, sturdy-chested, broad-buttocked. His coat inclined to the dark chestnut.

During his infant days he was permitted to run the range with the rest of the saddle-stock; but soon came the annual round-up, and he, with the other new arrivals, was roped and thrown and stretched, despite his struggles, and burned upon the left hip with the "Triangle Dot."

The descent upon him of a red-kerchiefed centaur whirling a long loop had startled him; the laughing, cursing pursuit about the corral had frightened him; the somersault when so unexpectedly and unaccountably he lost footing had terrified him; straining, squealing, and dragged to the fire, the ruthless pressure of the cherry-hot iron, while his flank scorched with a blue cloud and the flesh sizzled, had frenzied him; abruptly released he had scurried away, bucking and bawling, a small creature of rage and fear and resentment.

Thus was he introduced to man, the master.

"That's goin' to be a fine hawss," asserted the brand-wielder reflectively, pausing between brandings and gazing after the colt.

"You bet he is," agreed the fire-tender.

"He's a fighter, all right. I want to be round when they bust him," muttered the brander admiringly—and fresh work interrupted.

One after another the men of the ranch took a turn at breaking the chestnut colt. He was high-mettled, strong, nervous above his mates, but nevertheless might have been subdued as they, had it not been for the rivalry between "High-Pocket" Hines and Jim Brown. For "High-Pocket," having, to his great shame and chagrin, been shabbily dumped by one of the chestnut's youthful comrades, seized occasion, when the chestnut was being roped for the doughty Jim, to slip a burr deftly beneath the saddle. When Jim settled into the saddle, the burr pressed cruelly. Therefore the chestnut leaped most erratically, and tortured beyond bounds by burr and spur and quirt, not to speak of a maddening sense of a monster's being astride him, in a jiffy he fairly hurled his would-be rider through the air and plump to 'dobe.

Jim sat there, dazed, ruefully rubbing his head. "High-Pocket," vengefully elated, helped catch the wildly galloping colt, and, under pretense of recinching him, removed the burr. However, it had done its work only too well. Absent, to the imaginative animal it still was present as an integral part of the paraphernalia imposed upon him. The sting of it rankled, ineffaceable; and as quickly as he was mounted, almost as quickly each time did he rid himself of his new aspiring, perspiring—and once or twice fated to be nearly expiring—burden.

On succeeding occasions the fight sometimes lasted a little longer, but the outcome was always the same: the rider sprawling to earth, and the colt galloping free; for he had such strength, such agility, and such unabating will, together with a peculiar, nonplussing side-jump, that he was more than a match for anybody on the "Triangle Dot" ranch.

Discreetly, "High-Pocket" kept the matter of the burr to himself. The colt had been spoiled—for even a seemingly little thing like a burr may spoil a mettlesome colt; and very ill would it have fared with "High-Pocket" had the "old man" suspected the truth of the matter.

"That chestnut colt is just plumb full of the devil!" complained the "old man"—thus officially designated, but written down J. S. Cole, or more familiarly "Joe" Cole, proprietor of the ranch. "We can't break him. He's throwed us all, one after another."

"That there hawss is a born outlaw," assented Jim Brown positively.

And an outlaw the chestnut colt proceeded to be. The "Triangle Dot" outfit couldn't ride him; and rival outfits didn't ride him either. He had gained confidence from his initial victory; not only was he possessed of a natural and wicked side-jump, but he also speedily acquired the "glide," the "sunfish," the "end for end," and all the rest of a bucking bronco's repertoire. They might spur him, they might quirt him, they might curb him, but he never let up and eventually he emerged triumphant, riderless. Nobody thought of using gentleness and kindness, instead of rope and heel and whip and jaw-breaking bit. Humph! Not on a ranch where horses are counted by the score, and are broken in an hour. At least, if anybody thought of it, nobody ever mentioned it. Horses were made to be ridden, and should have no feelings; there was only one way to break them, and that was to get on them, and stick on them, and be on them when they quit.

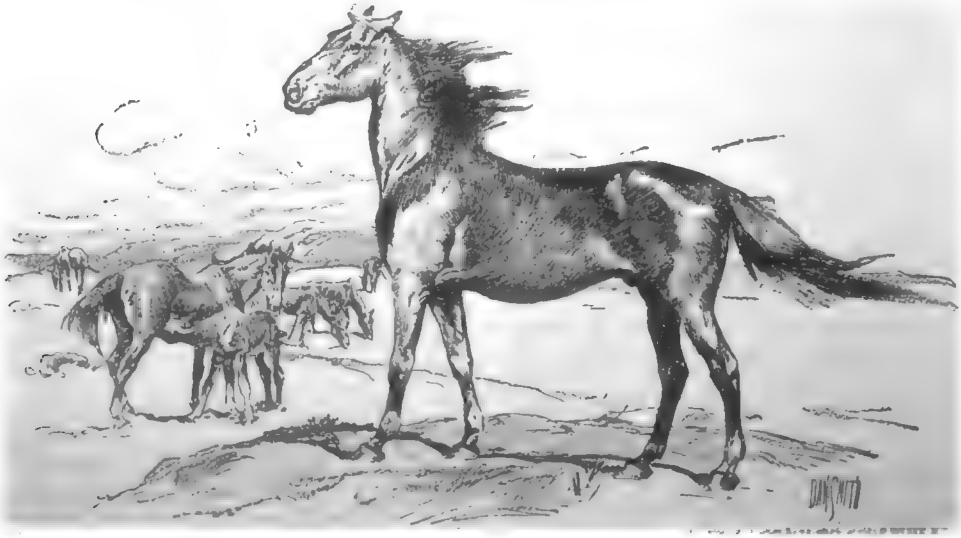
"What they goin' to call him?" inquired a chance visitor.

"Call him!" exclaimed Jim Brown, with a snort of disgust. "Oh, hell! Call him yourself. He's standin' pat."

And as "O'Hell" was the chestnut immediately known.

To "ride O'Hell" was the current challenge in the neighborhood of the "Triangle Dot" ranch. This meant to ride him in the regulation way, with saddle; strange to say (that is, strange to all but "High-Pocket") even the "old man's" children could ride him bareback. Moreover, he would eat from the hand, he never bit the man astride of him, and he never tried to paw a man who was down. But the approach of chaps and quirt set him trembling, and the touch of the saddle made him a demon. Of course, this peculiarity made him generally useless.

Consequently, only occasionally subjected to the ordeal of contest, he roamed the range untrammeled; other horses were worked, at times mercilessly pushed to their limit, and turned out to recuperate, but the wide range, with its acres of sage and bunch-grass, its rain, its snow, its heat, its cold, its winds and its calms, its sky of sunset and sunrise, cloud



THE WIDE RANGE WAS THE UNDISPUTED DOMAIN OF THE OUTLAW.

and blue, was for two years the virtually undisputed domain of "O'Hell," the outlaw.

"I see they're goin' to have a big bronco-bustin' match up at the fair. They're wantin' hawsses," observed Joe Cole to his wife.

"That so?" she responded, with placid interest.

"Yes. I've a notion to send up 'O'Hell'."

"I wouldn't," she protested. "Those contests are awful hard on horses, Joe. You'll get 'O'Hell' so nobody can't ride him even bareback."

But her husband merely grunted.

"Well, 'O'Hell' goes," he announced to her the next night. "I met a fellow, one of the fair officers, over at Tom Pike's to-day, an' he says they'd be plumb tickled to get him. They've heard about him."

"I wish you wouldn't," she pleaded.

"Why not? He ain't wuth his forage round here, an' there's a prize up for the wust hawss an' the best rider. They give $300 to the hawss that can't be ridden—an' I reckon that 'O'Hell' 'll come some near bringin' back the money."

So "O'Hell" went. The children grieved, for they were attached to him. He was their playmate. But the "Triangle Dot" men received the news with a yell of glee, for the honor of the ranch was to be vindicated abroad.

After a short journey "O'Hell" found himself, snorting, in a makeshift corral in the fair-grounds. A space between the end of the amphitheatre and the boundary fence had been enclosed by erecting poultry-wire across its front. This completed the corral, the ends being amphitheatre and fence, and the sides, fence and poultry netting. The corral was subdivided into pens—a large one and several small ones.

In the big pen were "O'Hell" and some twenty other horses—all outlaws, the majority with reputations. A load of hay was the substitute for the now curing range grass, and there was water. Under hoof was dust; around about, the boards and netting. Curious people, in chaps or in ordinary town attire, gazed through the netting, or stared down from the end of the amphitheatre, and laughed and joked and commented.

"O'Hell" nibbled, stowed away the hay, nuzzled his associates, nodded, at times lifted his head to strange noises, pricked his ears to unusual sights, but puzzled his brain not over his situation. Looking in upon them, one would not have conjectured that these were a bunch of incorrigibles.

"O'Hell" had entered the corral at eve. Night passed, and a day, and another night; the second morning dawned, heightened, and waxed to noon. It was also the second day of the fair and the first day of the "great rough-riding contest."

The Great West Carnival and Fair is the best thing of its kind in the State. Tourists stop especially to witness it. It is a huge entertainment to Easterners and Westerners alike, and each year adds to its renown as an exponent of life in the range and ranch region.

The sun beat down hotly. From the amphitheatre rose the tramp of feet and the hum of voices, as the spectators poured in eagerly. A band set the air to pulsing with a lively march. The horses in the corral could not see around the corner, into the amphitheatre, but they heard band, feet, and voices, and sensed a gathering throng. The music put some of them to prancing. Without the wire netting front of the corral, chap-accoutered men, with their mounts, gathered by twos and threes and fours and lounged about; for preceding the bronco-busting, the wild cavalry of Western plain and valley was to give an exhibition.

Presently, at word from the majordomo, they settled into saddle and spurred away into the space before the amphitheatre; and there they executed grand march and quadrille, potato race, fancy roping, and all. This pleased the Easterners, but the main body of the spectators grew impatient.

"Aw, cut it short!" voices cried. "Trot out your broncos!"

From the corral the imprisoned outlaws, "O'Hell" among them, could glimpse the coursing steeds without; came to their ears shrill, familiar-sounding yelps—the slogan of the cow-country; and at the last, as a grand finale, a rattling staccato of shots, followed by an applause of cheers.

However, their attention had been drawn by the intrusion of three or four men, who, with waving arm and gunny-sack and sharp words, had cut out a portion of their number, driven them into the far end of the corral, and shut a gate upon them, penning them there.

In this contingent was "O'Hell." Gay, panting, jostling, back came the recent performers leading nine or ten horses upon whose bared backs were the wet prints of saddles; the saddles themselves were lined in front of the amphitheatre, to be used in the contest next imminent. About the saddles loitered their owners, waiting each for an outlaw whom he was pledged to master.

The crowd in the amphitheatre adjusted itself, eager for the chief event of the afternoon.

"Hurry up, boys; bring out some hawsses. The crowd's waitin'," urged the majordomo, riding up to the corral.

A passageway, opening into the field, separated the pen where "O'Hell" and his companions were confined from the larger pen from which they had been cut out. Through the gate into this passageway was driven an iron-gray; and after a struggle he was haltered, and led without, around the amphitheatre corner, out of sight of the horses left in the corral.

In a few minutes there rose a great cheer, and the iron-gray hove into sight, skirting the corral, bucking and pitching and squealing, striving his best to dislodge the figure who, plying quirt, was sitting apparently undisturbed astride his back.

The iron-gray failed, and quit; and a horse and rider who had been accompanying, as a running escort, took possession and conducted him and his subduer back whence they had come.

In a short space of time the iron-gray was brought up, now stripped again and humbled, and was turned into the other part of the corral.

The demand for horses was steady, and one after another "O'Hell's" companions were cut into the passageway or chute, and thence led off, to be saddled and ridden. The most of them were accustomed to this treatment, having been used at other exhibitions; and though they objected, as a matter of course, to the coercion, and dodged and lathered and tossed their heads, through the passage they were forced, and into the field; and having performed their stunts (sometimes pricked and goaded thereto) and earned respite, they were brought back, like the iron-gray, and restored to the corral.

Two or three overambitious "busters" had been thrown; but in the main the contest was not affording the excitement and requiring the prowess demanded by the critical among the spectators. In the amphitheatre were men who knew what was what.

"Give that boy clothes-pins to stick himself on with!" they yelled derisively. "*He* ain't ridin'! Ain't you got any *real* hawsses—say?"

Only "O'Hell" and two others were left in the pen when the majordomo called in to the men:

"Ain't there any real hawsses in that bunch you've got? These you've been givin' us are reg'ler woman broke! What's that chestnut?"

"He's 'O'Hell,'" answered one of the men cheerfully. "They say he's all right, too. Ain't never been rode."

"Well, give us 'O'Hell,' then, an' let's see what *he* can do," bade the majordomo; and he rode back, while the cowpunchers lolling without the corral, watching proceedings, sniggered at the name.

After some fruitless dodging, "O'Hell" cantered through the gate into the passageway, and the gate swung to behind him, preventing retreat. The men—three of them —had followed him in, and now they wanted him to go to the front end of the partitioning passage, where appeared to be a kind of box-stall with wide entrance. The end of the passage was set off by a gate hung a few feet from the side rails.

"O'Hell" had seen other horses enter this box-stall, and he had an instinctive dislike for it; but finally he was driven in.

"Easy now!"

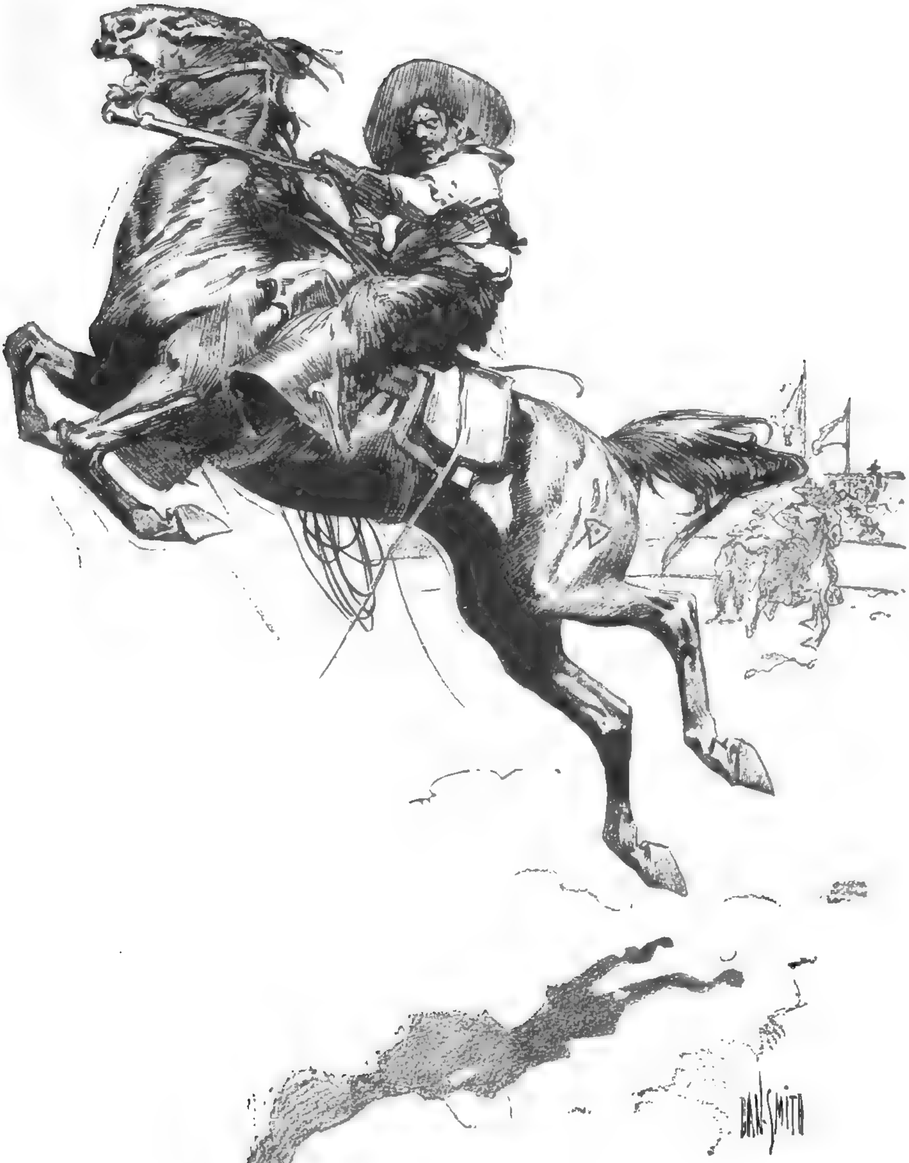
"Watch out! Watch out!"

"There! We got him!"

Thus spoke the men among themselves; and the gate to the stall, instead of stopping when it closed, swung past the right-angle line, and swiftly on, catching him as he stood against the side of the little enclosure, pinioning him tightly there in a space just his length and width.

"O'Hell" reared and furiously attempted to climb out; but a hat dashed into his face beat him down. He lashed rearward with his heels, but they encountered a solid post. Then he screamed—that terrifying, rabid bawl of an enraged horse—and plunging forward, head down, butted again and again. But he was helpless; he only scraped a jag of skin from his forehead; the shock brought him to his knees; however, the gate, pressed firmly against his side, upheld him. He rose once more, and desperately beat and kicked, screaming while his hoofs rattled upon boards and post before and behind.

"Better get that hawss out of there; he'll break his neck, sure," warned somebody; for "O'Hell's" behavior was interesting everybody able to see. He was the most spirited, the strongest horse that had yet been dealt with.



"HE'S SURE BUCKIN' SOME!"

When after a paroxysm "O'Hell" raised his nose, a man who had climbed upon the gate quickly slipped a hackamore halter over it. The chin-strap entered "O'Hell's" mouth, and champing down he chewed and frothed upon it, his ears back, his eyes greenish globes. But the man extricated it, and presently, trying again, lodged the halter aright, deftly buckling it in place. He passed the rope of it over the end of the enclosure to a rider outside.

"Look out, now!" issued the warning. "This is a bad one!"

All in an instant the gate swung away from "O'Hell's" side, and the gate into the field (it composed the end of the stall) swung open. Suddenly no longer confined, glaring about as if challenging new indignity, at a twitch of the halter-rope "O'Hell" trotted proudly, defiantly forth. The cowpunchers about the exit yielded him respectful space.

Neck curved, flanks quivering, eyes staring, ears pointed, already foam-flecked, snorting and curveting, he nevertheless obeyed with only slight resistance the rope stretching between himself and the saddle-horn, and followed on.

A beautiful animal he was—round-bodied, springy of fetlock, his rich skin supple and lustrous. From the amphitheatre rose a hum of admiration, which quickened and swelled as he and the horseman leading him halted before the tiers of seats.

"This here hawss is 'O'Hell,' an outlaw from the 'Triangle Dot' ranch," announced the majordomo. "He's goin' to be rode by 'Wizen' Hendrix, champion of Arizona."

"Guess you forgot to say 'perhaps,' didn't you, pardner?" shouted Joe Cole derisively from the grand stand; and a chorus of hoots from the "Triangle Dot" men supported their chief's sally.

The majordomo did not respond. "Wizen" Hendrix looked up at the amphitheatre and grinned. He was a short little man, very bowed as to legs, very waddly as to gait, very reddened as to face; and in his bearing was confidence. He was a buster with a reputation. He eyed "O'Hell," and bestowed a preliminary hitch upon his black sheepskin chaps.

The spectators perceived "O'Hell" to be the superior of his predecessors. These, for the most part, had been veterans in this the rough-riding business; they bore upon their sides marks of previous conflicts, and entered the arena either docilely, or else with a wildness which fostered the suspicion that they had been doped for the occasion.

But "O'Hell" had run the range, unmolested, for a year; the scars from man were not visible upon him; the hands of the children had been the only hands, within that period, laid upon him. He was lusty, alarmed yet fearless, suspicious yet unknowing. The other horses had known. But the currents from the crowd so tensely alert in the amphitheatre thrilled him and put him on keen edge. Instinctively, he felt that he was to be tested; and that the test would be inimical, not friendly.

The horseman who had been leading him passed the halter-rope to a man on the ground, and drew off. The man kept the halter-rope short and taut, and another man, cautiously reaching up, endeavored to slip a blind—a strip of sacking—beneath the halter-straps and across "O'Hell's" eyes.

The touch of the blind was familiar to "O'Hell." He remembered that blinding was preliminary to saddling; he remembered also the ruthless penning between gate and fence, and saw the faces of the throng now witnessing his further discomfiture. His berserk rage suddenly revived within him, and rearing, he tore away from the bandage, and almost from the man who was holding him by the halter-rope.

Three times they essayed to blind him, and three times he reared and tore away. The amphitheatre, amused by the sight of the men as they were dragged hither and thither, while the dust rose in a cloud, cheered and mocked.

"Throw the devil," growled the man who had been vainly following the gyrations, with the saddle in readiness to clap on.

The next time that "O'Hell" reared, upon coming down his fore feet landed in a noose. They were jerked from under him, and over he went upon his side. The sensation was not entirely new, for he had been thrown before. But never before had he been so angry; and he struggled with might and main. He plunged, only to fall again, for the lariat kept his feet bound and his legs stretched. He desisted, for a moment, through exhaustion—and that moment sufficed for the nimble cowmen about him to bind fore feet to hind feet, ignominiously "hog-tying" him, like any fractious steer. So was he trussed; and while the slaver ran from his mouth, token of his impotent rage, he was blinded, and furthermore a man in chaps sat on his head.

They saddled him—coolly applying saddle-blanket as well; ran the cinch under his belly, and, without ceremony, rolled him over to get at the cinch on the other side and haul it tight.

"Come on," they nodded to "Wizen."

With his quirt dangling from his wrist, in his black chaps "Wizen" waddled up. He tested the saddle, to see that it would "rock" to his liking; it did.

"Let him up," bade "Wizen."

The bonds fell from "O'Hell's" four hoofs, his legs flew apart, and the men jumped back; at a poke from a boot-toe, with a snort and a heave he was on his feet. But he was still blinded, and he only stood, trembling.

"Wizen" climbed gently into the saddle, carefully adjusted himself, and grasped the bridle-reins which had been snapped to the hackamore-rings.

"Ready?" queried the judge.

"Let her go!" ordered "Wizen."

The blind was jerked from "O'Hell's" eyes. For an instant he blinked, dazed, collecting himself. Was he free? But saddle and rider suddenly struck him with poignant horror, and some recollection of his recent humiliation while the crowd jeered made him frantic. With a squeal and a vigorous kick, head down, back up, legs stiff, tail arched, off he cavorted, bucking his level best and his wickedest, across the field. But to all intents and purposes seeming only to enjoy the motion, "Wizen," rocking to it, sat easily erect and whooped as he laid quirt right and left alternately.

"Hi-yi!"

"Whoop-ee!"

"He's sure buckin' some!"

"Stick to him, 'Wizen,' old boy!"

"Ride him straight! Take your med'-cine!"

The amphitheatre was in an uproar, and even the usually apathetic cowboys lounging alongside the corral sprang to their feet and gazed.

"Go it, 'O'Hell'!" bellowed Joe Cole from the grand stand.

"O'Hell" did not feel the quirt; he felt but the stigma of degrading saddle and man. He changed his style, and stopping short commenced to pitch with his peculiar, trying, sideways step. The shouts from the amphitheatre swelled to thunder in approbation—but he heard them only faintly. Racked by the new motion, in a lately broken rib, "Wizen" cursed him heartily and then drove in the spurs. As if chasing his tail "O'Hell" spun, executing the deadly "end for end"; but "Wizen," born rider that he was, with curved legs clinging fast, sat stanch while his flapping-brimmed hat went flying, and spurred the more. "O'Hell" reared high and on his hind legs whirled in the opposite direction—so suddenly that now his rider, nigh unseated, fell forward, and swayed over the pommel.

"He's pullin' leather! He's pullin' leather!" cried a hundred voices.

But he was not—no, not "Wizen"; although none but he knows how near he came to being guilty. Down with a thump, upon stiff fore legs, dropped "O'Hell," and forth like the wind he launched, maddened, half blind, seeing red, running with the low-bellied reach of the antelope. "Wizen's" long flaxen hair streamed backward, streamed backward the loose fold of his blue neckerchief. One of the outriders, whose duty it was to intercept and turn runaways, wheeled and dashed for the fleeing pair. But he could not intercept "O'Hell." Outfooting all pursuit, straight for the corral netting bolted the chestnut, and as the amphitheatre rose *en masse* to its feet and united in a single cry of warning and dismay, without abating speed he struck it head on, appeared to go half through it, and caught by the reverse spring was hurled backward, twenty yards, to his knees. But "Wizen," a bit whitened, was still atop of him.

Scrambling to his feet, before anybody might interpose, "O'Hell" again lunged ahead as if to repeat the performance; only now, just as he reached the netting (bulged by the tremendous shock) he turned sharply and, leaning hard, scraped viciously along it from end to end. "Wizen" put out a hand to guard himself; and when "O'Hell" had left the fence, and in the open was once more pitching with high, terrific jumps, he held up the same hand, all bloody, to wave back solicitous friends.

"No," he snarled; "let me alone. I'm goin' to give this damned hawss all he wants!"

"O'Hell's" jumps were growing slower and more labored. His exertions, first in opposing the saddle, later in opposing the rider, and the stunning collision with the netting, were telling upon him, stout as was his heart. Again in front of the amphitheatre, sheer exhaustion compelled him to a standstill, as if run down; and apparently at the end of his resources he straddled, inert, head hanging, tail drooped, cinch heaving, bright froth from a bursted blood-vessel staining his lips—beaten.

The red before his eyes had cleared away, and he saw the 'dobe dust beneath him.

"All in," was the verdict of the spectators. "Bring on another horse."

"Wizen" perked up his shock head at the amphitheatre, and threw out his dripping hand in the vainglorious salute of a conqueror. Then, in ostentatious bravado—for had he not "rode" him, "scratched" him, and licked him, and never pulled leather?—he took foot from stirrup and reaching forward scornfully rasped his spurred heel adown the chestnut's lathered neck.

"O'Hell" raised his weary head, and squawled, ears ominously laid back. While the spectators gazed curiously, with laughing contempt "Wizen" again inflicted the useless torment and indignity.

'Twas more than even fagged flesh could endure. Horribly squawled "O'Hell," a fiend incarnate. Electrified into renewed life, he whirled so quickly that the foot of his rider scarce was able to land in the once abandoned ox-bow.

"Look out! Get off him!" yelled a chorus earnestly, foreseeing a tragedy. No one could behold "O'Hell" now and foresee aught else.

The chestnut sensed naught, recked of naught, save the one sole, overmastering object: revenge. His brain was filled with flame, and a crimson veil clouded his vision. His protruding eyes stared through it dimly; and shaping headlong course obliquely with the middle of the amphitheatre, resolutely swerving not an inch, he crashed full into the boarded rail at the angle where it made a slight turn.

Down in a heap plunged horse and rider; in a heap, amid splintering of board and crackling of timber, and the shrieks and exclamations of the on-lookers. A dozen men rushed forward to the rescue. Women covered their faces.

"O'Hell" staggered to his feet. Ah—that dreadful "Wizen" was not upon him now. At last he had dislodged him. But instead, from the center of his chest was sticking out a piece of scantling, rigid and firmly fixed, with one end projecting before his nose and the other end rankling deep; a very inconvenient appendage. One fore leg, also, was paining him.

The men extricated "Wizen" from amid the ruins; he was unhurt. Then two of them laid hold upon "O'Hell's" scantling and, while a stifled groan of nausea passed through the amphitheatre, pulled it away. For eighteen inches the end that had been hidden was dyed vividly.

Somebody grabbed "O'Hell" by the halter-rope, and hastily led him across, toward the corral. He was not seeing red now, was "O'Hell"; no. He was not bucking. He was just an ordinary horse; no outlaw, no fiend, no fighter; simply a horse, meek, unresisting, wide-eyed with suffering. Any one might have ridden him, even in the saddle. A babe might have handled him.

The progress across the field proved not rapid, after all. The people, stricken silent, watched it. "O'Hell" felt that his left front leg was singularly numb and useless; the people watching saw it dangle more and more helplessly, until it merely dragged. "O'Hell" also felt himself growing strangely sick; his chest was hurting him, with a nagging smart and an excruciating throb; the people watching saw the blood pumping from it in thick jets.

"Kill him! Kill him!" besought the shout, out of pity.

"O'Hell" heard, and wondered. He had won, had he not?

"A damned shame!" muttered a cowpuncher, at the corral, as "O'Hell" was led past and within.

"It sure is," answered another.

"Triangle Dot" men came running, among them "O'Hell's" owner. And recognizing acquaintances, "O'Hell" nickered softly, with the whimper of a tired horse who has done his best; and he laid his stained nose against "old man" Cole's shoulder.

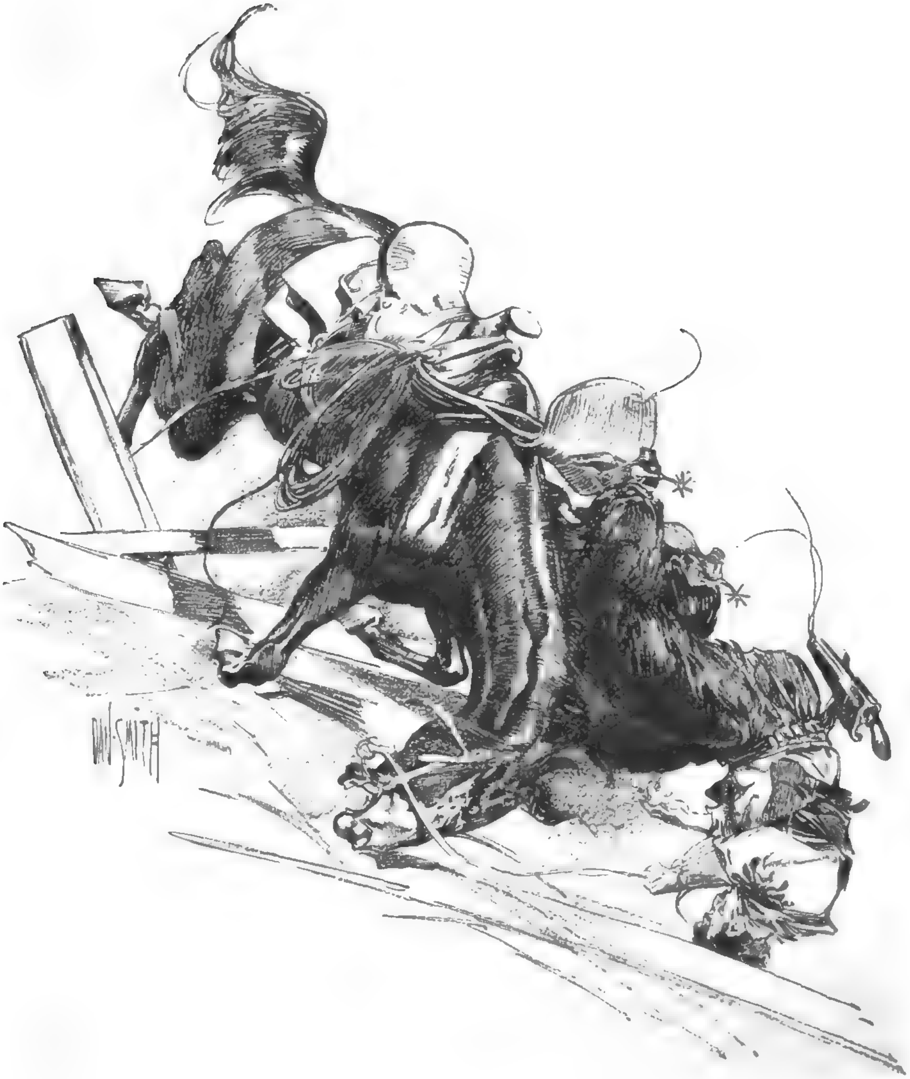
"Kill him! Kill him!" pleaded faces looking down into the corral from the end of the amphitheatre.

To "O'Hell" the tones sounded threatening, and again he wondered. Would his persecutors never relent?

"Shut up!" bade Cole fiercely. "Shut up, you fools!" And he added, to the men about him: "Get that saddle off, quick."

Off in an instant came saddle and paddings. The thick fluid still flowed from "O'Hell's" chest; and grasping a handful of the clayey dust underfoot the ranchman stuffed it into the wound. It clogged the blood, but it did not erase the hole; ah, no.

Out from the little cluster about him



DOWN IN A HEAP PLUNGED
HORSE AND RIDER.

"O'Hell" was gently led, apart, to the far end of the corral; clear of the other horses, as well. Here he was halted—and he accepted it willingly enough, for he was oddly weak. As he stood he shook. Many faces were turned his way; they wavered, indistinct, and a confused humming in his ears further befogged his brain.

The man who had led him raised a hand, and seemed to be pointing downward, at his head. There was a ringing report—but it is doubtful if "O'Hell" heard, for the aim was mercifully exact.

"Well, one more less hawss to tote back to the ranch," remarked a cowboy, relieving the tension; and his companions laughed.

With his legs doubled beneath him, and his nose buried in the dust, at one end of the corral quietly lay "O'Hell."

"Say—bring out that blue hawss; he's a cuss, too, ain't he?" ordered the majordomo, bustling up, at the other end.

Izaak Walton, Fisherman

By MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD

SERENE, secure, beside some stream
He kept his vigil, dreamed his dream;
No visionary fair romance
Of famous deeds with horse and lance,
But battles waged with foemen shy,
By weapons such as line and fly.

Day after day the fisher spent,
Beguiled to a supreme content,
In snaring crafty silver trout,
Or perch, if mulberry-buds were out;
Sequestered with the falling rain,
The song of thrush, or lark's refrain.

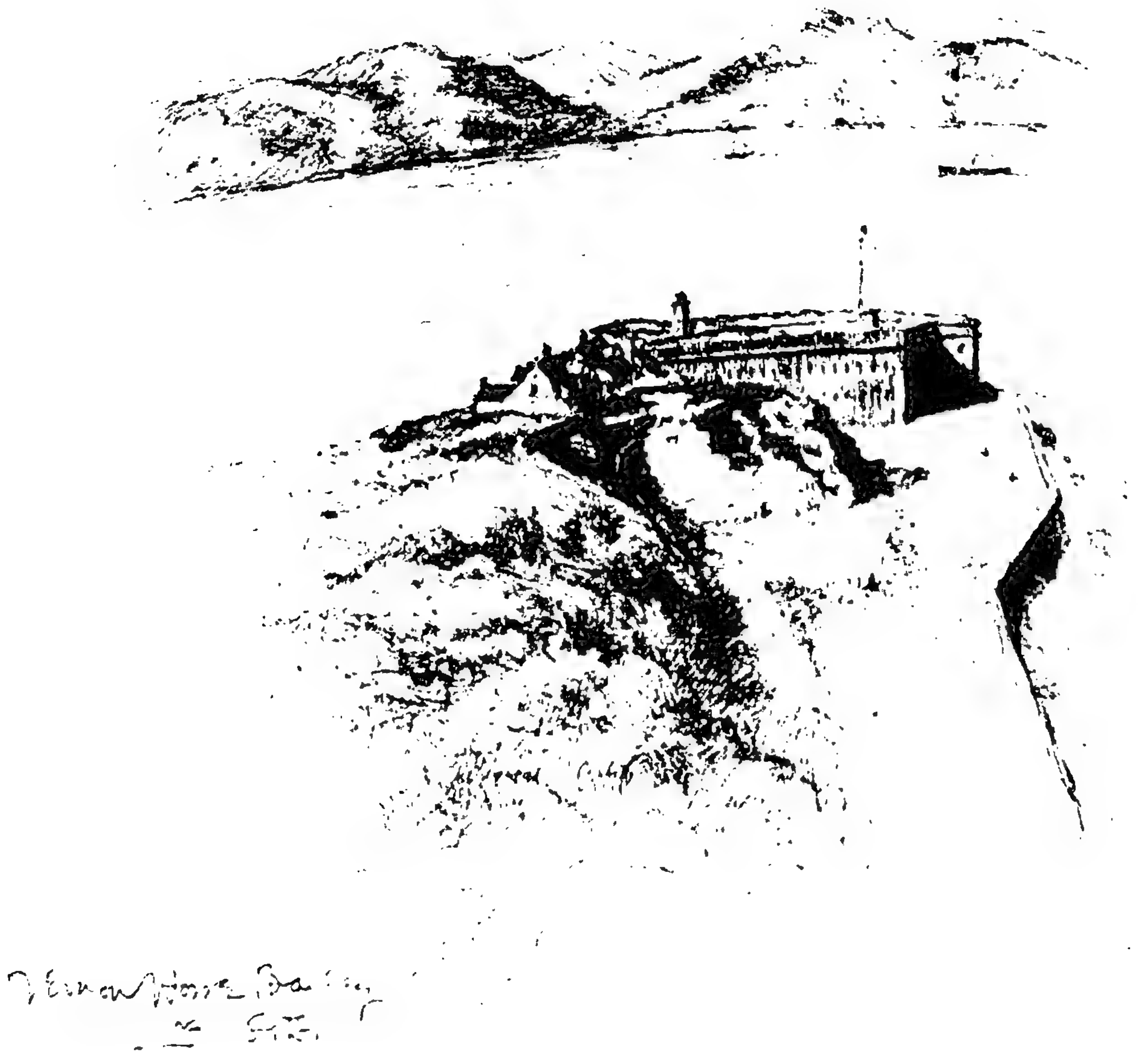
With some choice friend who loved as well
The wonder of that liquid spell,
He watched how swift the salmon sped
Across an amber river bed,
Or how the grayling, or the dace,
Went gliding smooth from place to place.

Past cowslip meadows, jasmine bowers,
Hedges with honeysuckle flowers,
They wandered slow to some quaint inn
That smelled of lavender within,
Where he would sip some homely wine
And boast the prowess of his line.

San Francisco a Month Ago

Drawings in Pencil by Vernon Howe Bailey

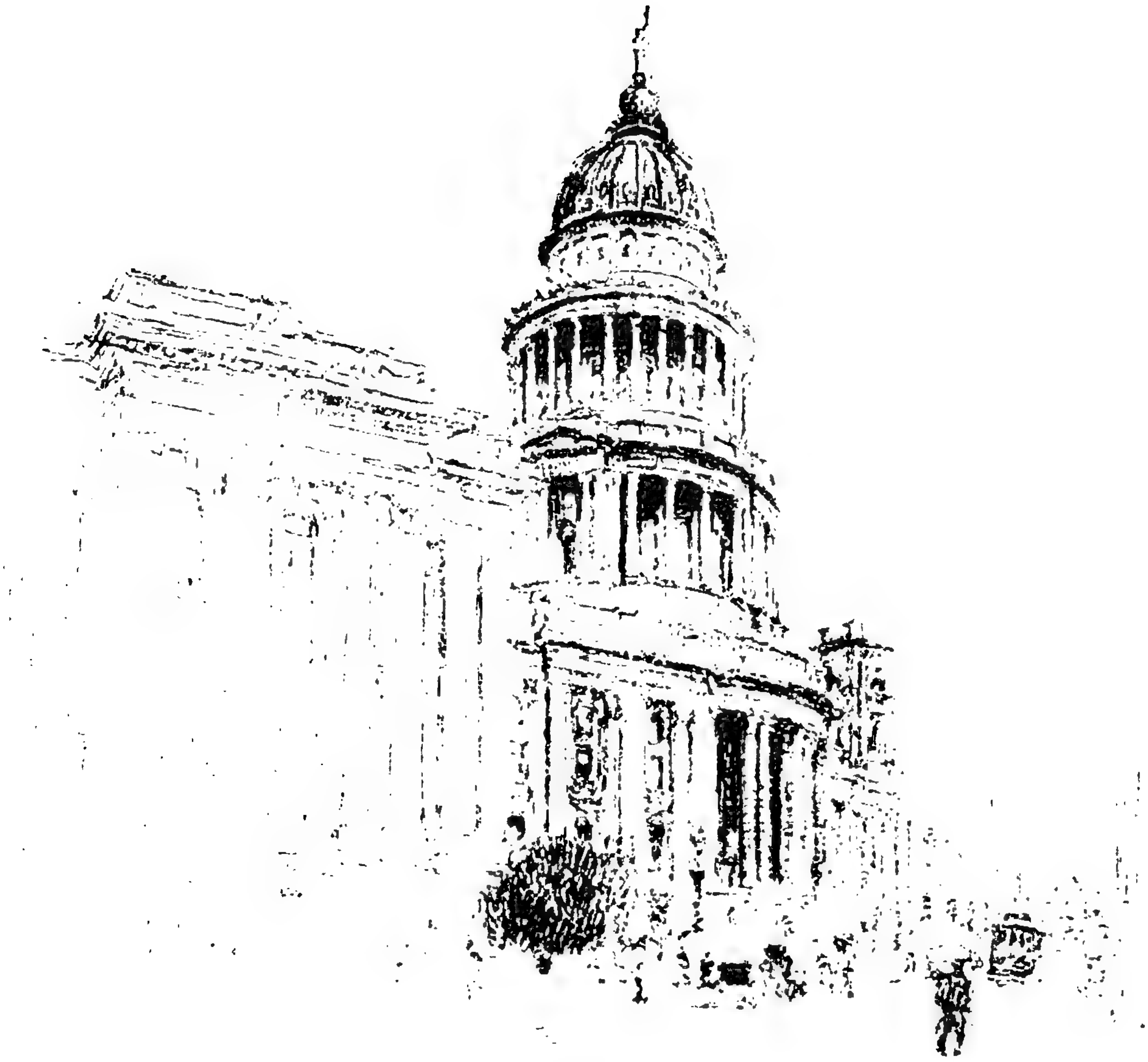
Descriptions by Will Irwin



LOOKING ACROSS THE GOLDEN GATE FROM FORT POINT.

SAN FRANCISCO, the blithe, light-hearted city by the Golden Gate, the dwelling-place of romance and the gateway to the Ocean of Adventure, is in ruins. There will be a new city in its place; but there will never again be the old San Francisco—sea-gray, picturesque, suggesting mystery and adventure in the vistas of her hills, in the pocket-pictures of her alleys. The greatest disaster that ever came to an American city struck her below and above ground on the morning of April 18th. An earthquake which shook all the lowlands and killed hundreds preceded a fire, perhaps the greatest fire in history. There was no water to fight the fire; and most of the city burned. One day, it was the gayest city of the continent; the next, it was a ruin.

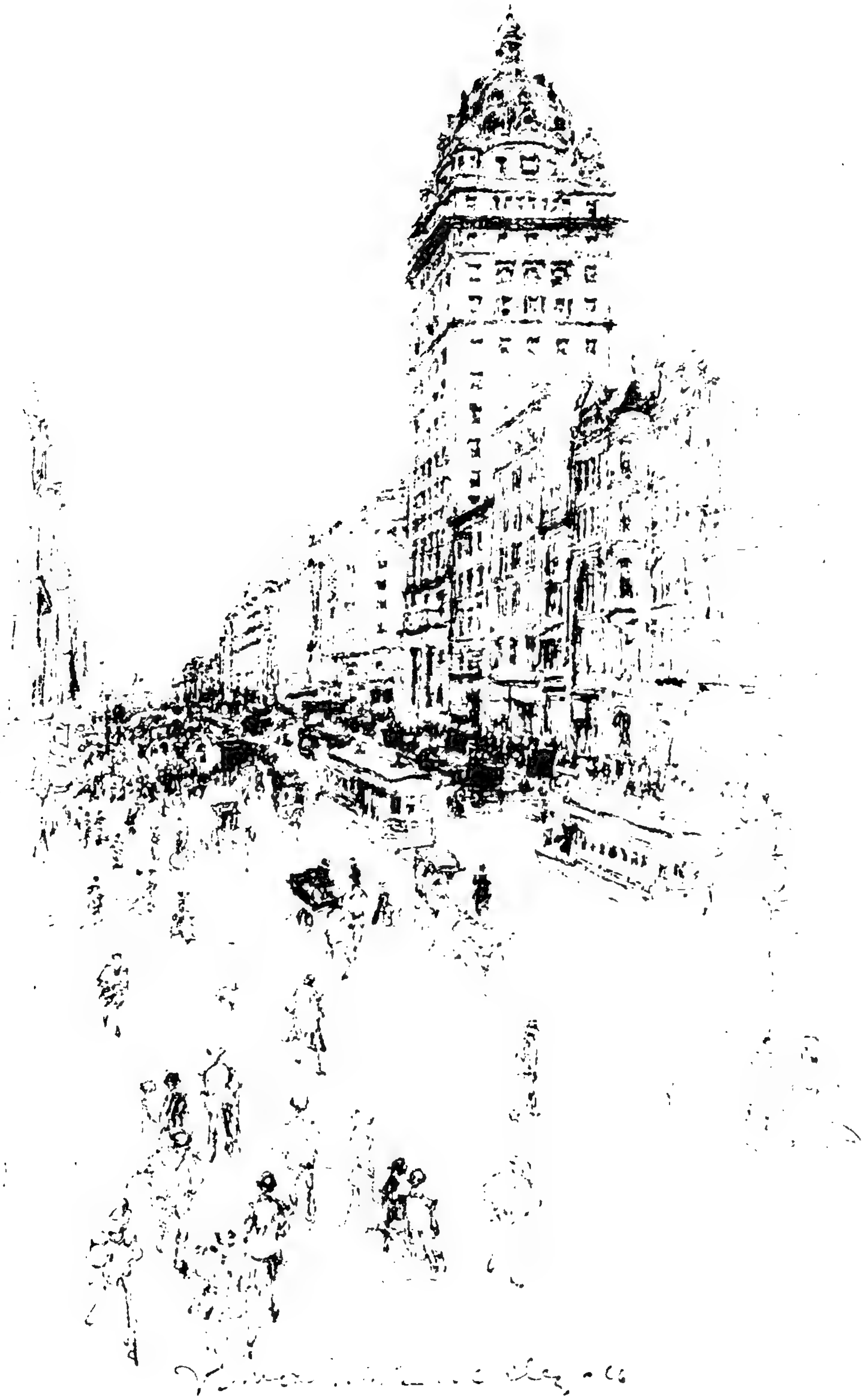
Vernon Howe Bailey has been traveling through the South and the West for EVERYBODY'S, continuing his series "American Cities in Pencil." A few days before the disaster he reached San Francisco and made the series of illustrations printed in this issue. Everything which his pencil found to draw is now destroyed, excepting one ferry building and the fort pictured above. Old Fort Point, crowned by Fort Scott, formed one side of the Golden Gate, the entrance to San Francisco Bay.



Vernon Howe Bailey

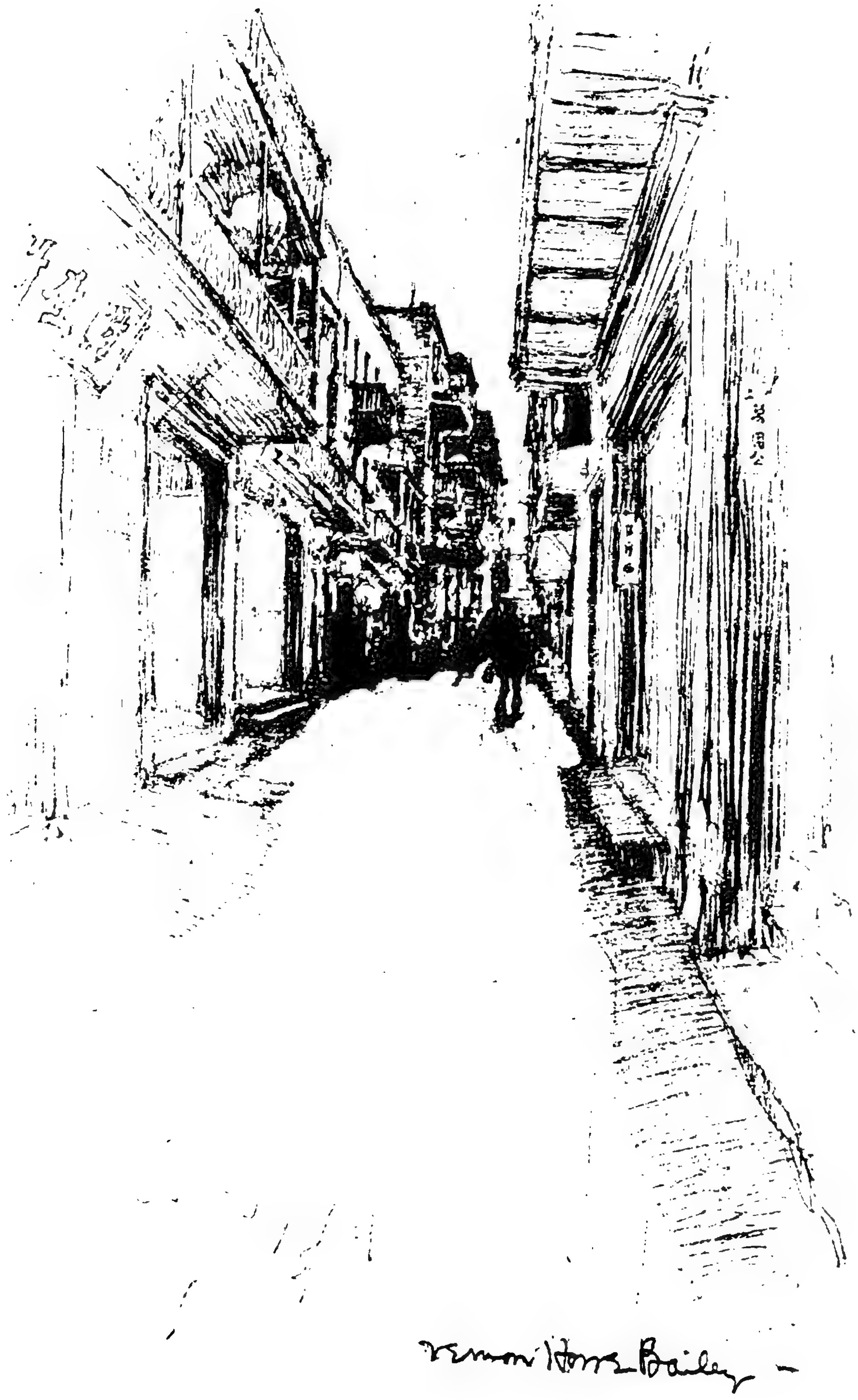
CITY HALL.

The City Hall of San Francisco stood just off Market Street fronting a plaza which surrounded the Pioneer Monument. It was ten years in building and cost $7,000,000. The surrounding houses were low and unsightly, and were so close that it was hard to get a good view of the structure. Those interested in beautifying the city had considered several plans for giving the City Hall proper approaches. City Hall went down in the earthquake, and the offending buildings about it are gone in the fire. The city will probably be rebuilt on some definite plan; several schemes for beautifying it had been drawn up from time to time. The streets at this point may be laid out anew to give a proper view of the new City Hall. One of the schemes is based on a division of Market Street at this point.



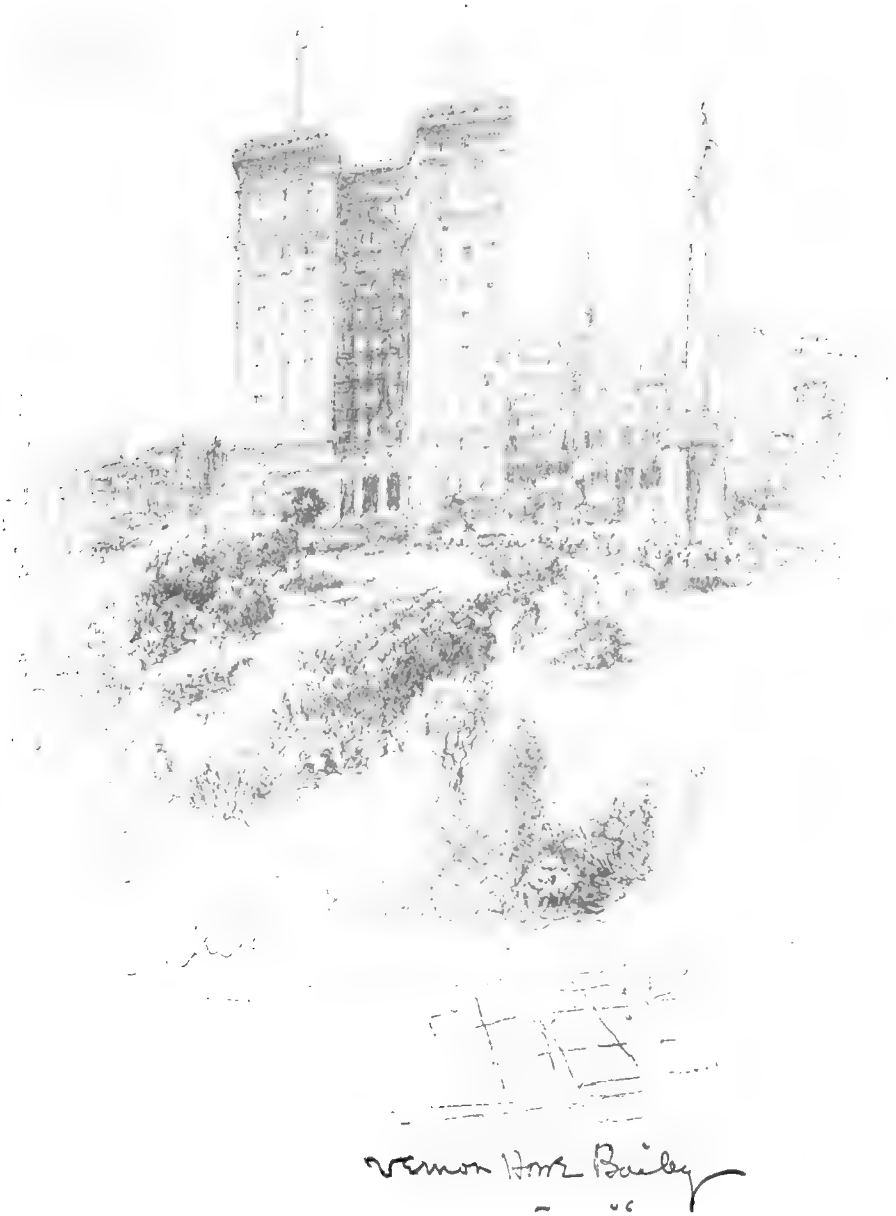
MARKET STREET, SHOWING THE SPRECKELS BUILDING.

Market Street was to San Francisco what Broadway is to New York. Owing to local conditions, it was one of the busiest thoroughfares in the country. Fifteen years ago there was hardly a building more than four stories high on Market Street; but in the last decade high buildings have been going up. The twenty-story Spreckels or *Call* Building, the tallest in the city, rose like a tower from its surroundings. It was one of the few really beautiful sky-scrapers in the country. Every structure shown in this picture is gone; the smaller buildings in the foreground by earthquake and dynamite, and the *Call*, together with the *Examiner* Building and the Palace Hotel farther down, by fire.



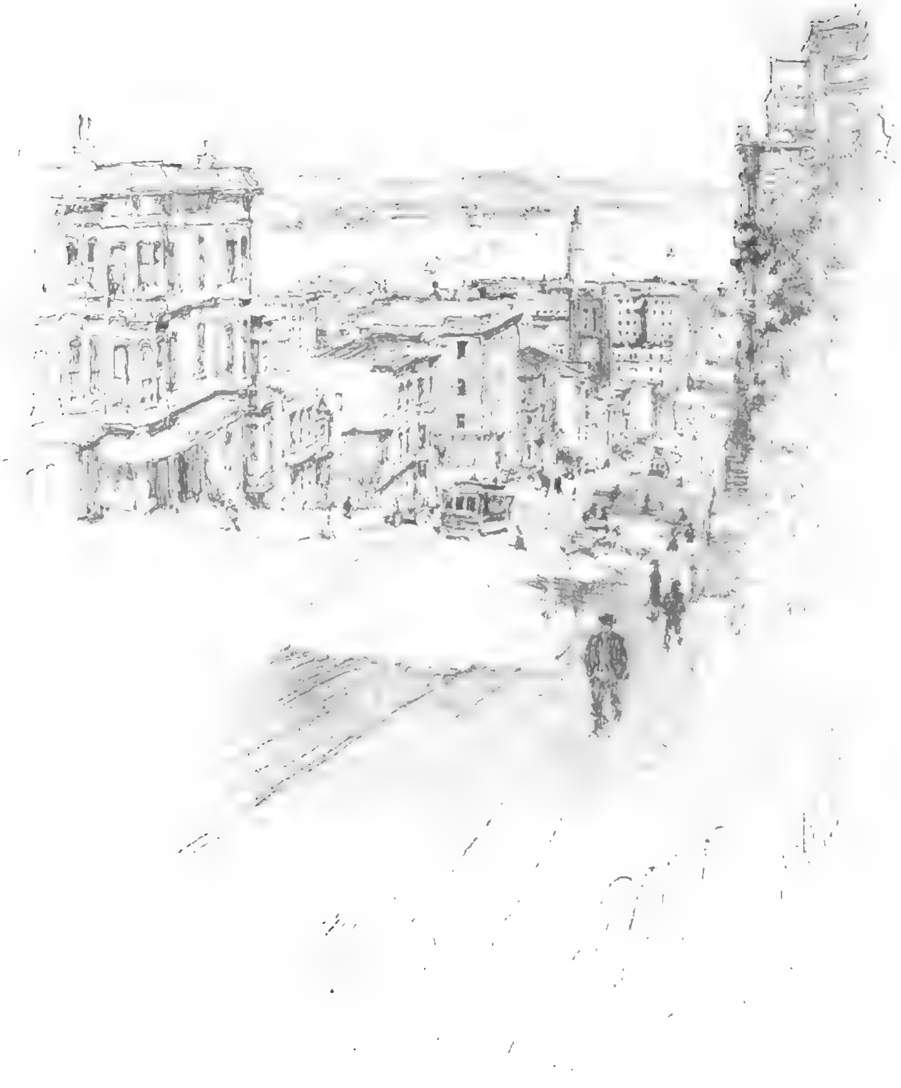
CHINATOWN.

Chinatown was built three stories above ground and three below; for the Chinese, who live as closely packed as they can, had burrowed like moles. They had quite transformed a district of old business blocks with their own balconies, sheds, gaudy signs, and doorways. The Chinese have the art of common things; and everything in Chinatown fell into pictures. Every tourist felt bound to see the Quarter. Guiding tourists was an industry; but the guide showed only a circus performance. Aside from this the life of the people went on in San Francisco as it goes on in Canton. Their highbinder wars kept the police busy. All Chinatown was burned. The site is in demand for business uses, and the Chinese may be forced to rebuild elsewhere.



UNION SQUARE, ST. FRANCIS HOTEL, AND THE DEWEY MONUMENT.

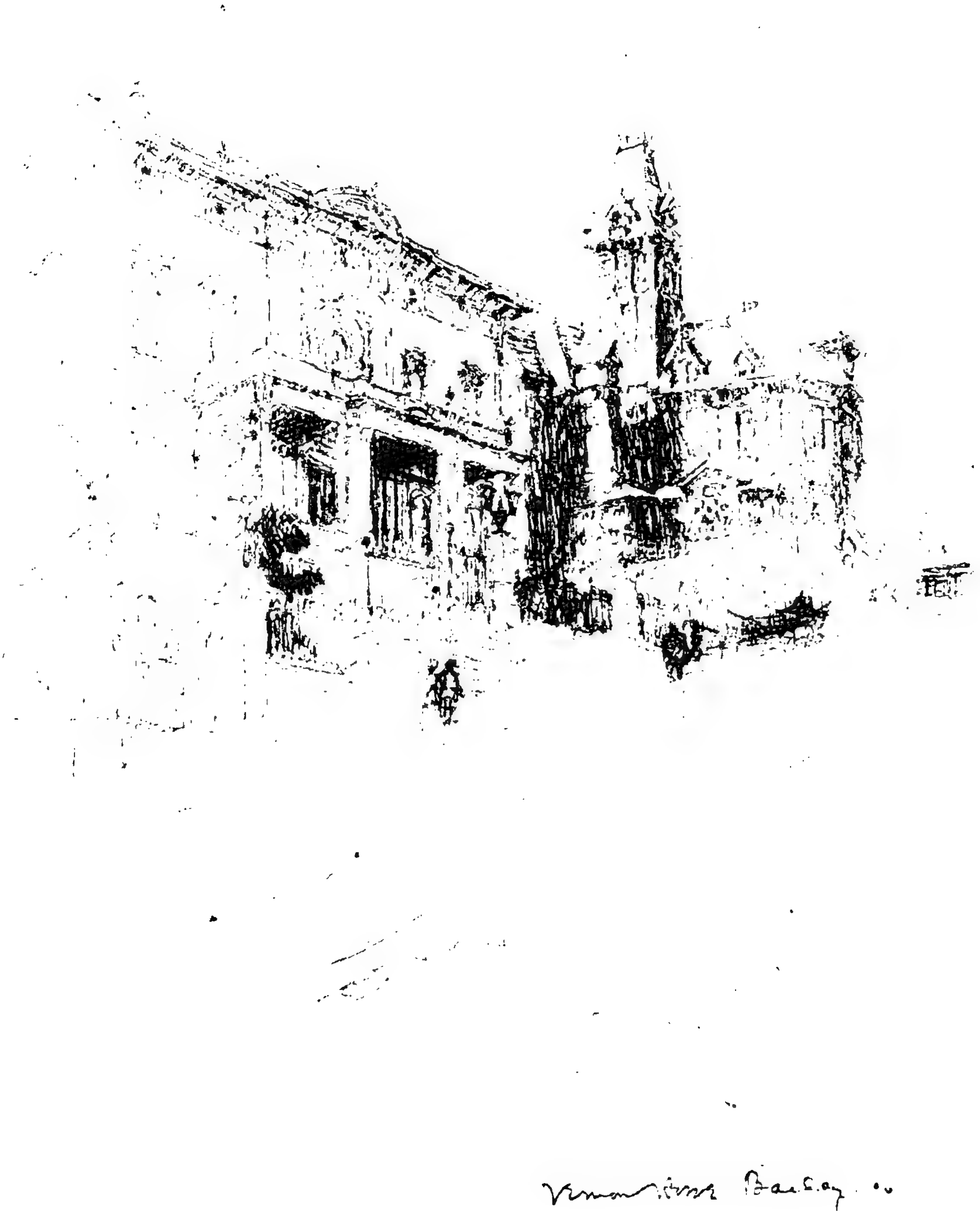
Until the last year or two "Newspaper Corners," at Market and Kearney Streets, where stood the *Call*, *Examiner*, and *Chronicle* buildings, was called the heart of the city. Union Square, two blocks farther uptown, was succeeding to the title. There had been a great rise in real estate values at this point, and the new Hotel St. Francis was the first in a line of high modern buildings which would have surrounded it in time, had the city gone its normal way. The monument in the center of the square commemorates Dewey's victory at Manila Bay. The Bohemian Club was about to erect in one corner a monument to Bret Harte. The St. Francis stood the earthquake shock, but the fire consumed the district. The monument was shifted from its base and tilted at an angle of ten degrees.



Vernon Howe Bailey
S.F.

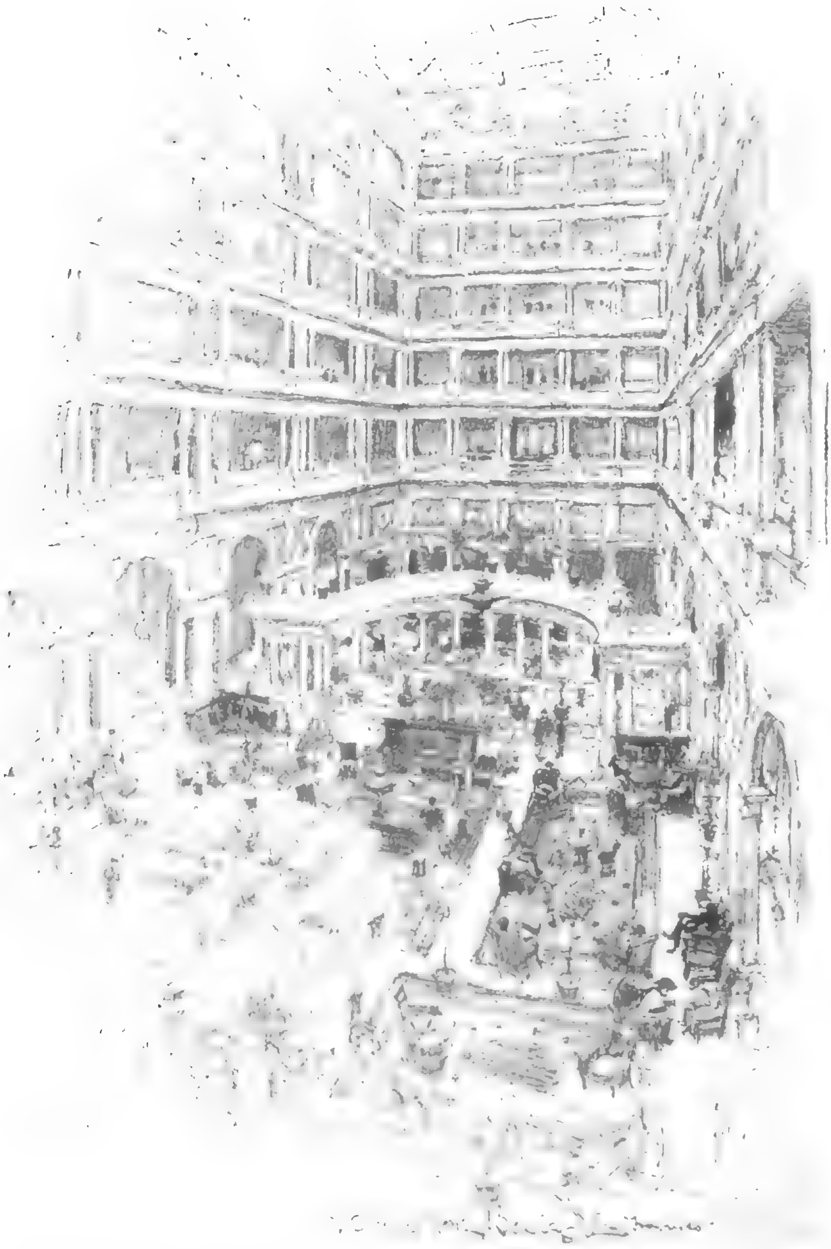
FROM CALIFORNIA STREET HILL, LOOKING ACROSS THE BAY TO THE OAKLAND SHORE.

San Francisco runs up and down over abrupt hills. Some of them are so steep that the sidewalks mount for blocks by steps, and grass grows between the paving stones, upon which no wagon wheel ever turned. The rise to Nob Hill on California Street represents one of the more moderate slopes. From every elevation, as in this view, there appear vistas of the golden, changeable bay. The dark tower two blocks down the street is the spire of old St. Mary's Catholic Church. This was the down-town boundary of Chinatown. Every building which appears in this view, save only the Ferry Building in the background, was destroyed or damaged in the fire. Below the hills on the farther bay shore lies Oakland, the City of Refuge in the great catastrophe.



ON NOB HILL: STANFORD RESIDENCE AND MARK HOPKINS SCHOOL OF ART.

The Stanford and Hopkins mansions were on the shoulder of Nob Hill. Both were built during the wild middle period when the Californian bonanza kings were trying to spend all their money at once, and both passed in the end into the hands of the people. The Stanford mansion, to the left, was given by Jane Stanford to Stanford University. It had been unoccupied since her death. The Mark Hopkins mansion rose on the sky-line of San Francisco like a citadel. The widow of its builder gave it to the University of California for an art school. The art classes used the basement and stables; part of the upper floors was given up to galleries. These buildings, with other mansions farther along the street, were burned, but the new Fairmount Hotel, opposite, was comparatively slightly damaged.



THE PALM GARDEN IN THE PALACE HOTEL.

In the line of famous hotels around the world, where old wanderers met again, wherein novelists set tales, and where "things happened," the Palace represented San Francisco. Until the St. Francis opened, it was the chief hotel. Its registers showed an imposing list of presidents, princes, statesmen, great actors, authors, and men of finance. Half the gossip of the parish centered about this court. A king died there—Kalakaua of Hawaii. It was one of the biggest hotels in the world, not high, but wide. Until three or four years ago the site of the palm garden shown in the illustration was a courtyard paved with asphalt, and used as a carriage drive. The Palace stood through the earthquake and none of its guests was hurt, but it was burned on the first morning of the fire.

Our San Francisco

By JAMES HOPPER

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this vivid, heart-racking narrative of Mr. Hopper's, EVERYBODY'S feels secure in the belief that its readers will find the final word on the destruction of San Francisco. The note of tragedy has always had powerful expression in the work of James Hopper. His whole literary life has trained him to see and feel and tell this story. He was there; as a newspaper reporter his duty took him up and down the shaking, burning city by day and night, his eyes ever alert to see the things which the world would want to hear after all was over. Here is his story.

AT midnight I was at the Grand Opera House, where the Conried company was giving "Carmen." I still can see Caruso striking open the gates of the arena with his long catalan. I see him stab, I hear Fremstadt's scream, Caruso's wail of remorse, glutted passion and remorse commingled; I see his magnificent crawling movement to her as the curtain comes down. I see myself walking back slowly to my paper, the *Call*, a few steps away, and I am saying to myself: "Surely, what I have felt to-night is the summit of human emotion." And now when I think of that, I almost laugh.

After turning in my copy, I went up Post Street to my room in the Neptune Hotel, six blocks away. It was two o'clock in the morning, and that is San Francisco's fairest hour. The blustering sea-breeze has ceased at that time; from the land comes a breath of air already dawn-scented. From the slope I was climbing I could see the dark loom of the big buildings below, the bay beyond with the red and green lights and the long silhouettes of ships at anchor, and still farther, the familiar hearthlike glow of the mainland towns. The night struck me as particularly peaceful.

As I passed a livery-stable on Post Street between Powell and Mason Streets, a horse screamed with a sudden, shrill cry. I asked a stableman lolling in the darkened doorway what was the matter. "Restless to-night; don't know why," he answered. And then, with my head poked in, I heard the thunder of a score of hoofs crashing in tattoo against the stalls.

I went up to my room. "Fine night," said the elevator-boy. "Beautiful," I answered. I went to bed at about three o'clock.

I slept, but with a hot, restless slumber. I dreamed. I heard a scream, then another. It was the scream of Caruso before *Carmen's* prostrate form, and the strident cry of the horse in the stable. They mingled, rose interwoven in a fiendish crescendo—and then I awoke to the city's destruction.

Right away it was incredible—the violence of the quake. It started with a directness, a savage determination that left no doubt of its purpose. It pounced upon the earth as some sidereal bulldog, with a rattle of hungry eagerness. The earth was a rat, shaken in the grinding teeth, shaken, shaken, shaken, with periods of slight weariness followed by new bursts of vicious rage. As far as I can remember, my impressions were as follows: First, for a few seconds a feeling of incredulity, capped immediately with one of finality—of incredulity at the violence of the vibrations. "It's incredible, incredible"—I think I said it aloud. Then the feeling of finality. "It's the end—St. Pierre, Samoa, Vesuvius, Formosa, San Francisco—this is death." Simultaneously with that, a picture of the city swaying beneath the curl of a tidal wave foaming to the sky. Then incredulity again at the length of it, at the sullen violence of it. "It's incredible—vertical and rotary—look at me in my bed—like a fish in a frying-pan." This last figure pleased me. "Just like a fish in a frying-pan," I repeated. Then an impulse to get out of the hideously grinding walls, mastered immediately, solely from a repugnance, as I remember it, to making a show of myself. "No, if I die, I die in bed, not with my legs bare to the skies." Incredulity again at the mere length of the thing, the fearful stubbornness of it. Then curiosity —"I must see it."

I got up and walked to the window. I started to open it, but the pane obligingly fell outward and I poked my head out, the floor like a geyser beneath my feet. Then I heard the roar of the bricks coming down in cataracts and the groaning of twisted girders all over the city, and at the same time I saw the moon, a calm, pale crescent in the green sky of dawn. Below it the skeleton frame of an unfinished sky-scraper was swaying from side to side with a swing as exaggerated and absurd as that of a palm in a stage tempest.

Just then the quake, with a sound as of a snarl, rose to its climax of rage, and the back wall of my building for three stories above me fell. I saw the mass pass across my vision swift as a shadow. It struck some little wooden houses in the alley below. I saw them crash in like emptied eggs and the bricks pass through the roof as through tissue paper.

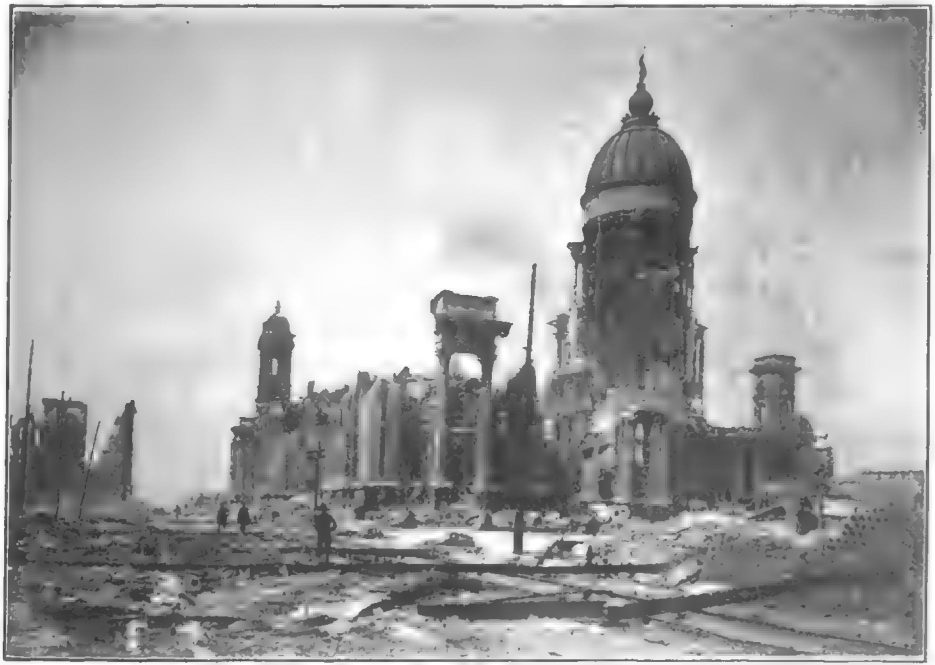
The vibrations ceased and I began to dress. Then I noted the great silence. Throughout the long quaking, in this great house full of people I had not heard a cry, not a sound, not a sob, not a whisper. And now, when the roar of crumbling buildings was over and only a brick was falling here and there like the trickle of a spent rain, this silence continued, and it was an awful thing. But now in the alley some one began to groan. It was a woman's groan, soft and low.

I went down the stairs and into the streets, and they were full of people, half-clad, dishevelled, but silent, absolutely silent, as if suddenly they had become speechless idiots. I went into the little alley at the back of the building, but it was deserted and the crushed houses seemed empty. I went down Post Street toward the center of town, and in the morning's garish light I saw many men and women with gray faces, but none spoke. All of them, they had a singular hurt expression, not one of physical pain, but rather one of injured sensibilities, as if some trusted friend, say, had suddenly wronged them, or as if some one had said something rude to them. As for me I felt a strange elation. I was immensely proud of myself. I had gone through that hideous minute and a quarter with full command over myself, and now I was calm, absolutely calm. I threw my chest out and looked with amazement upon my dazed cocitizens. And yet when a few days after, I saw again a friend who had met me just at that time, he told me that I had been so excited I couldn't talk, that my arms trembled as I gesticulated, and that my eyes were an inch out of their sockets. As I walked slowly down the street I was very busy taking notes—for the paper. "Such and such number, such and such street, cornice down; this building, roof down; that building crumbled." And then, "Good Lord!" I exclaimed to myself after a while, with childish peevishness, "I'm not going to take a list of all the buildings in the city!" I kept on going toward the paper. I thought that I was observing very carefully, but I wasn't. I remember now, for instance, seeing the roof of the Hotel Savoy caved into the building. And yet I did not try to find out if many had been hurt or killed. It was rather unimportant detail that struck my eyes. In Union Square I remember a man in pink pajamas, a pink bath-robe, carrying a pink comforter under his arms, walking barefooted upon the gravel. In the center of the square an old man was with great concentration of purpose deciphering the inscription of the Dewey monument through spectacles of which the glasses had fallen out. I cut across through the Square and for the first time I heard some one speak. A man said to me, "Look!" I looked the way he was pointing, at a three-story wooden building called the Geary.

It stood between an unfinished building at the corner of Stockton and Geary Streets and another tall building. The two sky-scrapers had shaken off their side walls upon the wooden one nestling between them, and only the façade of the latter stood, like cardboard scenery. At one of the windows was a man. He was trailing to the ground a long piece of cloth that looked no thicker than a ribbon, with the evident intention of sliding down by it. I shouted to him to wait a moment and ran to the door. I found the stairs still up, stuck along the front wall as with mucilage.

I went up to the third floor over piles of plaster and laths, and there forgot about the man. For I came to a piece of room in which was a bed covered with débris, and out of the débris a slim white hand and wrist were sticking like an appeal. I threw off the stuff and a woman was beneath, still alive, a little, slender thing whom I had no trouble in carrying down to the sidewalk, where some one put her on an express wagon. I went back with another man and we found a second woman, whom we took down on a door. She seemed to be dying. There was another woman in another corner, but a pile of bricks was upon her and she was dead.

By this time the ruins were fairly swarming with rescuers, and a policeman had to drive away many of them with his club. All the time, however, I could hear a mysterious and insistent wailing somewhere in back. Finally I located it on the second floor. A strip of the hallway still remained along the right wall. I followed it till I came to a place where the whole hall was intact, and there, as upon a platform amid the ruins, a woman with long, disheveled hair was pacing to and fro, repeating in a long-drawn wail, over and over again, "Oh, my husband is dead, and a young man is dead, and a woman is dead; oh, my husband is dead, and a young man is dead, and a woman is dead!" "Where is your husband?" we roared in her ear, for she seemed unable to hear us. She pointed toward the back. We went toward the back and came to the abrupt end of the hall. Below us was a mound of bricks with the end of a bed-post emerging. Mechanically we began, three of us, to take up the bricks one by one, throwing them behind us. Above us towered the walls of the homicidal building. After a while a fireman joined us. He seemed stupefied, and like us began to take up bricks one by one. Finally another fireman came and called him. "Come on, Bill," he said, "there's fires." They went off and then after we had worked a time longer a red-headed youth who was digging with us said, "Wat's de use of digging out those that's dead?" This remark struck us all as so profoundly true that without another word we all quit.



THE CITY HALL. COST, $6,000,000. PICTURE TAKEN AFTER EARTHQUAKE. SMOKE IN THE DISTANCE IS THAT OF THE HAYES VALLEY FIRE (SEE ARTICLE), ONE OF THE MAIN FIRES THAT CLEANED THE WHOLE CITY.

I went down to the *Call* to report. The sun was rising behind a smoky pall already floating above the populous district south of Market Street. The *Call* Building, the highest in the city, was unmarred by the earthquake, and so was the building of the *Examiner*, across Third Street from the *Call*, and that of the *Chronicle*, across Market Street from the *Examiner*. The editorial building of the *Call*, however, in the narrow alley back of the main building, was shaky. At the door I met Bowie, the acting city editor, the first man at his station. "Hopper," he said, "the Brunswick Hotel at Sixth and Folsom is down with hundreds inside of her. You cover that." This order seemed perfectly natural to me. In spite of what we had already seen, our power of realization was behind time as it was to be through the three days' progressive disaster. Going up into the editorial rooms with water to my ankles, I seized a bunch of copy paper and started up Third Street. At Tehama Street I saw the beginning of the fire which was to sweep all the district south of Market Street. It was swirling up the narrow way with a sound that was almost a scream. Before it the humble population of the district were fleeing, and in its path, as far as I could see, frail shanties went down like card houses. And this marks the true character of the city's agony. Especially in the populous district south of Market Street, but also throughout the city, hundreds were pinned down by the débris, some to a merciful death, others to live hideous minutes. The flames swept over them while the saved looked on impotently. Over the tragedy the fire threw its flaming mantle of hypocrisy, and the full extent of the holocaust will never be known, will remain ever a poignant mystery.

The firemen were there, beginning the tremendous and hopeless fight which, without intermission, they were to continue for three days. Without water (the mains had been burst by the quake) they were attacking the fire with axes, with hooks, with sacks, with their hands, retreating sullenly before it only when its feverish breath burned their clothing and their skins.

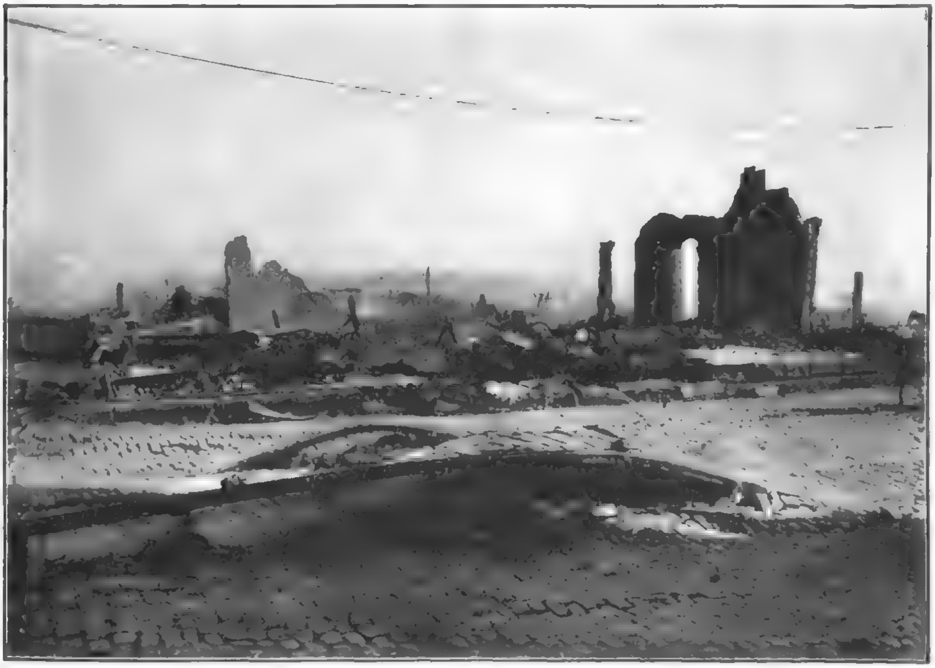
I went back to Market Street and stopped an automobile. It was a private machine, chauffeured by one of the city's gilded youths, but he jumped at my offer of $50 for the day's hire, another example of the twisted vision of us all, which refused to acknowledge the true stupendousness of what was happening. I whirred off north into the Latin quarter to see as to the safety of friends I had there. Its destruction was in keeping with the picturesque reputation of the district. The low brick buildings built in the pioneer days had nearly all thrown their fronts into the narrow streets, and their interiors were shown cross-sectioned like the doll houses you see in toy stores. The house of Henry Laffler, the writer, was so, his bookcase, writing-table, and bed showing like furniture on a stage. Beneath the pyramid of bricks that had been the front of the building a dead Chinaman lay, one long yellow hand stretching out of the loose sleeve of his blouse. But a note pinned upon the remnants of the stairs told me that Laffler was safe. I went on to the studio of Martinez, the painter. The old building still stood. The studio was full of bricks, but a neatly stacked pile of paintings in the center told me that the painter was safe. How these two men escaped is beyond my imagination.

Back to the paper we whizzed. We passed firemen fighting the fire, which had jumped Market Street and was beginning to devour the wholesale and financial district. At the paper, I picked up "Scotty" Morrison, our old policeman, and Byers, one of the "cubs." They had walked miles to report. This time we had a nearer appreciation of what was happening and our orders were to cover the progress of the fire and get a list of the dead. As we left, the Grand Opera House, where a few hours before I had been listening to Caruso, was burning with explosive violence together with the back of the editorial rooms. The main *Call* Building was to be our reporting place.

We started first to cover the fire I had seen start on its westward course from Third Street. From that time, I have only a vague kaleidoscopic vision of whirring at whistling speed through a city of the damned. We tried to make the fallen Brunswick Hotel at Sixth and Folsom Streets. We could not make it. The scarlet steeplechaser beat us to it, and when we arrived the crushed structure was only the base of one great flame that rose to heaven with a single twist. By that time we knew that the earthquake had been but a prologue, and that the tragedy was to be written in fire. We went westward to get the western limit of the blaze.

Already we had to make a huge circle to get above it. The whole district south of Market Street was now a pitiful sight. By thousands the multitudes were pattering along the wide streets leading out, heads bowed, eyes dead, silent and stupefied. We stopped in passing at the Southern Pacific Hospital. Carts, trucks, express wagons, vehicles of all kinds laden with wounded, were blocking the gate. Upon the porch stood two internes, and their white aprons were red-spotted as those of butchers. There were 125 wounded inside and eight dead. Among the wounded was Chief Sullivan of the Fire Department. A chimney of the California Hotel had crushed through his house at the first shock of the earthquake, and he and his wife had been taken out of the débris with incredible difficulty. He was to die two days later, spared the bitter, hopeless effort which his men were to know. As we were leaving, two men came to the gate. They were pulling along the street a sheet of corrugated iron upon which lay an old woman with both feet charred. We bore her in and she actually smiled as we laid her upon a cot.

At Thirteenth and Valencia Streets a policeman and a crowd of volunteers were trying to raise the débris of a house where a man and a woman were pinned. One block farther we came to a place where the ground had sunk six feet. A fissure ran along Fourteenth Street for several blocks and the car tracks had been jammed along their length till they rose in angular projections three or four feet high. As we were examining the phenomenon in a narrow way called Treat Avenue a quake occurred. It came upon the fag-end of endurance of the poor folk crowding the alley. Women sank to their knees, drew their shawls about their little ones, and broke out in piercing lamentations, while men ran up and down aimlessly, wringing their hands. An old woman led by a crippled old man came wailing down the steps of a porch, and she was blind. In the center of the street they both fell and all the poor encouragement we could give them could not raise them. They had made up their minds to die. I looked at my watch and was astounded to see that it was only half past eight. On Valencia Street, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth, the Valencia Hotel, a four-story wooden lodging-house was down, its four stories telescoped to the height of one, its upper rooms ripped open with the cross-section effect of a doll-house. A squad of policemen and some fifty volunteers were working with rageful energy at the tangle of walls and rafters. Eleven men were known to have escaped, eight had been taken out dead, and more than one hundred were still in the ruins. The street here was sunk six feet, and again, as I was to see it many times



A STREET IN THE DISTRICT SOUTH OF MARKET STREET WHERE THE HOLOCAUST WAS GREATEST. NOTE TRACK AND STREET BED FOR EARTHQUAKE EFFECTS.

more, I saw that strange angular raise of the tracks as if the ground had been pinched between some gigantic fingers.

We went down toward the fire now. We met it on Eighth Street. From Third it had come along in a swath four blocks wide. From Market to Folsom, from Second to Eighth, it spread its heaving red sea, and with a roar it was rushing on, its advance billow curling like a monstrous comber above a flotsam of fleeing humanity. There were men, women, and children. Men, women, and children—really that is about all I remember of them, except that they were miserable and crushed. Here and there are still little snap-shots in my mind—a woman carrying in a cage a green and red parrot, squawking incessantly "Hurry, hurry, hurry"; a little smudge-faced girl with long-lashed brown eyes holding in her arms a blind puppy; a man with naked torso carrying upon his head a hideous chromo; another with a mattress and a cracked mirror. But by this time the cataclysm itself, its manifestation, its ferocious splendor, hypnotized the brain, and humans sank into insignificance as ants caught in the slide of a mountain. One more scene I remember. On Eighth Street, between Folsom and Howard, was an empty sand lot right in the path of the conflagration. It was full of refugees, and what struck me was their immobility. They sat there upon trunks, upon bundles of clothing. On each side, like the claws of a crab, the fire was closing in upon them. They sat there motionless, as if cast of bronze, as if indeed they were wrought upon some frieze representing the Misery of Humanity. The fire roared, burning coals showered them, the heat rose, their clothes smoked, and they still sat there, upon their poor little boxes, their bundles of rags, their goods, the pathetic little hoard which they had been able to treasure in their arid lives, a fixed determination in their staring eyes not to leave again, not to move another step, to die there and then, with the treasures for the saving of which their bodies had no further strength.

We whirled down Harrison Street, along the southern edge of the fire which up to that time was not spreading much toward that side. The streets were choked with trucks, with baby carriages, with cabs, with toy express wagons, and a procession of silent people, stupefied by the incredible and progressive calamity, was marching stolidly out of the city which had proven a trap. Passing Fifth Street, we caught, behind the flaming smother, a glimpse of the Mint, square, squat, like a rock in the flaming sea. Its iron windows were all closed; it brooded there, unmoved, inscrutable as a sphinx. Later we learned that behind those iron doors men had lived through the maelstrom of fire, had lived and fought and had saved the building. West of it, a long white sky-scraper towered, still untouched. It was never touched. I saw it a few days later, rising white, unsullied, above the surrounding desolation. I read its name and the tremendous irony of it staggered me. "The United Undertakers" was written into the granite above the door.

At Third Street we caught the starting-point of the fire. It had worked north as well as west, and the *Call* Building, the tallest sky-scraper in the city, was glowing like a phosphorescent worm. Cataracts of pulverized fire poured out of the thousand windows. The *Examiner* Building, across the way, was burning. The Palace Hotel, treasured perhaps above everything by San Franciscans, was smoking, but was still making a magnificent fight. To the east the fire had gone as far as Second Street. There it had leaped Market Street toward the north, and was roaring, a maelstrom of flame, through the wholesale district, before the southeastern breeze. We circled to the north, through the Latin quarter, picturesque in its ruins as it had been in life. I remember passing six dead horses under a pile of bricks on Washington Street. We went up toward the Hayes Valley district, in which heavy volutes of smoke announced another conflagration. In passing I stopped at The Neptune, where I had been at the time of the earthquake, five hours before. The fire had not yet reached it. I ran up to my room. A key was in the door. "Looters," I said to myself. I pushed open the door. Spick and span in his loose white clothing, Ah Wing, the Chinese chamber-man, was making my bed. The room was swept, the plaster that had fallen gathered in a heap in the hall, my clothes were all hanging in the closet, and he was putting a clean slip about my pillow. Coming out of the whirl of death and devastation, this piece of domestic fidelity absolutely flabbergasted me. I closed the door upon it and left on tiptoe as in the presence of some sacred rite. I'd like to see Ah Wing again. When, the next morning, it struck me at last that it was time to take my things out, I wasn't able to get within fifteen blocks of The Neptune. Now, all that remains is the arch of the door, and a nameless chaos of pulverized and half volatilized things in the cellar, among them the results of Ah Wing's industry. I devoutly hope he is alive, with a little hoard of gold in his wide sleeves, enough to buy him a ticket on the P. M. to old Canton.

We went up to Hayes Valley to examine the fire there. We passed the City Hall, the building upon which the city had spent six millions. It had crumbled at the assault of the quake and was now a ruin, noble with a beauty that it had lacked when entire. Here and there a massive column rose with its architrave, giving an effect of Babylonian splendor. Above, the dome, divorced of stone, showed its naked skeleton, twisted as from some monstrous torture. The Central Emergency Hospital was blocked with an avalanche of huge stones.

THE BLAZING CITY.

The fire, we found, already covered four square blocks and was sweeping toward the east. We went before it and stopped at the Mechanic's Pavilion, the Madison Square Garden of San Francisco. All the morning it had been used as a great hospital, but now, before the menace of the fire, the last patients were being transferred to the Military Hospital at the Presidio. We waited till the fire came. The immense wooden structure caught with almost explosive violence, and when we left the ruins of the City Hall were catching. We circled the fire south of Market Street again and found that it had reached Twelfth Street. At one o'clock we tried to report to the *Chronicle* Building. The *Examiner*, the Palace Hotel, and the Grand were burning fiercely by that time and we could not reach it. We started on another tour of the fires.

It was just about that time that the wind, which had been slight and from the east, turned to a spanking breeze from the northwest. This sealed the doom of the city. By the time we had arrived at the fire south of Market Street, it had spread from Fourteenth Street down to the bay; and this immense frontage, driven by the wind, was moving south and east, the blocks literally melting before its advance. We circled far to the south. We stopped at St. Mary's Hospital, on Rincon Hill, at the southeast corner of the city. The whole city below, from Fourteenth Street to the ferries, was one great flame, which smacked in the wind like the stupendous silken flag of some cosmic anarchy. Below the silken, whirring sound of it, there was a muttered roar as if thousands of tumbrils were rolling over an endless bridge, and the dynamite, used now in a last effort to confine the conflagration, pulsed in dull reverberations. The patients of the hospital were being removed to steamers lying in the bay below.

We circled along the water-front, everything to the west of us a flaming chaos. Up Market Street the great buildings writhed like so many live beings in the agony of fire. The entire wholesale district from the bay to Sansome and north to Washington was burning. As they burned, the buildings crashed down upon what the earthquake had thrown, and the streets were as those of a barricaded city in the throes of its last assault. The United States Twenty-second Infantry was garrisoned at the Appraiser's Building, and all along Washington Street the troopers, aided by volunteers, were noosing ropes about the wooden shacks, relics of the sixties, and pulling them down in gigantic tugs-of-war, one hundred men to a rope. At the Hall of Justice, in the midst of the Latin quarter, the Mayor, the Chief of Police, and their staffs together with the Citizens' Committee appointed immediately after the earthquake, were gathered in the basement. In the half-darkness, beneath the low-vaulted ceiling, they sat at long tables, their faces yellow in the light of the sputtering candles, and conferred in whispers. Near them was stretched a long line of stiff forms beneath white sheets. Out in Portsmouth Square, in front, the prisoners of the jail sat huddled in handcuffed groups. While we were there they began to move the dead from the hall, for the fire was very near now, and soon a line of sheeted figures lay in the green grass before the Stephenson monument. By five o'clock the Hall of Justice was burning, the headquarters had been removed to the big Fairmont Hotel on the tip-top of Nob Hill, the prisoners to Alcatraz, and the dead lay underground, the Stephenson bark, its bronze sails swollen with the eagerness of departure, their monument.

Almost at the same time the fire which had swept the wholesale district below Sansome, jumped Kearney Street and with a rattle of eagerness fastened upon Chinatown, with its carved balconies, its multicolored signs, its painted and gilded flimsiness. At the same time, doubling back, it came down Montgomery, San Francisco's Wall Street, and Kearney, fairly whistling down the deep, narrow corridors. By eight o'clock the Kohl and Mills Building and the Merchants' Exchange flamed like torches and the destruction of the business blocks of the city was complete.

At seven o'clock the staffs of the *Call* and the *Chronicle* met for a conference in the editorial rooms of the *Evening Bulletin*. The pink glow of the fire, near-by on three sides now, was the only light. The orders given to the *Chronicle* men was: "The men of the *Chronicle* will meet at the *Chronicle* Building to-morrow at one o'clock, if there is any *Chronicle*." That given to the *Call* was: "The men of the *Call* will meet at the Fairmont to-morrow at one o'clock, if there is any to-morrow." There was a to-morrow, but long before one o'clock the *Chronicle* was a gutted ruin and the magnificent Fairmont, like a great Greek temple upon its hill, was blazing like a funeral pyre.

At eight o'clock I was standing on the corner of Market and Montgomery. The whole south side of Market Street was on fire from end to end. There was a lull in the wind and before me the Palace and Grand Hotels were burning with a sort of quiet mournfulness. Suddenly the great Crocker Building, on the north side of the street, began to burn, slowly, one window-shade here, one window-shade there, with a sort of flippant deliberation. Half an hour after it began to purr softly, then, with a roar, the flames poured out of all the openings. This was the beginning of what might be called the fourth main fire. It went north, caught the *Chronicle*, and then steeple-chased up Geary, Post, and Sutter Streets, melting before it the rich retail section and then the private hotel district. At ten o'clock the huge new St. Francis Hotel on Union Square was burning. The fire spread as it went west. It united with that of Chinatown, then with that of Hayes Valley, and the three, hand in hand in formidable alliance, marched, keeping step, toward the west with a frontage of nearly two miles.

All night the city burned with a copper glow, and all night the dynamite of the fire fighters boomed at slow intervals, the pulse of the great city in its agony. When the sun rose, a red wafer behind clouds of smoke that were as crape, the tidal wave of flame had swept three-quarters of it. Nob Hill, the Fairmont, the homes of the pioneer millionaires, Mark Hopkins's, with its art treasures were aglow, a ruby tiara upon the city. Before the irresistible advance, the people were fleeing toward the sea. For the third time the headquarters of the Government had been changed, this time to the North End Police Station. By eleven o'clock that was in danger, and another exodus was made to Franklin Hall, on Fillmore Street, once suburb, now center.

I walked down Market Street late in the afternoon of the second day. It was as if I walked through a dead city, not a city recently dead, but one overcome by some cataclysm ages past, and dug out of its lava. Fragments of wall rose on all sides, columns twisted but solid in their warp, as if petrified in the midst of their writhing from the fiery ordeal. Across them a yellow smoke passed slowly. Above all, a heavy, brooding silence lay. And really there was nothing else. Contortion of stone, smoke of destruction, and a great silence—that was all.

WOMEN FIRST

By H. GERALD CHAPIN

APART from the purely professional sympathy which it is diplomatic to bestow upon a client, I felt sorry for Nutley.

The case, after all, seemed almost absurdly simple. He had been perfectly satisfied with the boarding-house at East Orange, N. J., whither fate had directed him during the honeymoon. Until two years ago for him had been all the joys of the suburbanite who is unconfronted with the problem of domestic service and the management of a private parcels-express. Then the wily agent whispered the magic formula, "Every man his own landlord" and—Mrs. Nutley fell. In the controversy that followed, each stuck manfully to his guns, and Victory not making up her mind to alight on either's standard, both sides retired in good order. Mrs. Nutley took up her abode in her sister's family; Nutley remained where he was. When it is added that several typewritten sheets of legal cap, neatly folioed and indorsed, lie before us, the history of the affair is brought strictly down to date.

Now, the "mother of the trusts" is rather an unfeeling parent toward her male citizens who may have entered into the matrimonial state. There are too many precedents unfavorable to the husband. To begin with, there was Mrs. Mary P. Shinn, who objected to continuing, as a "paying guest," with Mr. Shinn's family in Bordentown (appropriate name), and who, taking the baby, went to her grandfather's to live. Mr. Shinn wrote, offering to maintain her as theretofore, but Mrs. Shinn, declining, filed a bill to compel proper support. After she had proved her side of the case, the husband expressed a willingness to provide a home for her, wherefore the learned chancellor adjourned proceedings so as to give the parties an opportunity to become reconciled. Upon visiting the new home, Mrs. Shinn found it a house of six rooms, containing three or four chairs, a table, cooking-stove, bed, lounge, and looking-glass; whereupon the court, laying down the rule that every husband must provide his wife with "a home in which she can be mistress," to be furnished in a style corresponding with his circumstances in life, granted her alimony.

When I got thus far, Nutley interjected the remark that his wife had deserted him.

So Mr. Cornish pleaded in 1872, but without avail. A long line of cases has settled the point that it is the duty of a husband to endeavor to induce his wife to return to him, even when she leaves without sufficient cause. If he does not do so, her desertion will not be deemed "obstinate" within the meaning of the divorce statute. The following recital by the chancellor of the differences of opinion in the Cornish family, with his comments thereon, makes not uninteresting reading: "On the occasion of her leaving, he returned home at an unreasonable hour of the night and woke her from sleep to admit him; it was perhaps her duty as a wife to have got up instantly and to have admitted him with that appearance of cheerfulness which many feign and few feel." The evidence disclosed that she neither felt it nor feigned to do so. The ensuing discussion awoke the baby, who howled. Mr. Cornish threatened a spanking—"brutal" conduct, the court called it. Mrs. Cornish thereupon "fell into a passion; it may have been too violent, but some passion was unavoidable. Instead of endeavoring to soothe and quiet her, he left the room," and she left him. "Her temper," continued the chancellor, "may be too quick and violent, but it was his duty to go to her after leaving under these circumstances, and see if some contrition, some concession on his part, could not do away with the effect of his harsh conduct on that night. Her threats in the anger of the moment never to live with him and to obtain a divorce, are not sufficient excuse for not making an attempt."

Measured by the old saw, the rule failing to work both ways is a poor one. Yet it has not been held that if the husband leave his wife, she is under obligation to make any overtures. It is thought that woman's delicacy of feeling should not be made to suffer. But how about poor man's delicacy of feeling? To what extent was it considered by Chancellor Zabriskie when he held that "it was not improper" that a wife "should look at the unsealed letter in the pocket of a vest handed her by her husband to mend"?

Wherefore, as I explained to Nutley, because of the foregoing precedents he doesn't seem to stand much of a show.

Truly, the position of women before the law has suffered mighty changes. Fifty or sixty years ago, the twain were indeed one, and that one the husband. He could collect all debts, such as wages that might be due her (though, incidentally, he was liable for all she owed); she could not make a will of her real estate, nor of her personal property, without his permission; and he was entitled to the income from her lands. He could lock her up in his house and keep her there. Whether he could inflict chastisement was a mooted point, though a judge of the North Carolina Supreme Court held in 1866 that he possessed this power, provided he used "a stick as large as his finger, but no larger than his thumb."

Over the children the husband had absolute control, and could even appoint a guardian by will who could take them away from the mother. They were to be brought up in the father's religion, without any consideration for her feelings. In fact, it was only some twenty years ago that the Supreme Court of Judicature in England directed that the sons and daughters of the deceased Nawab of Bengal by an English wife be reared as Mohammedans.

Whatever disabilities she may have labored under in the past, the woman of to-day is not only permitted to participate in the game on equal terms, but in many instances the cards appear to have been stacked so that she may be in a position to play a trump hand.

To begin with, her property is hers and hers alone. In the vast majority of the States, marital control of it has been completely abrogated. If her husband goes upon her land, she can have him ejected in short order. *Noblesse oblige*, however, as Mrs. Rebecca B. Battie discovered in 1892. Mr. Battie, prudent man, had placed their house in her name; his assets, so far as appears, consisting chiefly of a cross dog. The Court of Appeals of New York held Mrs. Battie responsible to one who had been bitten, on the ground that she should never have permitted the animal to remain on the place, making the momentous announcement that it had been unable to discover any rule of law "that regards a dog as a necessary part of the equipment of a well-ordered household."

The year after this decision, there arose in Alabama the case of Mrs. Estra Strouse, who owned both house and dog. Here the suit against the wife was dismissed, and a verdict ordered against the husband, as he was the head of the family. What the poor man could have done is rather doubtful. As the beast was his wife's property, he could not destroy it, and being himself in the house merely on sufferance, he was not in a position to send it away. In fact, Mr. Strouse's only remedy appears to have been to wait until the dog attacked him and then kill it in self-defense.

Speaking of real estate, it may be well to keep in mind the fact that, except in most of the Western States, a widow is entitled to "dower," or the income of one-third of any land her husband owned during the marriage. He cannot deprive her of this by deed or will without her consent. More than one instance has occurred where speculators have taken title in the names of men of straw, upon whose decease subsequent purchasers have been confronted by widows' claims. But poor man's corresponding right of "curtesy" is subject to Madam's power of disposal, and it attaches only to property which belongs to her at the time of death, and which she has not devised by her will.

Not only does woman have control of her own property, but her inchoate rights in that of her husband are fully protected; *e.g.*, the case of Mrs. Emma Collins, decided recently by the Maryland Court of Appeals. Possibly Mr. Collins, who was already a widower, was desirous of testing the love and affection of his bride-elect, or his action may have been due solely to an excess of caution. At all events, before his second marriage, he secretly conveyed away all his property to his children, an act which it was held amounted to a fraud upon the dower rights of Mrs. Collins No. 2, and the deeds were accordingly set aside in so far as such rights were concerned. In so doing the court followed the doctrine previously enunciated in Alabama, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Kentucky, and other States.

In Pennsylvania, at about the same time, there was a somewhat similar instance. Before their marriage, Dr. E. S. Warner and his wife had signed a written agreement by which each relinquished all right in the other's property. At that time, Dr. Warner owned real estate of the value of $40,000 and nearly as much personalty. He was a man of about seventy-seven years of age, while his wife was barely fifty-five. She had no property except a small annuity. At the solicitation of her stepsons, within a few days after Dr. Warner's death the widow went with them to the office of their lawyer, where it was represented to her that by virtue of the antenuptial agreement she had no right to administer on her deceased husband's estate. Thereupon she signed a formal renunciation in favor of the children. Here the court took the view that the act of the prospective husband, in cutting off the woman he was about to marry from all support out of his estate, was so harsh and unreasonable on its face as to raise the presumption that he had designedly concealed from her the value of his property at the time the agreement was executed. This ruling therefore cast upon the children the burden of proving the negative proposition that no concealment was practised; should they fail in this, the agreement was to be considered void.

Generally speaking, a married woman can make binding agreements with any one, her husband included, though this last privilege is recent, *e.g.*, since 1884 in Ohio and 1892 in New York. Even here is she hedged about with safeguards, since in some States she is not given the questionable advantage of becoming surety on any of her husband's obligations.

A peculiar tenderness is not infrequently manifested toward a wife's contracts. Witness that Louisiana decision a year or so ago which should endear the gallant judges of the Bayou State to every feminine heart. Mrs. Anna Lewis, of Yoakum, Tex., had ordered her daughter's trousseau from a New Orleans dressmaker. Only the wedding-dress arrived in time, and this proved to be four inches too short in front. To use the words of the young lady, "It was just like wearing a short, rainy-day skirt with an immense train behind." As the court feelingly put it, "At this discovery the expectant bride was overcome by disappointment and chagrin. She had to be held up while her mother and two friends undertook to rectify the garment and she took to her bed. What could be done was done, but the gown continued to be one inch too short in front and the bride was ashamed to wear it, though forced by necessity to do so."

Is it any wonder after this that a verdict of $575 was not considered to be more than fair compensation for the bride's mortification in going to her husband unprovided with a suitable trousseau, and for her disappointment in being obliged to forego several entertainments in her honor? Still, one is inclined to wonder how much the groom would have recovered from his tailor had the new dress-suit proven a misfit.

That the statutory provisions giving to woman the complete control of her property are not illusory is shown by a decision handed down by Iowa's highest tribunal. In the year 1892, Mrs. E. R. Casebeer, plucky woman, made the discovery that her husband was hopelessly insolvent. She had a small sum of money in her own right; she borrowed more, and invested in a manufactory, over which she placed her husband as manager. On this slender foundation a business of some magnitude was built up, which was afterward turned into a corporation. When affairs had reached this point, Mr. Casebeer's creditors attempted to appropriate corporate stock on the ground that it really belonged to him, as it was because of his talent and labor that the present state of prosperity had been reached. "Nay," said the court in substantially the following language: "Mr. Casebeer received a salary as president of the company, and if he chose to devote it to the support of his family rather than to the payment of his debts, that is his affair. So far as his services were productive of profit, over and above this, it accrued to the benefit of Mrs. Casebeer, for whom he worked."

In Alabama, the gentleman of sporting tendencies may find himself brought up with a round turn. After having striven diligently through the night to secure a numerical or pictorial quartet whose distinguishing characteristic is uniformity in rank, or to erect that architectural possibility known as a "full house," it is not unlikely that he will feel that his most sacred rights have been trampled on by an unfeeling Legislature when confronted with a provision of the Code which permits a wife to recover all sums gambled away by her husband.

In breach-of-promise suits woman holds a monopoly compared with which that enjoyed by the Standard Oil fades into insignificance; though about once in a generation some man revolts. An ancient precedent is the famous case of Blake *vs.* Wilkins, tried in the Galway County Court in George IV.'s time, when Lieutenant Blake, of his Majesty's Navy, about twenty-eight years old, sued the widow Wilkins, who lacked but a scant five summers of threescore and ten. Phillips, the celebrated Irish orator, appeared for the defense, and he took the peculiar tack of poking fun at his own client, to whom he referred, in not the best of taste, as "the poor shriveled relic of what was once health and youth and animation." He won the case, but, almost needless to say, also secured the everlasting enmity of the successful defendant.

An English humorist says that there are some misfortunes, such as loss of an umbrella, toothache, and bashfulness, for which one never receives any sympathy. In this class are actions for breach of promise. Everybody but the gay Lothario who is being sued appears to take the affair as a huge joke.

It were expecting too much of human nature to suppose that our judges would look at the matter in a different light. Note what happened when Miss Chellis, aged forty-seven, sued Mr. Chapman, aged seventy-four, fourteen or more years ago. Poor Chapman, one would think that a verdict of $8,000 was sufficient punishment for his recklessness, without the additional infliction of the following character-sketch, which the New York Court of Appeals spread for all time upon its records:

> Though pretending to some cultivation of mind, which, among other ways, if we may judge from the record, he seemed to delight in displaying by a versification of the homely, though not very inspiring or romantic, topics and events of his farm life and surroundings, he yet was seemingly lacking in those outward graces of the person which are not infrequently deemed a substitute for more solid possessions. Nor does he seem to have had recourse to the adventitious aids of the wardrobe to adorn his exterior person and thereby to compensate for personal shortcomings.

All this as leading up to the point that Miss Chellis was entitled to offer testimony as to Mr. Chapman's financial standing for the purpose of measuring the damages, as it was not to be presumed that love alone had induced her to accept the proffered alliance.

By the same token, breach-of-promise suits are, in the main, nothing more nor less than legalized blackmail, deserving of no encouragement in law. The theory of Continental Europe, which accords to the engaged couple a *locus pœnitentiæ*, seems fairer to both.

By the way, at the risk of perpetrating a "bull," it should be added that the momentous question may be put tacitly, for it has been solemnly adjudged that it is sufficient to raise a presumption as to the swain's intentions if he frequently call, take the lady out driving, or otherwise indicate that "Barkis is willin'." Particularly is this true when the fair one (as did Miss Roxcellena Homan, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1873) notifies her admirer that any further attentions will be construed as having been tendered with a view to matrimony.

Let man be guarded also in his osculatory peculations. Those kisses which his

true lip
Hath virgined

may yet prove more expensive than he supposed. In one case $3,000 was given for 1,236, or $2.42 each, and in another they came as high as $166.66 apiece.

When it comes to the question of divorce, by the way, the key-note of our system is its charming diversity. Here are fifty-two States and Territories ranging all the way from South Carolina, which has no statute on its books covering this subject, to Rhode Island, where a separation will be granted from bed and board "for such other causes as may seem to require the same."

Happily, the crowning absurdity has been destroyed and has lain buried these half-dozen years. In New York, formerly, when a divorce was granted, no power in heaven or earth or in the waters under the earth, not even a Justice of the Supreme Court, might alter the decree. Note the result:

Miss A marries, obtains a divorce from Mr. B with good, round alimony-income, espouses Mr. C, again flies to the court for relief from the bonds of matrimony, becomes Mrs. D, shuffles the cards again and plays as Mr. E's partner, with alimony rolling up all the while like a snowball. This is no exaggeration. There have been instances, though none seems to have found its way into the courts, where three or four husbands paid tribute simultaneously. Fortunately, the Legislature, in one of its infrequent lucid intervals, passed an act doing away with this, though in some States, it is said, the old condition of affairs still prevails.

Now let us take two other illustrations of the freedom accorded to women; and these particular statutes are typical of many others. In New York, if mere man fraudulently incur a liability, or dispose of his property with intent to defraud creditors, he is subject to arrest in a civil (not a criminal) suit, and if he do not pay the judgment, can be imprisoned for debt. But a woman can defraud and conceal *ad libitum*, with only the possibility of an uncollectable judgment facing her.

Some States allow the wife to insure her husband's life, free from apprehension of possible creditors, even though he pay the premiums. The latter, it is only fair to say, are generally restricted—in New York they must not exceed $500 annually. Still, as every one knows, a very fair-sized policy can be obtained at this figure.

There was an ancient rule of the common law by which, when a crime was committed by the wife in the presence of her husband, it would be deemed to have been done through his coercion, and he alone would be held responsible. Massachusetts and possibly other States still uphold this view, but in a modified form, slight evidence being sufficient to show that the wife has acted of her own volition. The point was raised a year or two ago. Mr. and Mrs. Adams entered a jewelry-store together and Mrs. Adams departed with a valuable ring, but as it was proved that she had held the clerk in conversation and otherwise acted independently of her husband, she was held accountable.

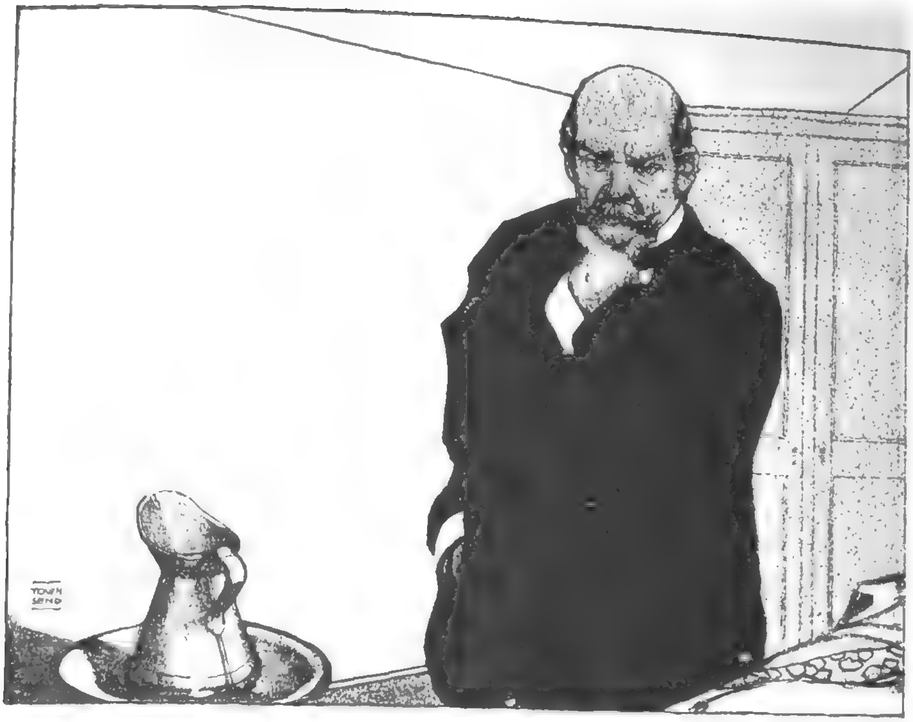
A wife's rights in her husband follow him even to the grave. Recently in Pennsylvania, a controversy between widow and relatives concerning the husband's place of burial was passed upon by the Supreme Court. James Pettigrew died and was interred in a cemetery-plot bought by his father. A year later, upon the death of their only child, Mrs. Pettigrew purchased a new lot, so that the remains of the father might rest by the daughter's. A most indecent litigation was initiated by the brothers and sisters of Mr. Pettigrew, who sought an injunction restraining the removal of the body. Fortunately their efforts proved futile.

In fact, as one of our wittiest judges observed some time ago, " legislative chemistry has analyzed the conjugal unit, and it is no longer treated as an element, but as a compound." As has been previously hinted, in the large majority of our commonwealths not only is woman free in the fullest sense of the term, but in not a few respects is her position superior to that of man. Here and there one finds a State where the rags and tatters of the ancient doctrine still form part of that patchwork which we call the law. Our legislators are notoriously careless in the performance of their duties, but to their credit be it said, the discovery of an instance of rank injustice is almost certain to result in the passage of a remedial statute.

An exception to this general statement exists in New York. Here, although a wife can sue her husband if he injure or appropriate her property, she is not permitted to maintain a civil action against him for an assault and battery upon her person. The Domestic Relations Act of that State expressly allows her to sue "for an injury arising out of the marital relation," but, as the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court observed in the Abbe case, "in no sense does an assault and battery arise out of the marital relation. It is as violently opposed to such relation as is larceny to the eighth commandment." The court admitted the charming inconsistency which was involved, and, to drop into the vernacular, "put it up to the legislature." Members of the law-making body kindly take notice.

While it is impracticable to consider the law in detail, generalizing it may be said that woman now possesses (1) complete control of her person and of her property, real and personal, (2) freedom to enter into contracts, (3) the right to sue for injuries to her character, person, or property, (4) the joint custody of her children, though this is a recent development and it must be admitted that the excepted States far outnumber those where the rule is in force, (5) in four States the right of equal suffrage and in twenty-two others and two Territories a restricted right, applicable only to school affairs.

In some respects, the pendulum has swung far. That it is well-nigh impossible to convict a beautiful woman is known to every criminal lawyer, and susceptible juries are not uninfluenced in civil cases by the piteous glance of soulful eyes, dimmed in tears. Well, let it be so, though we should remember that, in the language of Judge Bleckley, formerly of Georgia's Supreme Court, " in protecting women, courts and juries should be careful to protect men, too, for men are not only useful to general society, but to women especially."



How had he ever lived there

GOBLIN GOLD

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

Illustrations by Harry Townsend

LIKE most men who have for many years enjoyed good health and luxurious living, Thomas Morton was panic-stricken at the approach of illness. And when the great and despotic nerve specialist told him that the meaning of his sick distaste for all that had so long interested him was the swift advance of a complete nervous collapse, he clamored to be told what to do to avert the horror.

"I'll do anything, go anywhere, stay as long as you say," he cried to the doctor, who was regarding the distracted man with keen eyes. He was a close friend of the great railway magnate as well as his doctor, and he was pouring into the crucible of his brain all that he knew of Thomas Morton, past and present. For some moments he was silent. Then inspiration descended upon him, and he made one of his famous unique and unexpected decisions.

As the result of that ultimatum, Thomas Morton took the train from New York, a few days later, on his way back to his native village, which he had not seen for thirty years. He was confused and amazed at his own action; but the terrible menace that hung over him almost visibly, every time he looked at his trembling hands and drawn face, cowed him into submission to any terms. As the train began running between the foot-hills which heralded his boyhood's mountains, he was surprised to feel a stirring within him which, for the time, crowded out the steady, apprehensive consciousness of his unnerved condition. The very look of the sky reminded him of forgotten days, and he was aware that the world of his youth, which had dropped so completely out of his sight, was shouldering its way up to his memory with a singular vividness.

He stroked his bald head and smiled as he thought of the awkward country lad he had been when he took that first momentous ride on the railway. When he had boarded the train to go to visit his cousins in the city it was the first time he had ever been behind a locomotive; and now he owned a controlling interest in that very road.

How little he had thought at that time that he would stay in the city. His visit was to be three weeks long, and then he had expected, as a matter of course, to return to the Vermont village and settle down as his forefathers had done, content with the narrow round of insignificant duties and pleasures. He had supposed he would marry one of the village girls—he had even decided which one—and spend the night walking the floor with the latest baby, till he grew bent and wizened, like all the village old men. He glanced at his reflection in the long glass of his private car, and noted his upright, portly figure, his well-kept, gray mustache, and his hands, large, it is true, but carefully manicured and white as milk. His sister Ellen's family would not be ashamed of their old uncle from the city, he told himself.

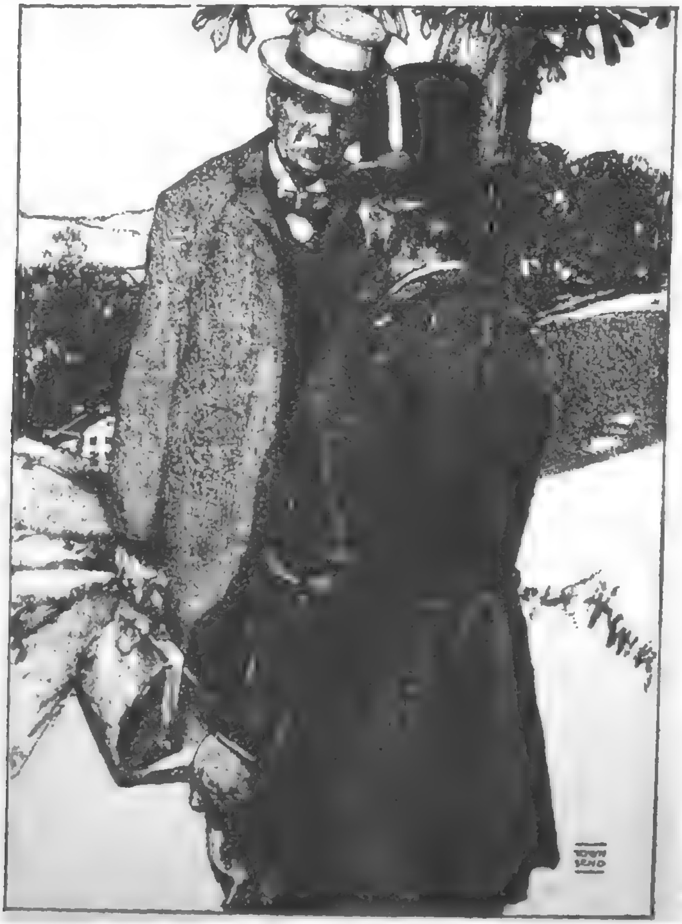
This sister, his only close relative, had died many years ago, and he had not been back to see her for years before her death, so absorbing had been the struggle which preceded his success in the business and social world. He felt no uneasiness about meeting his unknown relatives, however. With the same careful foresight and tact which had made him so great a favorite in society, he had gathered together the scanty letters from them and made a sort of tabulated statement of their names, ages, and of the general facts of their history and present condition. He knew that his oldest nephew was married, had three children, and lived in the old house with his father. That was Thomas, named after him, in the days when he and his sister were still intimate, before railroads had grown too fascinating to permit visits to Newtonville. The one next to Thomas was a girl, married and not living in the village. Then there were two younger ones, Nellie, a school-teacher, but engaged to be married, and Ben, the youngest, who was at a small country college.

Mr. Morton ran over the list mentally, checking off the items with great satisfaction in his own skill in arranging personal relationships smoothly. It was undoubtedly her belief in that quality in him which had induced the great Mrs. Ormsby to come to him for advice about her daughter's threatened imprudent engagement to impecunious young Livingstone. How well he had managed that affair—sending the rash youngster off to the alkali plains of Arizona on an engineering trip, while her mother carried Jeannette away to England in the same party with the wealthy bachelor Senator from Nevada. If he could move without mistake in the infinitely complicated paths of modern society, he could certainly be master of the situation in Newtonville. He would seem a very great man to his old associates. He was surprised that he had not thought before of going back to the old place.

A large family party was gathered on the platform to meet him, and he had never been more genial and charming than in his greeting to them. "Is this little Nellie!" he cried to the pretty, rosy blonde, "now a school-teacher, but soon to change her profession, eh?" and he smiled and shook hands with the tall young farmer by her side. "Where's my namesake? Oh, here you are, Tom. Well, you're a worthy successor to the old name." This to a short, fat man who stood by the horses' heads. "And isn't there a little Tom—third of the name? My word! What a baby!"

His manner was perfection, not too warm to arouse their New England suspicions of sincerity, and yet so hearty and cordial that as they drove back together, laughing and talking, any outsider would have taken the occasion for the return of an indispensable member of the family. He found himself quite moved at the sight of the old house, where he had passed his boyhood and where his sister's life had been spent. The low-ceilinged rooms were full of memories of his mother and of his ardent, visionary youth. He remembered his last visit, and how he had seen his sister, pale and tired with much care of little children, but with the happy serenity of one who rejoices in her life. There was even a stinging in his eyes as he mounted the straight, steep stairs to his old room. He wished he had come back oftener.

But as he stood alone in the bare little cell that had been his as a boy, he could not restrain a feeling of dismay at the lack of comforts. How had he ever lived there, and how could he now? He poked one finger into the hard bed and sighed. He looked at the small basin and pitcher of cold water on the wash-stand and thought with an extreme longing of the luxurious bath-room in his bachelor apartments in New York. That night at supper he could eat but little, although they had prepared a special feast. As one variety of cake after another defiled before him, and as his nephew's wife urged him to take a second dish of the excessively sweet strawberry preserves, he had a vision of his well-planned little dinners, eaten at about that hour, and of the delicious Roquefort and coffee which closed them.



Is there such a place·really·as Wall Street ?

Afterwards, however, he lost himself in the pleasure, which never grew old to him, of making himself liked. He inquired into family affairs and listened to the details of births, deaths, and betrothals with an interest which he felt to be exemplary. When he went to bed in the slippery, cold sheets he congratulated himself that he had made a good impression. That was always his first care, to make sure that people liked him, before he gave himself the leisure to decide whether he liked them.

He devoted an entire week to the first of these occupations, and it was with surprise unbounded that he confessed to himself that he was not so far along at its close as on his first evening. Not that they disliked him! They did their hearty best to make him feel one of them, but he was amazed to perceive that he bored them. He took for granted that they would bore him, as indeed they did, prodigiously, though he flattered himself that he had concealed this fact from them; but that he should bore them—that they should find his much-praised conversation tiresome, was a great shock to him. Used to the pleasant insincerities of what he now at times savagely called "civilized society," he was surprised beyond expression at the frankness of their indifference to his account of his own life and doings. Doubts assailed him as to the reality of his social gifts. He wondered shudderingly, sometimes, if he had been boring other people. He tried his favorite artifices, and grew cold at the listless attention they received.

His sister had married a man considerably older than herself, and the husband was now over seventy. Mr. Morton was hurt to discover that the family thought of him in the same category with "Father Bennett" and expected him to find most of his companionship with the bent, elderly widower whose heart was in his garden. The well-preserved man of sixty-two swelled with wrath and injured pride at being thus thrust out of the younger circle, and found his brother-in-law's conversation about his turnips and sweet peas quite unendurably tedious. The old man had one virtue, however, in which the rest of the family were lamentably lacking; he was a good listener, and often Mr. Morton fell back in sheer despair upon his never-failing interest. His nephew, a man of thirty-five, absorbed in his small business and his young family, had but an absent ear for his uncle's stories of life in the inner circle of the financial world. He was ignorant to a shocking degree of that circle, the very names meaning nothing to him, and in this respect his wife was quite his equal. "Uncle Thomas," as they all respectfully called their visitor, could not recover from the surprise which had transfixed him on learning the abysmal nature of his niece's indifference to the great world.

He was telling her a long story of one of the "social campaigns" on which he so prided himself, and, although vaguely conscious of a wandering quality in her eyes, he was enjoying himself greatly in the reminiscence, when he mentioned with a careless familiarity the sacred name of Mrs. Ormsby. There was no answering thrill from his listener, who was counting the stitches in her knitting, although, with a politeness unusual in Newtonville women, she was performing this rite almost inaudibly. He paused. "*The* Mrs. Ormsby, you know," he said, with a longing for appreciation from this limited village woman which he felt to be pathetic. No answer. "Mrs. Ormsby, of the Ormsby estate on Long Island," he persisted.

His niece raised her eyes. "Who is she?" she queried absently, and then, "Isn't it queer, though I was real good in geography in school, I have to think every time to make sure I don't get Long Island and Rhode Island mixed up."

Mr. Morton stared at her. "Do you mean to say that you never *heard* of Mrs. Ormsby?"

His niece did not answer. She gazed at the ceiling with uplifted eyebrows. "There!" she exclaimed, "I *thought* I heard the baby stirring." And she disappeared up-stairs, leaving her uncle's story hanging in mid-air in a deplorable suspense which she never after took the trouble to relieve.

The younger people were no better. Ben, the collegian, home for his vacation, was full of football news and glory. He played half-back on the scrub team of his obscure college. And as for Nellie, she had eyes and ears only for the great, hulking farmer lad who drove her out of evenings in his shining new "buggy." Mr. Morton was displeased that his pretty niece should marry so rough a rustic. He approached the family council on the subject. "Don't you think it rather a pity that Nellie should throw herself away on that fellow? A girl with her looks could really marry very well, if it were properly managed."

This time he had said something which stirred them. They stared at him in surprise and alarm. "Why, what's the matter with Hiram? Have you heard anything?"

"Oh, only that he hasn't a cent to his name. He can't think of marrying for years, and then he'd just take Nellie to a farm."

The family heaved relieved sighs and dismissed his arguments with a careless indifference which he found very irritating. "Oh, we thought maybe there was something the *matter* with him! Why, so long as he's strong and young and likes Nellie and she likes him, I don't see that we've got anything to say. They are both young enough to wait."

In his discomfiture, Uncle Thomas somehow found it of little comfort to get the satisfactory news that his managing of the Jeannette Ormsby love-affair was turning out quite as he hoped, namely, that young Livingstone, in despair at his solitary and hopeless exile, was obligingly drinking himself to death in Arizona.

The little incident of defeated diplomacy about Nellie seemed to be a sort of last straw. His enforced resignation to his stay in the village broke with a defiant snap. He telegraphed the doctor-despot that he was going back to civilization; but, the next morning on his way to the train, he ran into the arms of his tyrant. The keen-eyed little man turned him about to face the light and nodded.

"You're sleeping better, aren't you?"

"Sleeping!" cried Thomas Morton, with a vigor of protest in his voice at which the other smiled, contented. "It's the only thing *to* do in this confounded hole!"

"Do you remember telling me how, always and every hour, operations on Wall Street ran through your mind in jerky, disjointed bits, like a kinetoscope gone mad? You do not feel that any more, do you?"

"For heaven's sake, remind me again of them! *Is* there such a place, really, as Wall Street? Are there really live stock-brokers in the world? These idiotic, narrow villagers make me doubt the existence of everything but the weather and the ground under my feet. *Is* there still a big world that *counts?*"

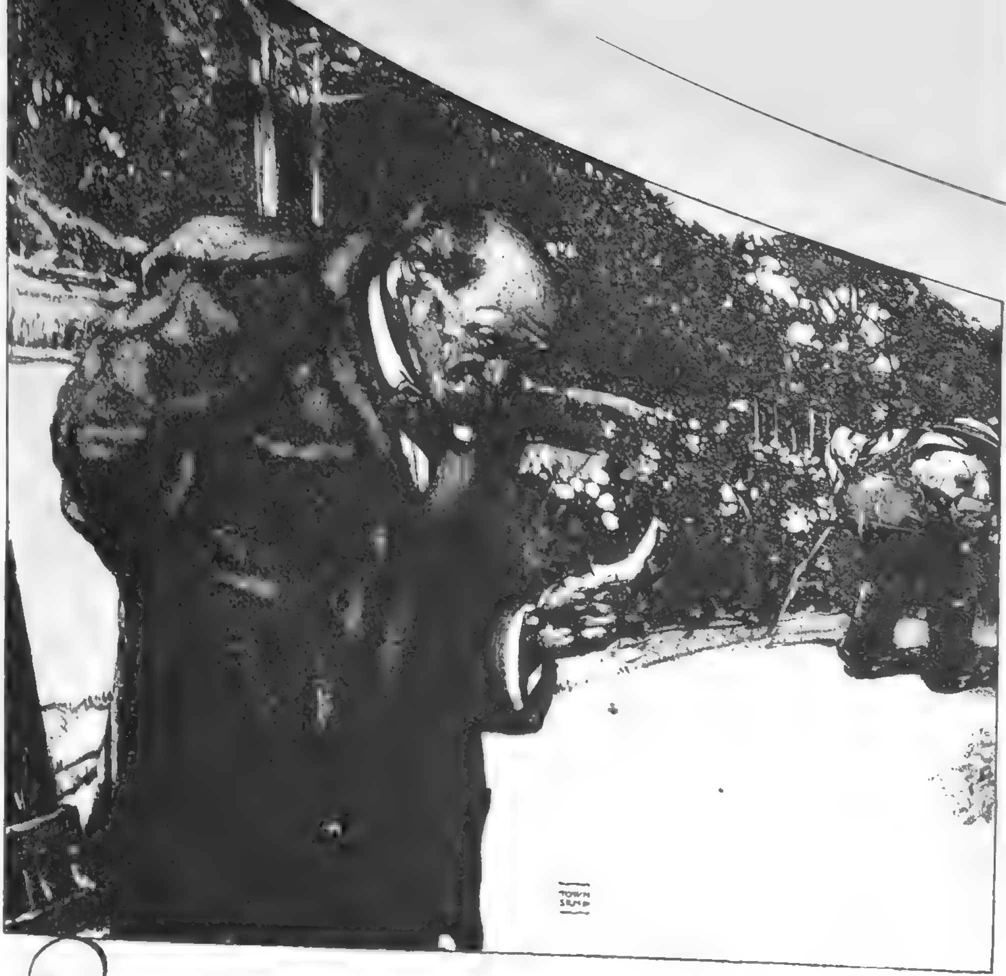
"Yes," said the nerve doctor. "They're in it, too." He shook a commanding forefinger in the face of the fuming man before him, and issued a curt command, "You stay here for one month longer." With that he turned on his heel and sprinted for the train to New York.

The curious and almost hypnotic power over his patients which was the main stock in trade of the doctor, sent Thomas Morton, raging and unreconciled, back to try to force a battle for his own point of view on his uncombative relatives. The most exasperating result of their lack of interest in his world was that he had an uneasy feeling all the time that they were thus making impossible for him the only way of justifying his life to them—his not having married, his going so much into society, his deals on the stock-market, what must seem to their ignorant eyes his isolation in the world of intimate human life. Not that they criticized him at all. They were too absorbed in their own busy, trivial, happy lives to think of his, one way or the other, beyond a general vague satisfaction that he was so "well off"; but he missed cruelly the active sense of approbation with which he had always before been able to surround himself. He felt a poignant need of some of his old importance. He was as one stripped of a familiar garment, and he shivered in the chill of isolation he felt in the many-peopled rooms where he moved.

If only they would listen! If only they would understand what his life meant to him, so full of interests and schemes, of a grandeur beside which their infinitesimal affairs shrunk to nothing—or, rather, perversely did not shrink. He had rarely been so irritated as once when this fact was forced upon his mind. He had thought, one evening, that at last he had the attention of the family. It was after tea, and they were all assembled on the front porch in an unusually peaceful state. The cat had had her milk, the horses were fed, the hen-house door was shut, the evening train had come and gone, and the younger children were in bed. All the customary interruptions which usually maddened him seemed quite out of the way, and he was unfolding, to their apparent interest, one of his boldest schemes for a new transcontinental railway. The circle of listeners was very quiet, and he was drawing breath for an exposition of what such an enterprise would mean to the South, and especially to his own pocket, already overflowing, when there was a shrill cry of excited joy from the house, and little Susy, his nephew's oldest child, appeared in the doorway, robed in her long white nightgown, and staggering under the weight of the baby. "Oh, mama, papa!" she cried, holding up the heavy child, "Tommie's tooth has come! Tommie's tooth has come through! I went to give him a drink of water and he bit me!"

There was an instant outcry of incredulous delight, and the baby was handed around the circle, the tooth examined, and the parents congratulated with a gush of hearty sympathy which Mr. Morton felt to be very different from the polite silence in which they had listened to him. That was not what most irritated him, however. The climax of his displeasure came when the baby was handed to him. Instinctively he put his finger inside the warm, moist, red mouth, and felt the prick of the little tooth with an interest which, for the moment, was scarcely less than that of the family. He was both bewildered and disgusted with himself when he realized this curious phenomenon, and took himself off for a solitary walk. On his return, he noticed grimly that he was not asked to continue his remarks on transportation.

He found some balm for this hurt in the eager attention which he received at the hands of old Mr. Bennett. Little by little he fell into the way of accepting the family's classification of him, and the two often sat together many hours under the honeysuckle arbor in the middle of the garden. Mr. Morton realized keenly that they were probably spoken of as "the two old gentlemen," but so hungry was he for appreciation that he put the thought out of his mind. One day he surpassed himself in the interest of his conversation. He positively sparkled. He described an unusual experience of his, a trip up the Nile with a regiment of British soldiers. He let himself go in the reminiscence until he could fairly hear the creaking of the saddles. Old Mr. Bennett sat as if lost in admiration. He did not take his eyes from his brother-in-law's facile lips except to jot down a few notes, a detail which pleased Mr. Morton greatly.



Lemuel Atkins says tomatoes do better on a pole.

"I'm giving him something to think over in the long, empty winter evenings," he reflected, with a glow of satisfaction. About noon, Mr. Bennett was suddenly called away by the arrival of some peony roots which he had ordered. As he limped painfully down the path, the piece of paper on which he had been taking notes of Mr. Morton's traveler stories fell from his pocket. The great financier picked it up, and, with an idle curiosity to see what in his tale had most taken the fancy of the villager, he turned it over and glanced at the notes. They read as follows:

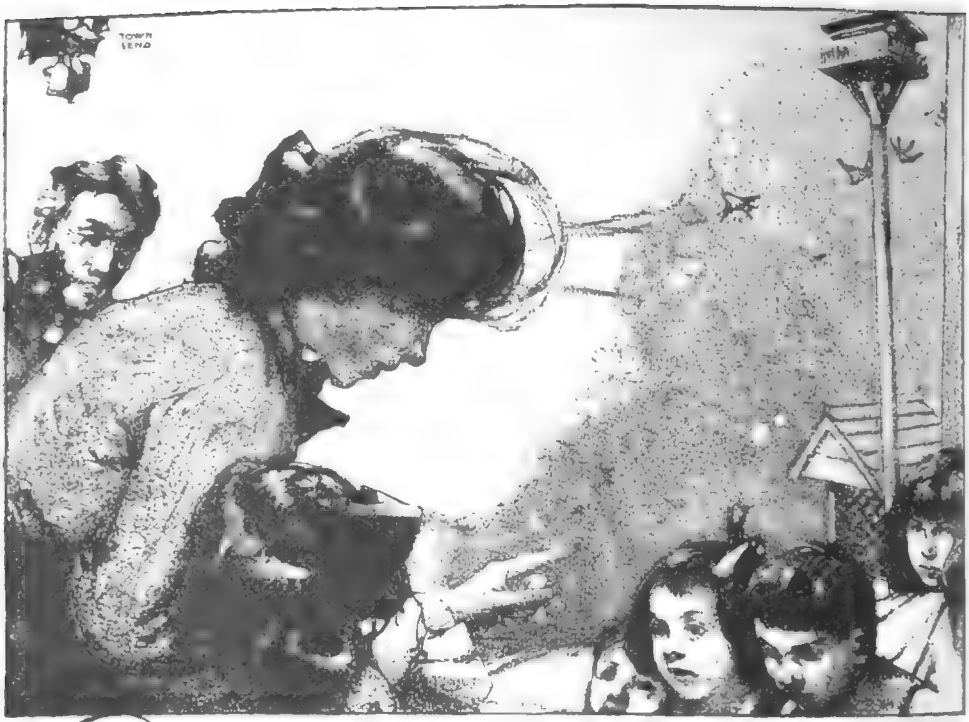
"Remember the Chilcote strawberries are due here on Thursday.

"Lemuel Atkins says tomatoes do better on a pole.

"Don't forget to tell Nellie the moss-rose buds will be open enough for her to wear to the party.

"White lilies for Ellen's grave on Sunday."

Thomas Morton sat for a long time quite still in the arbor, and gazed at the little piece of paper. At first he was indignant at being so deceived. Then the realization of the true meaning of the episode came over him. This ignorant, narrow old gardener had been capable of a politeness so exquisite that the city man felt ashamed. Day after day, he had sat and endured conversation which must have been like so much Hebrew to him; day after day he had come up to a standard of hospitality which Mr. Morton felt a positive awe in contemplating. With his heart all in his bean-rows he had listened with angelic patience to idle talk of unknown and tiresome doings in an inexplicable world. The railroad magnate looked at him as he pottered about the garden, superintending the setting out of the peonies, and suddenly



Once upon a time there was a little boy.

felt very envious. In all his complicated and many-sided life there was nothing to compare with the look of brooding, paternal affection that Nellie's father bestowed on the roses which he evidently already saw in his pretty daughter's hair. He could think of nothing in the world which would bring to his own face the eager and intent satisfaction with which the older man bent over the crumbling brown earth. It would be no horror to him to be laid away under blooming plants and green sod. It would be like going home.

Mr. Morton felt very lonely and shut out indeed, as he sat in the arbor, almost like a forlorn wanderer in the dark who looks in through a window to a cheerful and fire-lit room where a happy family is assembled. He thought of the white lilies, and he even envied the old man the sorrow for his dead wife. He himself had not so much as a real grief in all the shadowy pageant of his life.

That afternoon, he was trying to nap in his room when he heard the voice of his niece, Nellie. She was sitting on the veranda, with her sweetheart, surrounded by a group of her nephews and nieces and their little friends, who were begging her for a story. She was noted for her thrilling tales of fairies and goblins.

"All right," she assented, pulling the youngest girl into her lap and smiling at her sister-in-law, who sat inside the window, rocking little Tommie to sleep. Mr. Morton moved his chair where he could see her through the curtains, and smiled in spite of himself at the art with which she provided for the dispersal of the children without disturbing the baby. "I'll tell you one, but it must be a tiny, short one, and you must be very still, and not wake up little Tommie. When I get through, you must play the goblins are trying to find you, and you must creep, creep off the porch, and you mustn't so much as breathe till you're in the road."

The children nodded in pleased anticipation of so dramatic an ending, and she began: "Once upon a time there was a little boy, a very good little boy who was very happy. He loved his father and his mother and his sister, and he loved the sunshine and the wind in the trees, and he loved to have people love him, and *yet*, this is what happened to him, all because he didn't keep on his straight way the first time he was sent out from home. He went on a visit to the other side of the forest, and on the way he met with a whole company of goblins—black, ugly goblins, the kind you see out of the tail of your eye when you go up-stairs in the dark. He did not like their looks at all, at *all*, but they had such a curious machine that he wanted to stop and look at it. It was a long, sloping sort of a ladder that went around and around when you walked on it, and turned a little wheel. The goblins flattered him about his looks and said he was such a strong, big boy they thought he could make the little wheel go around faster than any one else if he would just step up on the machine and try.

"Sure enough, the moment he began, the wheel began to turn and all the goblins clapped their hands. They told him he was the cleverest, strongest boy they had ever seen, and made the wheel whirl better than any one else in the whole world. He was very proud and went faster and faster, just to show what he could do if he put his mind to it. The little wheel spun around and around till he was dizzy with watching it, and the goblins shouted for joy and showered gold-pieces all over him. And then, like that!" she snapped her fingers dramatically in the hush which preceded the climax, "like that! click! the whole thing disappeared and he was alone in the woods. He thought, when he saw all the gold-pieces lying about, that no harm had been done, even if he was a little late in getting back home, and he stuffed his pockets full of gold and ran back to show everybody what a very lucky boy he had been.

"And what do you think? When he got back to the town, he found that fifty years had passed while he was walking on the goblins' treadmill, although, because they are magicians, it had seemed just a little while. Everything at home was different; his father and his mother and his sister were dead, and all his young friends were gray-haired old folks who didn't remember anything about the boy who was lost in the forest so long before. As for goblins, they had never heard of such things and didn't believe in them when he tried to tell them about his wonderful experience. He wandered around forlorn and lonely, with nobody who cared for him. All those years, when he might have been having such an awful lot of fun, were gone by, and he looked in the glass and saw that he was an old man.

"So now let that be a warning to you: never so much as look at goblins when you are in the woods, because you never know what kind of a spell they will put on you. You needn't think he got any good from all his gold, for he found it wasn't real, sure-enough gold, but just goblin-stuff that wouldn't buy anything that real people want to have. He had lost his precious life, that he could have but once, and he had to show for it only goblin gold."

Her voice, low throughout the little fairy story, sank at the end to a mock solemnity which awed the listening children to silence. They crept softly from the veranda, and made a hushed exit from the front gate.

The veranda was very still. Tommie had gone to sleep, and his mother, her drooping head outlined against the darkened room, looked at him in a contented silence, her strong, motherly arms enfolding the little body with a satisfied grasp of possession. Ellen, too, said nothing and sat gazing at the mother and child, with half-formed dreams curving her lips in unconscious, happy anticipation. The young farmer beside her took her hand in his and caressed it gently, his adoring eyes fixed on her brooding face.

Behind the curtains, in his solitary room, Mr. Morton was as still as the others, but his mouth quivered a little under the well-kept, gray mustache.

Proverbial Assurance

By CAROLYN WELLS

Don't count your coupons before they're detached.
One touch for money makes the whole world skin.

Soldiers of the Common Good

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "The Greatest Trust in the World"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In all this remarkable series of articles Mr. Russell has dealt with no more significant materials than those which he found in India. He draws in vivid contrast the arrogant splendor of official India and the appalling squalor of the masses. In the week when all the world was dazzled with the glories of the Durbar, 70,000 half-starved natives of India died of preventable plague. Mr. Russell lays bare the shameful secret of the misery of the millions—the selfish acquiescence of the British Government in the wickedest caste traditions that the world knows.

CHAPTER XV

INSTRUCTIVE TRAVELS OF AN HEIR TO A THRONE

WHEN the Prince of Wales recently visited India he was received with such splendid pageants and such exuberance of cordial welcome as in our time have not honored any monarch. Something may be allowed for the Oriental love of magnificence and for the reputation of India, here at stake. She has fame for these spectacles; it was essential that upon such an occasion the full glory of her prosperity should be exhibited. But when all this is said the fervor of the demonstration remains unmistakable and genuine. Wherever the Prince went, wealthy native and English residents made no stint of cost to express their emotions.

The royal tour occupied three months, and was a series of brilliant triumphal celebrations. Bombay, the splendid, surpassed itself in the face of joy it presented when the Prince landed. Native nobles came from all the region around, the streets were filled with their gorgeous cavalcades, the illuminations were marvelous, the great reception was described as "one blaze of diamonds; such a display of jewels and magnificent costumes had probably never been witnessed before in India"; all the rich, eminent, and distinguished persons in Bombay contributed lavishly to assist the Government in making the welcome great enough to be historical. The warmth of this first greeting endured and increased as the Prince moved onward. At Jaipur the Maharaja had subscribed $330,000 merely to ornament the city, and the native merchants were not slow to emulate his generosity. It was not thought enough to build great triumphal arches, to decorate the houses with bunting and greenery; whole streets were repainted in the gayest colors to please the Prince's eye. These colors harmonized in a wonderful way with the remarkable architecture of the place and with the glories of the temporary arches, so that "the whole spectacle was one of the utmost magnificence, and yet managed with consummate art toward a total effect both rich and peculiar." The old palace at Amber, abandoned by the Maharajas when Jaipur was built, was cleared of its accumulated rubbish, and restored to the height of its ancient splendors. Excellent hunting was provided; the Prince shot deer and wild fowl, and even a tiger, and had a most delightful visit.

At Bikanir "the heartiness of the welcome revealed again the true strength of the loyalty of the Indian people." At Lahore was a wonderful procession of the native princes in their brilliant costumes and with their brightly clad followers. "In the clear sunlight the spectacle produced an effect of unequaled magnificence, hardly to be imagined or described, but never to be forgotten by any person that beheld it." At Peshawar even the sinister and scowling hill tribes were infected with the pleasing emotions of the day, and contributed gladly to the great demonstration. The poorest of the chiefs added his gift to the Prince's store, if it were only a pot of honey and a fat-tailed sheep. At Rawalpindi was almost the summit and climax of the tour, for here was the great military celebration. Forty thousand troops were assembled from all parts of India and exhibited in a series of elaborate maneuvers "the greatest military pageant witnessed in modern Asia." Delhi, the capital of the Mughals, has traditional repute for spectacular displays and well sustained it, notwithstanding the abnormal prices caused by the prevailing famine. Agra, city of the beautiful Taj Mahal, Gwalior, Lucknow, and, of course, the imperial and loyal city of Calcutta, created new records of festivity. At Rangoon the famous lakes were illuminated with such lavish and beautiful effects that "all conceptions of Fairy Land were eclipsed." Colored electric lamps, ingeniously designed, were so submerged as to give to the water depths of glowing color until it looked like a vast ruby. Great lotus blooms floated about, constructed in some skilful way to carry a profusion of colored lights. "No one thought of expense on such an occasion; the only thought was to make the demonstration one that the Prince could never forget."

When he journeyed for three days down the Irrawaddy River three steamers were placed at the disposal of his party; the vessel in which the Prince abode had been rebuilt for his use; it was estimated that the steamboat company spent six lacs of rupees ($200,000) only to carry him from Mandalay to Prome. When he traveled overland the train placed at his disposal was "a marvel of sumptuous luxury." Every car in it had been specially constructed for the use of the royal party; and, richly inlaid with costly woods, fitted with ingenious and unusual devices for comfort, it was "an Imperial Palace on wheels."

Balls, receptions, parades, banquets, hunting parties, festivals, celebrations, addresses that spoke of the utmost zeal, devotion, and loyalty marked the Prince's progress and passed into the history of India. Choice specimens of all the products of Indian art, precious stones, artistic jewelry, carved ivory, the kind of work that blinds the worker, things that a man makes with all the labor of his lifetime, wonderful fabrics and stuffs were showered upon the Prince and Princess, the towns and cities, as well as individuals, entering upon a competition in generosity, until the accumulation almost passed belief. It was admitted on all sides that not even the reception to the Prince's father in 1876, nor that dazzling glory, the Delhi Durbar of 1903, equaled the cost and splendor of this welcome. If the time had been the fifteenth instead of the twentieth century there could not have been manifested a more fervid and touching loyalty to the throne.

No prospective ruler with a sensitive and appreciative mind could fail to be moved by such expressions of enthusiastic devotion and reverence. The Prince responded often in terms of great feeling, and he and the governing class in India and England were doubtless deeply gratified with the eminent success of the tour.

And yet the Prince, being an intelligent, thoughtful man, must have noted some strange omissions from the ceremonies and spectacles—supposing these to have been intended in any way to represent India.

Wealth and fashion, plenty and prosperity, success and happiness were shown to him wherever he went. These are not India. These from India are as far apart as the poles.

Here, in this frightful country, are 296,000,000 people, of whom 130,000,000 live in a way unfit for beasts, in a way that would be unwholesome and intolerable for swine, burrowing in wretched mud huts, clad in strips of rag, fed upon meager fragments barely enough to keep them alive, swarming in filth unutterable; except only for the dwellers in London's Whitechapel the saddest, the most forlorn, the most hopeless of human creatures. It must have seemed strange to the Prince that the state of these was carefully obscured from his attention.

These teeming hordes in cities and on the baking flatlands are swept perennially by terrible diseases, the products of the conditions in which they live. The epidemics thus generated and launched upon their way threaten much of the world of men outside these borders. The Prince may have thought that to show him what efforts are made to annihilate these diseases and prevent these devastations was more important than to entertain him with deer-killing.

Every few years appalling famines afflict this India, and the world, horrified at the mortality figures, contributes of its charity to alleviate the scourge. The Prince may have thought that the beginning of some plan or work to obviate these famines and put an end to these slaughters would have been a fitting part of the celebration in his honor, and may have wondered at the omission.

With few exceptions the cities of India are without the sanitation possessed by remote towns and villages in Europe and America. They have no sewers; their water-supply, if any, is so poisonous as to be unsafe even for bathing purposes; they are unpaved; they are filled with conglomerated pest-holes; their air is polluted with infected dust. The Prince may have thought that part of the money spent in illuminating and decorating these places would have signified no less loyalty and monarchical enthusiasm if used to begin a tolerable water-supply, or a system of sanitation. In Delhi a million dollars were expended to mark the occasion festive in his honor. In Delhi are streets through which hardly can a white man walk without peril of deadly fever, the military hospital is filled with poisoned British soldiers, the sanitary conditions of a large part of the city are what one would expect in Terra del Fuego or among the anthropophagi. One million dollars would go far toward removing this blot on civilization, and leave a memorial of the Prince's visit far more enduring and gracious than red lights and bunting arches. Perhaps the Prince reflected upon this fact and thought the red lights strange and out of place.

In this country of India about 200,000,000 people live fast bound in the misery and iron of a system of caste that has no more place in civilization than voodooism or witchcraft would have. Wherever this system exists are no progress, no enterprise, no improvement, no incentive, no ambition, no healthful life. It is the most deplorable affliction that ever befell any people; under it India has been for a thousand years a stagnant pool. It is the paralysis of energy, the death of aspiration, the end of hope. The Prince may have wondered what steps his Government, ruler of this land for one hundred and fifty years, might be taking to remove or discourage this melancholy blight. As King of England he will be head of the Anglican Church. That Church maintains at a large expense a well-organized branch in India. Its converts among the Hindus are limited to those of the lowest caste, who are not admitted to the Hindu temples. Therefore, the Prince would have been grieved and shocked to learn that his Government, instead of trying to obliterate caste, sedulously upholds it as a cheap and effective bulwark of its own supremacy.

From the poorer elements among these people is wrung every year the heaviest proportionate taxation known on this earth. A system of land tenure and land taxation conceived by savages and formulated by homicidal maniacs,* a system that throws the heaviest burden upon those least able to bear it, has been largely responsible for India's unparalleled famine record of 28,000,000 deaths in one hundred and fifty years. The Prince may have wondered why the occasion of his visit was not celebrated by some attempt to stamp out these abominations.

He doubtless knew that of the revenue thus wrung from the heart-blood of starvelings one-third is annually sent away from the country. Of studious and reflective habits, well versed in the world's history and in economics, he has wondered to himself, no doubt, how long this drain can be maintained without certain results incompatible with the supremacy of his race and house in India, and it may have struck him as strange that nothing was exhibited as a possible remedy.

At the very time of his visit some of these evils were apparent to any observation and as plainly demanding explanation—and cure. The plague was raging in many cities. Cholera had made its annual appearance. Over a large part of the country he traversed little or no rain had fallen in more than a year. Hundreds of miles he rode through a parched, hideous desert, brown as sand, dry as Sahara, scratched with futile plowing where nothing would grow, ineffably pathetic, the sad evidences of frustrated hopes and impending ruin, blazed at day after day by the implacable, unclouded sun. Here was beginning what promised to be the worst of all famines of black famine history. Doubtless he thought it more important that this calamity should be averted than that he should have eloquent addresses in gold boxes, or should dance at a ball. But the addresses and the dancing were provided; the famine was left for the most part to care for itself.

With no disparagement to the Government of India, and no reflection on the men that conduct it, the Prince probably thought upon all these matters. Of this strange, vast country and its millions he is one day to be

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* Inherited from ancient India and Mohammedan conquerors, whose sole interest was to exploit the country and extract from it the last possible cent. Strange to say, however, the system was never in full force until the last century and a half. Under the Hindu and Mohammedan rulers the Government had the right to collect these taxes, but never exercised the right to its limit.

OLD PALACE AT AMBER.

Extravagantly restored to the height of its ancient splendors for the Prince's visit.

the lord and sovereign. Government is, therefore, no doubt, the study of his life. If he were allowed to see the real India as it is, he could learn from it far more about government than all the books and all the philosophers in the world could teach him. He could learn then from the sure tuition of object-lessons exactly what are the fruits of autocracy and irresponsible power, what it means for mankind when government is restricted to a few, what happens when an entire population is exploited for another nation's benefit, what are the results of rule by Force. He could see very clearly that to build a great railroad station is not the sole end of enlightened government, that an admirable telegraph wire does not insure the happiness of the governed. It would become sadly evident to him that the force inherent in a powerful standing army is not of a purely benevolent nature, that the thrust of a bayonet is not a deeply satisfying answer to a famished cry for bread. Even more important, he could learn to estimate accurately the value of a civilization that tolerates fantastic pomp and perennial famine, magnificent idleness and starved industry, illuminations and plague, waste and want, superfluity and penury. He could learn all this handily because it would be spread out before him in clear white lights, unmistakable, day after day, wherever he might turn—if he were allowed to see the real India. He could freely admit that the problems of government in this country have been peculiar and intricate. He could admire the courage of the men that have braved great dangers in remote places, and sacrificed their homes, comfort, health, sometimes their morals and sometimes their lives to further British rule. He could admit that some railroads have been built, some telegraphs constructed, some universities founded, some laws enforced, some savage hill-men tamed, and that all this is creditable. But the railroads have not prevented famines, the telegraph lines have not coped with the plague, the race-courses have not suppressed the cholera, the universities have not bettered the state of the wretched millions. To a wise and just ruler microscopic good cannot disguise huge evil. No eloquent panegyric uttered in the Prince's tour could hide the mortality returns, nor banish the hideous truth of the famine. It could not even obscure the awful fact that after all the labored efforts of generations of wise and earnest councilors the existence of the people of India is passed in no glimpse of the joy, decency, comfort, and hope without which the life of man is infinitely sadder than his death.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BURDEN OF INDIA

"Low-caste servants and dogs are not allowed to enter here."

So says a notice at the door of a great Jain temple at Ahmadabad. The place and the words are an epitome of the real India, the India that the Prince of Wales did not see. The temple is very beautiful—white, glistening towers of the peculiar Jain architecture, a splendidly carved entrance, richly colored marbles for the floors, shrines heavy with gold-leaf and jewels, a marvelous sight. And outside its precincts is a horde of naked people, melancholy, emaciated, crouched upon their haunches, the bones almost protruding from their attenuated limbs, their bony knees level with their sunken eyes, absolute misery in the shadow of barbaric and unmeaning splendor. And at the door the sign says:

"Low-caste servants and dogs are not allowed to enter here."

Who are the human beings thus candidly classed with dogs?

They are those that work with their hands. On this basis is the social structure of India erected—the men that work branded with an ineffaceable sign of infamy, the idlers and loafers exalted to the highest honor; and between them are gradations of state in proportion to idleness and loaferism. Only with this peculiarity, that the idleness and loaferism are regulated by the accident of birth. In the Hindu system all men are separated into rigidly defined classes, the original demarcations being according to rank and occupation. The four great divisions were originally the Brahmans or priests, the warriors, the farmers and traders, and the Sudras, who were serfs and laborers. Each of these classes has been subdivided by many additional lines, but the great main boundaries have not been changed in two thousand years. Persons in one class can have no association with persons in another class on pain of penalties that to Hindu ideas are not short of death. Arranged in strata, one above the other, each class does reverence to all classes above it and despises or abhors all classes beneath it.

No person born in one of these classes can by any possibility raise himself to a higher

THE MAHARAJA'S PALACE AT JAIPUR.

class. Not learning, nor wisdom, nor achievement, nor benevolence, nor creation in art or literature, nor discovery, nor service to his times, nor even any accumulation of dirty dollars can better his class station. As he was born, so he remains. He is of the class of his father and grandfather; his sons and his grandsons forever will be of the same class, whatever it may be. He can degrade himself to a lower, he cannot lift himself to a higher, class. A custom hard as iron and certain as fate fixes his station with his birth, and from that station there is absolutely no upward way. He must not marry nor have friends outside his class; nor aspire, nor hope his children may fare better than he has fared. He was born in a pit with sides neither he nor any descendant of his shall scale so long as the system remains.

MISERABLE HOVELS OF A HINDU VILLAGE NEAR AGRA.

Without defilement and loss of his own standing he may not come into contact with one beneath him, may not touch elbows with him, nor exchange greetings, nor the most commonplace courtesy; he may not succor such a one in distress, may not receive aid from his hands, may not sit upon the same bench with him, may not eat from the same table, may not for an instant recognize him as a fellow creature. In the Hindu system the idea of man's brotherhood has no place; men are not brothers but things differing among themselves far more than tigers differ from hyenas.

Though a Hindu starve he may not eat food prepared by one of a lower class than himself; though he perish of thirst he may not drink of a cup touched by an inferior lip or hand. To preserve inviolate the lines of his class is the chief concern of his life. Incessantly he must be on his guard lest by some mischance he be defiled by contact with that which pertains to the lower orders, lest the end of a plebeian robe touch his in the street, lest an inferior person jostle him, or touch his hand, or win from him a word or look. From his first consciousness he has been taught these things; in his view nothing else is of equal importance.

In some other countries exigencies of situation or condition sometimes modify caste lines; upon the Hindu they have no effect. A low-caste Hindu family may have generations of wealth or of members distinguished in one way or another. It remains in its original caste, despised and abhorred by those above it, deferred to by those below. Among the native troopers in the British Army are low-caste sergeants and high-caste privates. While these are on duty, the high-caste private receives and obeys orders from his low-caste officer. When the hour of duty has ended, the low-caste officer abases himself, head in the dust, before the high-caste private, and so he would abase himself if he were a lieutenant-general and the other an indistinguishable trooper of the rear rank.

Around the neck of India the Prince did not see this hateful system hanging like a corpse to paralyze energy and frustrate progress.

At the bottom of the lowest of the classes is the despised Sudra, the day-laborer and street-cleaner, the lowest creature that crawls—in India. "Low-caste servants and dogs"—a Hindu of even middle caste would rather be touched by the pariah dog of the streets, covered with vermin and infected with plague, than to be touched by a Sudra. Even the consolations of religion are denied to the Sudra; he may not enter the temples to pray,

BOMBAY THE SPLENDID.

These are the Government Buildings about which centered the gorgeous display of the official welcome to the Prince of Wales.

he may not read or hear the sacred books, and one of the tenets of the Hindu religion is that the very gods spurn his petitions. Because he labors he is an outcast before the face of man and God.

You may see thousands of Sudras in any Indian city, and when you have observed them well, you will burn with ineffable rage against the whole Hindu system. Those strange brown men, thin and sinewy, wearing a dirty rag about the head, a dirty rag about the loins, that you see ramming macadam in the streets of Bombay are Sudras; those men with the vacant, pathetic, listless faces, that never speak a word as they work, never exchange a glance, never heed a passer-by, never look up, never for an instant turn their gaze upon the blue sky, or the flaming sunset, or a flashing bird, or a gorgeous carriage in the street, or the soldiers marching by with blaring band; the human machines, the downward-gazing, mechanical contrivances, the men that have no consciousness of man's existence except to ram macadam all day and at night creep into their filthy lairs in the mud and slime of lonely corners, they are Sudras, they are the laboring class of India. No man can look upon them without deep horror and pity beyond all words. That such things should have the shapes and bones and hands and eyes and mouths of men seems to lower every beholder in his own estimation and to fill him with awe and vague alarms. If these things can be men, how far then is any man from the other beasts that climb and chatter in the forest?

And yet observe that he is but the culmination and perfection and logical issue of the caste system. If we are to have these gradations of hatred, at the bottom must always be a class that all men hate. And observe that from the autocratic point of view here is the ideal and perfect workman.* He knows his place and he keeps it. He is contented with the lot to which Providence has assigned him. He never disturbs the social order by demagogic agitation. He is not ruined for his task by pestilent labor unions. He never makes trouble for a kind and indulgent employer. He never prefers absurd and unreasonable demands. He never strikes. At the appointed hour he seizes his rammer; silently and steadily he wields it until the time comes when he can lay it down. And he works for $2.24 a month. So he has been always; so his children will be and his grandchildren, without hope, without opportunity, without light or joy or sufficiency, so long as caste shall endure.

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* In Assam and in some other regions the laborer works under an arrangement called by a pleasant euphemism a "contract," by which, if he should go on strike or refuse or neglect to work, he would be arrested and imprisoned. After this it seems superfluous to record that the other conditions of the engagement exactly duplicate the conditions of negro labor in the Southern States before the Civil War.

"Your caste system is your greatest curse," I said in a superior way to a learned Indian friend of mine.

"Any more of a curse than the caste system of England or the caste system of Germany?" he replied truculently. "The Hindus have only done thoroughly and perfectly what Western nations, imitating India, have done crudely. Consider that England legislates specifically for nobles, middle, lower, and working classes, having four great divisions exactly like India's. Within these divisions are numerous subclasses almost as clearly recognized as those you see here. Suppose one born in one of these English classes should try to raise himself to another. How far could he get? Remember that Lord Salisbury refused to dine with Sir Thomas Lipton, even when asked by the King. It is chiefly a difference of names, that is all.

"If you travel first class on an English railway and a person with a second-class ticket enter your compartment, you are repaid the difference between first-class and second-class fares. It is not for extra accommodation that you pay extra fare, but to avoid contamination from persons below your own caste."

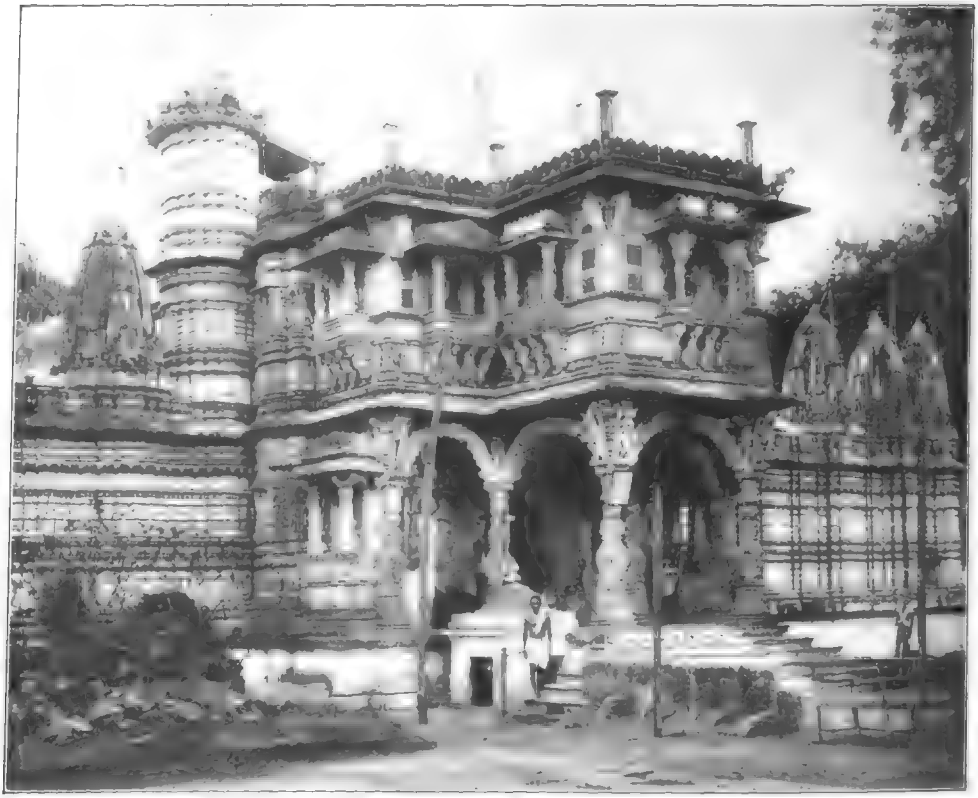
"But the Indian lower classes," I said.

"But the English lower classes," he retorted promptly. "The Hindu is the better of the two, the less miserable, the less of a human wreck. You know Shoreditch? Well? What do you think? Bassein or Shoreditch, a back street in Bombay or a back street in Whitechapel, which is really the worse? Missionaries come over here and preach the brotherhood of man. You tell me you have been much in the East End of London. I have never heard that the missionaries wanted very much brotherhood with the people that swarm around those places. Of course caste is an evil, but you visitors always fall into the cheap error of associating caste with India. Wherever there is much power in the hands of a few men there is caste and always was and always will be. And if what I hear about America is true you are finding that out for yourselves."

I cannot say that I made any apt reply, for observe again that there can be no great difference whether the autocracy be of heredity, of rank, or of wealth; autocracy is autocracy the world over, and its fruits have the same taste. I remember that in Vienna the fine old families that have never done a good or useful thing in all their history, that have been rank parasites on the world always, constitute the highest order of society, although they may not have money enough to buy a drink; and that in centuries no genius, thinker, scientist, discoverer, benefactor of his kind, however great, gifted, or useful, has won any recognition from that sacred Brahman circle nor may to the end of the world. And changing the basis of the segregation from heredity to wealth, I am not sure that conditions in New York are wonderfully different; they have been carried farther in India, but easily enough you can see in New

PUMPING WATER IN A TREADMILL.

The wretched creatures in the shed work for wages of $2.24 a month.



THE JAIN TEMPLE AT AHMADABAD.

"Low-caste servants and dogs are not allowed to enter here."

York the embryo of the Indian constrictor. And suppose the process of money absorption (which is only another name for power absorption) continues to its logical end, shall we be so sure that it will remain embryonic? Names are nothing; an industrial autocracy is exactly like any other. The crowning curse of the trust is that it creates a servant class with no more chance of independence than the Bombay Sudra has, a class chained to one line of monotonous toil, fatal to aspiration, and bounded by the narrow prospects of food and clothes and sleep that cut the horizon of the macadam rammers. The essentials of national vigor are democracy and opportunity. What prospect can lie beyond employment by the Standard Oil Company except that men shall end as they began, servitors and industrial bondmen, the revolving cogs in a machine, mechanical contrivances, eventually to be the Sudras of America, better fed, better minded, better housed, and still bondmen?

Millions and millions of Sudras swarm in India, the victims of a false civilization, the abject things at the bottom from whom the weight of the pile all these centuries has crushed the manhood, from whose brains has been driven every power of independent action, too low for soldiers, too low for anything but road-rammers and sweepers, or cleaners like those servants in your hotel that try to squeeze themselves into the wall as you go by, and cringe and crawl so pitiably before you.*

Next above them and other men that toil with their hands come the farmers, the greatest and most important class in the country, for the wealth of India is agricultural. And this is the class that the famine sweeps away.

Famine history in India is not calculated to foster optimism, even among those that really believe in the Krag-Jorgensen style of civilization. Including the disaster now in progress the one hundred and fifty years of British rule in India have seen twenty-three great Indian famines. The word has no meaning for you unless you have been on the ground and have noted for yourself the terrible things that are so far beyond the reach of words. Famine in India does not signify merely that a great many people have insufficient food and must be helped, for that is the normal condition. It means that before the season of scarcity has passed literally millions of men, women, and little children will perish with the prolonged agonies of starvation, that the dead will cumber the streets of villages, that there will not be enough living to give them burial, that the crows and kites and vultures will not be enough to devour them.

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* The rooms in some hotels in Burma have placards politely requesting guests not to beat or kick the servants, but to refer to the manager any causes for complaint. I once was privileged to see what one manager did when a complaint was made to him. He beat the native with a horsewhip over the shoulders. And in the face.

In the Madras famine of 1833* groups of people died together in the streets; country roads were like a vast, unprecedented battlefield, strewn with dead bodies. Of the 500,000 inhabitants of Gantur 200,000 starved to death. In the Northern Indian famine of 1837, 1,000,000 perished; in the same region, in 1860, the starvations numbered 200,000. In 1866 one-third the population of Orissa, or about 1,000,000 persons, perished. In the Northern Indian famine of 1869 the mortality was 1,200,000. In the Madras famine of 1877 it was more than 5,000,000. In the Northern Indian famine of 1878 it was 1,250,000. In the great famine of 1897, with one exception the worst that had ever visited India, 3,000,000 persons were at one time receiving the Government relief that alone kept them alive.

But all these horrors are surpassed by the startling devastation of the black famine that began in the Punjab, Rajputana, the Central Provinces, and Bombay in 1900 and was hardly extinguished for two years. In June, 1900, 6,200,000 people were on Government relief, and for many months the number so relieved continued to be in excess of all previous records. The resources of the Government broke down under the emergency; money and supplies came from many lands. The people of England subscribed $2,500,000. America sent 320,000 bushels of grain, a free

THE MISERABLE SWARMING MILLIONS IN A BOMBAY STREET.

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* These and many of the following statistics and illustrations are taken from "Famines in India," by Romesh C. Dutt, London, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., 1900. This extraordinary book, a clear, logical demonstration from history and official records, written with admirable restraint and judgment, is not less than a tremendous indictment of modern civilization. I commend to all interested persons the evidence Mr. Dutt has amassed, that famines in India are preventable and unnecessary, and that the millions slain by them are merely the victims of legalized murder.

THE PRICE OF CASTE.

gift, and subscriptions from every considerable city. Yet so great was the calamity that the world's generosity could not stem it. The country was a huge charnel-house, the people died faster than the bodies could be removed, the towns and villages were often filled with the dead, the very air was poisoned.

Of the mortality of that dreadful time there exist only estimates, and these are not officially encouraged. For reasons easy to understand, the subject is not attractive to official speculation. But what the famine really meant for India may be surmised from its astounding effects on the census figures. The census was taken in 1901, one year after the famine began. I give the decrease of population in the famine area as shown by comparing the census of 1901 with the census of 1891:

FAMINE AREA

British States.	Loss.	Percentage of Loss.
Aymer-Merwan	66,028	12.17
Berar	144,622	4.96
Bombay	627,025	3.93
Central Provinces	938,976	8.71
Native States.		
Hyderabad	362,143	3.14
Baroda	464,469	19.23
Rajputana	2,175,070	18.10
Central India	1,816,929	17.50
Bombay States	1,167,607	14.49
Central Provinces	177,015	8.09
Totals	7,939,884	11.032

As there was little emigration from India, this astounding decrease in ten years was the work of the famine; the missing people had been starved to death.

In some of the small native states, as, for instance, in the Bombay Presidency, the losses revealed seem almost incredible. In the little State called Pango the deaths were forty-three per cent. of the total population.

Comparisons have been suppressed by the Indian Government wherever it has jurisdiction, and by influence or request elsewhere. I believe this is the first time they have been put into type.

In 1891 the population of the states embraced in the Famine Area was 76,688,340. In 1901 this population showed a decrease of 7,939,880. The natural increase of population for all India from 1881 to 1891 was 10.2 per cent. From 1891 to 1901, in the region not affected by the famine the natural increase was 5.1 per cent. For all India, including the Famine Area, the figures show an increase from 1891 to 1901 of 1.49. On the basis of 1.49 per cent. the natural increase in the Famine Area should have been 1,150,335. On the basis of 5.1 per cent. the increase in the Famine Area should have been 3,911,105. On the basis of 10.2 per cent. the increase in the Famine Area should have been 8,589,000.

The decrease was 7,939,880.

On the smallest possible basis of calculation, therefore, that of all India from 1891 to 1901, the actual loss of population was certainly more than 8,000,000, and on the other bases I have given, the actual loss becomes something almost unthinkable.

That in the heart of civilization, in the twentieth century, under a humane, enlightened and Christian Government, 8,000,000 people should perish in a year for lack of food is the strangest and most humiliating fact whereof we have record.

More people died for want of food in India in one year than have perished on all the battle-fields of the world in several centuries.

For one hundred years we have been pleased to cry out against the excesses of the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror. It would take 3,500 Reigns of Terror to kill as many people as died in India in one year for lack of food.

When a dam bursts at Johnstown, when Mt. Pelée breaks forth, when an earthquake causes devastation in Italy, the world responds with its ready sympathy; its relief pours in upon the survivors. And yet all the numbers that have perished in all these disasters—how trifling they look compared with the colossal total of 8,000,000 that in one year perished in India for lack of food!

And I beg your attention, good, sympathetic souls, all of your attention and your thought, for two tremendous facts:

1. *Famines grow worse and come oftener in India.*

2. *They are absolutely unnecessary.*

The famine of 1897 was worse than the famine of 1892 or the famine of 1889 or the famine of 1878. The famine of 1900 was worse than the famine of 1897.

If then these famines are to increase in severity and frequency, the question before the world is whether India shall become a chronic charge upon the rest of mankind or whether the rest of mankind shall sit by and with stony heart watch this incalculable suffering in the midst of plenty.

The nearest cause, but not the first cause, of an Indian famine is the failure of the rainfall. So long as there is water, there is no famine. Wherever water can be procured after the rain failure, there is no famine. The soil is wonderfully fertile; so fertile that it will produce two and three crops a year, so fertile and so easily tilled that with laughing abundance it responds to a little scratching with a crooked stick—wherever it has water.

But water in India is not really scarce; it is plentiful enough if you go the right way for it.

Let me explain. The greater part of the Famine Area is as flat as a board. Last November, when scarcely any rain had fallen in seventeen months, the surface earth was baked as dry as powder, and, except in scattered little patches, was merely desert, a sad, dusty desert, wrinkled with those pathetic and futile plowings.

But in the scattered little patches the millet sprang up, the grass waved, the bare brown farmer saw the increase of his tillage.

Each of those scattered little patches was about a well.

From the well the farmer drew water in this wise, as in the year 1000 B.C., to wit:

The top of the well was six or eight feet above the surface of the land. An inclined plane of heaped-up earth led down from the well mouth twenty-five feet, the lower half being in an excavation. Two upright beams at the sides of the well supported a cross-piece wherefrom hung a wooden pulley with a rope woven through it. Everything, you will understand, was of the crudest and clumsiest. The rope was tied at one end to a leather bucket and at the other to a team of bullocks. The bucket being lowered into the well, the bullocks started down the inclined plane. When they reached the bottom the bucket was at the top. The farmer overturned it into a trough that led about his little field. Then the bullocks came up the incline and the process was repeated. The bucket held about ten gallons. From one well I examined, the product was seventy gallons an hour. But that was enough to keep green the little field, and so long as the little field was green the farmer and his household could live. The well was twenty-two feet deep and no more.

But not every farm has a well, not every farmer has a team of bullocks to pull up water, nor men to help him. And where there were no wells the ground was baked to brick-dust.

You cannot always get water at twenty-two feet, but usually you can at greater depths. Only there are no modern pumps in India. Every day in that unhappy region the wind blew ten, twelve, fifteen miles an hour, and I traveled 2,000 miles there and saw only two windmill pumps. One was at a hotel and the other at an English dairy. With the great oil-fields of Burma now in independent operation, gasoline should be far cheaper in India than it is in the United States. I have never seen nor heard of a gasoline pump anywhere in India, and I have never heard that the Government took enough interest in the matter to try to introduce such things.

In the next place, India ought not to be a dry country. Look at the map. You will see the land crossed and recrossed with rivers, watercourses, great and small, that drain the enormous reservoirs of the Himalayas, the Vindhyas, and the other mountain ranges. In the spring and early summer these watercourses are full; in the dry season they shrink to rivulets or to nothing. In the summer, for instance, the Jumna River at Delhi covers the bottom-lands a mile wide and six, eight, ten feet deep. In November it is 300 feet wide, trickling through a fraction of its former bed. So with all the other Indian rivers; when they are full they pour down to the waste seas in enormous floods. All that is needed, therefore, is that some of this wasted flood shall be caught and stored* against the dry season, and that from such stores and from the innumerable sources of supply that never dry up, enough irrigating canals shall be constructed to distribute the water over the country.

For years and years this has been seen and preached in India; for years it has been part of the declared policy of the Government. But work proceeds at a snail's pace, that is the lamentable truth. Even before the imminent threat of another frightful period like 1900 it is a snail's pace. Compared with the immensity of the disaster the irrigation so far achieved is trifling.

In behalf of the Government it is urged that the state of the public funds has not allowed more extensive or faster operations. I do not well understand that.

I find that since 1875 the annual expenditures for the military establishment of India have increased from $40,000,000 to $85,000,000. To the average man it would seem more important to save lives than to take them.

I find that up to the present time the Government of India has expended on its State-owned railway system, above all earnings, profits, and returns, about $200,000,000, and that much of this huge loss has been occasioned by building railroad lines where they are not needed and cannot pay, merely to oblige powerful Capital, or wealthy, influential, or titled Englishmen. To the average man it will seem more desirable to avert famine than to gratify the demands of Capital, callous and greedy around the world.

I find that the Government does not dig irrigation canals for benevolence, but with a discerning eye for profits. It makes the farmer pay roundly for the water he gets. The average net profit to the Government on all its irrigating works in India is 6.35 per cent. a year.† In Madras it is 7.14 per cent., and occasionally it has been as high as 15 per cent. Even where Commissioners have reported that the farmers of a district are unable to pay ten rupees an acre for water the ten rupees have been nevertheless exacted.‡

I find that the Government has been engaged in restoring the crumbling tombs of forgotten tyrants, ruined and abandoned cities, worthless old palaces and decayed and fallen walls. These expenditures, with the sums spent for Durbars and dumb shows, neither bring returns nor ward off famines. The reasons given for not pressing the irrigation work seem painfully inadequate. I should think it much more important to have irrigation than to have the tomb of Akbar refurbished.

Because wherever there is irrigation the famines are banished absolutely, and that is both better and cheaper than to feed starving millions when a famine has begun.

When the famine of 1900 was at its height the Government not only afforded direct relief, but provided work and wages for many persons still able to perform labor. The work consisted of building and repairing roads, digging canals (to a limited extent), polishing old tombs, and so on. For this labor were paid the following munificent wages:

To men, four cents a day; to women and boys, three cents a day.§

At these rates one would think that the Government might have provided work for all the destitute people of India. It might even have utilized for such a purpose the millions and millions of revenue it derives from the opium trade that with war it forced upon China. I suppose that for such a cause almost nobody would seriously object to coining even that splendid palladium of liberty and progress.

But since the famines usually impose these emergency expenditures upon the Government, and since the Government maintains annually a Famine Relief Fund that must be something of an item in the budget, I am the less able to understand the policy about measures that would make famines impossible.

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* This has been repeatedly urged in the Viceroy's Council.

† "Famines in India," p. 92 and elsewhere.

‡ I have found such instances in Burma.

§ Mr. Dutt records that this scale of wages was adopted by the Government in the famine relief work of 1877 and after trial was abandoned because it was found insufficient to sustain life. How what was insufficient in 1877 could possibly have been sufficient in 1900, considering the intervening advance in prices, I do not pretend to say.

The immediate cause of famines is the failure of the rainfall. The primary and original cause is the atrocious land system and tax system.

The Indian farmer is not improvident, and he is not a fool. If he had any chance in the world he would in plenteous seasons lay by for the lean years and so survive. But because of the land system and the tax system, he is never able to accumulate even the smallest reserve; at the best he must live from hand to mouth no matter what his thrift or what the tilth of his fields.[*]

Sometimes the Indian farmer is a peasant proprietor, owning the land he tills. More often he rents of the native prince on whose vast estate he is one of maybe a hundred thousand tenants. And often again he rents directly from the Indian Government, which, through the seizure or acquisition of the native territory, has become the greatest landlord in India.

But whether he own his land or rent it, this devilish system grinds him to his last cent. For his rent rate and his tax rate are alike measured upon the produce of his land, so that the greater his industry the greater are the fat takings of the landlord and of the tax gatherer.

The tax that he pays is equivalent to an income tax of fifty to fifty-five per cent. In some regions it is even more.[†]

The system differs slightly in different provinces. I will give some examples.[‡]

In Bengal the farmers pay rent to the landlords, and the landlords pay the taxes. The rents are one-fifth or one-sixth of the gross produce of the farm, and on the rent the taxes are five to six per cent. Bengal is out of the Famine Area.

In Bombay (State) the farmers pay the taxes on a basis determined every thirty years according to the situation and fertility of the land, and now ranging between twenty and thirty-three per cent. out of the gross produce.

In Madras the basis of the tax is one-half the net produce of the land; that is, one-half of the value of the crop after the expenses of cultivating have been deducted. The sum taken is between twelve and thirty-one per cent. of the gross crop.

In Northern India the landlords pay the taxes, which amount to one-half of the rentals, and the rentals are fixed by agreement between landlord and tenant, and usually amount to one-fifth of the gross produce. But in the Central Provinces the amount of the rent is determined by the Government, which thereupon takes more than one-half and sometimes sixty per cent. of the rental.

This is not all the burden. The adjustment of the rate of taxation is called a "settlement," and these settlements are occasionally for periods of reasonable length. But in some of the provinces the "settlements" are frequently remade, and every time they are remade the rate of taxation is pushed up, the increase sometimes amounting to as much as ninety-seven per cent.[§]

The net result of all this is that the farmer of India is the most heavily taxed person in the world. He is literally taxed into famine. While he pays an income tax of fifty-five per cent., the merchant in the city, the tradesman in the town, the happy owners of the comfortable bungalows, pay far less. And still there are those that wonder at famines.

When to all this amazing recital is added the other fact that from one-third to one-half of the revenue thus wrung from the poorest classes in India is annually sent abroad, it is easy to see how just and reasonable was the English clergyman that with hands folded upon his round stomach declared the Indian Famine to be a visitation of God.

The Indian cultivator lives in a state that no American farmer would tolerate for his hogs. Go into one of these Indian villages and see. In clusters of wretched mud huts, drawn together for better protection, you will find all the farmers of the lands for miles about. The thatched huts are of one story, often so low of roof you cannot stand upright in them. They have no windows. All the light and air must come through one doorway against which leans a bit of bamboo matting. Within may be two rooms, with mud walls and a mud floor. The furniture is scantier and more primitive than the Eskimo's. The family sit on their heels in the damp, foul air. So in the rainy season they sit for days while the rains dissolve the flimsy mud walls. For food they have in a week as much nourishment as for a Western American farmer is provided at one meal.

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[*] In eleven years 840,713 farmers have been sold out for defaulting in their taxes, not only their tenancy rights but their wretched furniture, cooking utensils, and everything but their rags of clothing being sold to satisfy the Government of India. For the details of this amazing story I refer readers to Mr. C. J. O'Donnell's "The Failure of Lord Curzon," page 29.

[†] Mr. O'Donnell explains this more fully than I can in the limits of this article.

[‡] A clear and exact account of these differences is given in the Preface to Mr. Dutt's book and particularly on pages ix, x, and xi. It is worth noting that, having inherited the system from Hindu and Mohammedan tyrants, the Government of India has changed it only to make it worse.

[§] Many actual instances of this are recorded in Mr. O'Donnell's book, page 30.

Forty-five per cent. of the people of India—that is, 133,000,000—live constantly in a state of practical starvation, and never by any chance in all their lives have enough to eat.

Why do they submit to the monstrous tax system, to the revenue pump that is exhausting the resources of the country, to the misuse on military, on State-owned railroads, and on old tombs of the money that should be spent on irrigation canals?

They submit because they have nothing to say about their government. They have no share in it nor influence upon it.

They have no votes.

The Government does not abolish the barbarism of its taxation methods, because there is no material reason why it should. It is in no way dependent upon the farmer, it is in no degree the creation of the people, it is not called upon for anything in this world but for a showing to the home authorities of taxes collected and of money spent for imperial defense.

It has no responsibility. It has no measure of democracy. In the circuit of the world it is the purest instance of autocracy and the most memorable illustration of autocracy's results.

CHAPTER XVII

THE COST OF THE BURDEN

If these things be not the world's concern, then every dollar we spend upon hospitals is foolishly wasted, every subscription to charity is absurd, all the concern we show in the welfare of others is pretense, the progress of the race is mere orotund phrase-making, and there is no suffering anywhere worth a moment's attention.

So far on grounds of common decency.

But also for sharp reasons of self-interest these conditions come home to all the dwellers in the outside world.

When the rain has come and the famine for a time suspends and the slaughters in the villages are checked, then epidemics follow in the famine's wake and threaten the civilized circuit with horrors. Cholera, or smallpox, or fever, or the terrible bubonic plague follows every famine; or sometimes all appear at once. Why not? These things lurk in the poisonous water-supplies, the defective sanitation, the undrained cesspools, the germ-laden dust. When the masses of the people are fairly well fed they can resist the infection. When millions upon millions are reduced by famine to the last stages of exhaustion they have no power of resistance. Then the deaths multiply, the weird Hindu funeral-chant sounds through the streets, the fires at the burning ghats light up the night skies.

Then presently the cholera or the plague passes beyond the confines of the country wherein it was germinated, and the world, with a terrible disease at its doors, wakes up to the meaning of Indian conditions.

For this is the price we pay for slums, this is the price of superfluity and destitution, of too much and too little. The West End of London knows nothing about Spitalfields and Wentworth Street until the influenza that thrives in the subcellars and rotten alleys of the East stalks out some day and lays its hand on Park Lane. It is true. In New York we pay for our rear tenements and stenchful courts when we have two hundred deaths a day from pneumonia, or when cerebrospinal meningitis moves from Attorney Street and camps in Fifth Avenue. Stern retribution, is it not? We will have slums? Well, this is all they cost—human lives. True, most of the lives are furnished by those that must endure slum conditions. But sometimes some of the cost falls as well upon those that make slum conditions.

Look over these statistics of deaths from epidemics in India, and observe how horribly the figures rise in the times of worst famine—for all times are famine times, more or less, in India:

CHOLERA

1897......	550,287	1901......	271,209
1898......	150,817	1902......	224,078
1899......	169,237	1903......	309,967
1900......	809,179		

The years 1897 and 1900 were conspicuous famine years.

SMALLPOX

1897.......	160,217	1901.......	80,778
1898.......	55,713	1902.......	115,253
1899.......	49,560	1903.......	93,039
1900.......	85,796		

DYSENTERY

1897.......	396,724	1901.......	248,151
1898.......	200,035	1902.......	236,208
1899.......	244,920	1903.......	272,334
1900.......	532,704		

Famine slays its millions and the diseases that are famine's children slay their tens of millions.

The rapidity of these slaughters is something to make one gasp with amazement. In 1900 at Godha, a town northeast of Baroda, the government was employing upon famine relief work (at the prodigal wages previously mentioned) 13,000 persons. The cholera appeared and in four days 3,000 of the 13,000 perished.

But the king of terrors in this somber hell is the dread bubonic plague, the ancient, implacable and insatiable enemy of man; and the march of this pestilence through the cities of India and beyond is the fatal indictment of the system that tolerates the slum.

I give these figures to show what the plague has meant for one Indian city, the largest and most pretentious of all—Bombay:

POPULATION OF BOMBAY

1872	644,405	1891	821,764
1881	773,196	1901	770,843

From 1891 to 1901, therefore, after years of steady increase, the population declined 50,921. What became of these people? Dead of the plague with thousands more. From 1897 on the plague raged in Bombay. The population should have been 910,600 in 1901; it was 140,000 short of the normal figures.

To show what these things mean I quote these sample records of plague devastations * in a few of many places up to September 29, 1899. Since then, of course, these totals have been far exceeded:

Region.	Plague Cases.	Deaths.	Population.
Poona City and Kirki	23,262	18,063	172,341
Karachi City	10,498	8,156	105,199
Bulsar	1,625	1,191	12,999
Bhiwandi	3,004	2,197	14,387
Karad	2,171	1,714	12,371
Belgaum	6,826	5,298	41,413
Sangli	3,010	2,682	14,798
Shahapur	2,202	1,924	12,046
Cutch Mandvi	6,999	5,832	38,155
Bantwa	944	602	8,200

Between the last of February and the first of June, 1897, 2,000 of the 7,000 inhabitants of Lower Daman died of plague.

Small towns and villages suffered in proportion as much as the cities. Here are some examples:

Town.	Population.	Percentage of Population Attacked.	Percentage of Population Died.
Ibrahimpur	1,716	50	35
Ingahalli	2,203	48	37
Datnal	1,280	45	36
Shelwadi	4,222	32	28
Lingdhal	1,280	45	36
Bayahatti	3,589	28	22

I know of nothing better calculated to give us pause than a glance at the figures of plague mortality for all India. If this terrible affliction shall continue to spread with this ratio what will the next few years show?

DEATHS FROM PLAGUE IN INDIA

1895	None	1901	234,672
1896	2,219	1902	445,293
1897	47,991	1903	201,893
1898	89,265	1904	888,678
1899	102,369	1905	†1,300,000
1900	73,576		

Whereas the disease began in the purlieus of Bombay, it has spread now all about India; it has crossed the Bay of Bengal and attacked Rangoon; it has shown itself in many a place formerly believed to be immune. Three weeks after it broke out in Rangoon it appeared in a town on the Irrawaddy River, five hundred miles from Rangoon, and now all Burma that used to be a happy and rather healthy country is under its shadow. In January of the present year it entered Afghanistan on its way north. If it shall continue to spread north and west through Persia to the Caspian, to Russia, through the population centers of Europe—what then? If it should begin to attack the world overland instead of through seaports, what then? Imagine such a disease among the peasants of Russia, in the slums of Hamburg, in the reeking dens of Whitechapel! For this is no malady of the tropics; this is a cold-weather disease. A temperature of twenty-two degrees below zero does not kill the germs.

And do you know what the plague does? It slays almost every person it seizes. The mortality varies from sixty to ninety per cent.

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* Report of the India Plague Commission of 1900.

† The figures for 1905 are estimated. The others are official, from the official Indian volume of "Judicial and Administrative Statistics." The same volume records the number of plague deaths from January to May, 1905, as reaching the astounding total of 802,007, and as the disease became very wide-spread in the fall the total estimated for the year is not unreasonable. The figures given above do not include the deaths in the Native States.

and in some records it has reached ninety-five per cent.

Yet the plague in the first stages of its progress is a sheer matter of dirt and bad sanitation,[*] of rats and vermin, of slums and foul dwellings and overcrowding[†] and dark corners, of poverty and empty stomachs. Places that are clean and have sewers and wide, clean streets and well-fed inhabitants never have plague—until it is brought into them from the slum cities.

Then what is the answer to this blood-red indictment?

And it will not do to think, as many Englishmen in India flatter themselves, that this scourge is reserved for the native alone. "Europeans are immune" is a familiar phrase among those that have never studied the subject. Are they? It would be pleasant to believe that the plague bacillus turns reverently from the sacred white skin, but unluckily the fact is that he is no respecter of persons. The European is no more immune than the Indian. Only, as the number of Europeans in India is a minute fraction, 153,000 British born against 296,000,000 natives, the proportion of Europeans among the plague statistics is small.

For this there is also another reason, instructive of the methods of modern government.

The powerful poison generated in the system by the plague bacillus attacks whatever organ or function in the body is the weakest. It may thereupon appear that the patient died, not of plague but of heart failure, if the heart were weak; of septicemia, if the blood were thin; of pneumonia, if the lungs were affected, and so on. In Bombay, at least, and, I believe, in some other cities, Europeans that have died of plague have been reported as dying of the symptomatic disorder that was the immediate cause of death[‡] and by this dissimulation the truth has been concealed.

Europeans (and Americans) are exposed to the disease equally with other men. A friend of mine, an American, living in Calcutta, had one child, a little daughter. The house stood in the most healthful part of the city, the family is exceedingly well-to-do, the members might be thought to be immune if any of white skin are immune. A rat came through the front yard. The little girl's pet dog killed the rat. Two days later the little girl died of the plague.

Any day an infected rat may come through any other dooryard in an infected city, or into any house, or into any ship, or any port.

For rats spread the plague, and rats flock to ships, and ships carry them about the world; and with the extreme indifference with which steamship owners and officers in Eastern waters regard this pregnant source of infection, hardly a harbor in the world is free this minute from imminent danger of plague importation from India. I have seen rats running about the upper promenade deck of one of the most famous passenger steamers that ply between England and India, and the fact that rats have carried the plague to ports as far away from Bombay as Fremantle, Sydney, Hongkong, Oporto, Auckland, Cape Town, San Francisco, Glasgow, and Liverpool, gives some notion of the gravity of the peril that issues from the reeking dens of India to menace the world.[§]

And this is the price we pay for slums.

CHAPTER XVIII

DURBARS AS A CURE FOR NATIONAL ILLS

For many reasons of weight to the world at large as well as to himself, to his house, and to the country he is to govern, we may regret that the Prince of Wales did not see more of the real India, the India of famine, plague, and wretched millions.

I know that precedent and the potent example of the Indian government were all the other way. When, for instance, that government desired fittingly to celebrate in Delhi the coronation of King Edward, the form chosen was the unforgetable Durbar of 1903, and with the record of that marvelous and admired event before them the authorities of Bombay can hardly be blamed for choosing diamond displays instead of sanitation. A Durbar, I may explain to the uninitiated, is a function arranged to enable the native princes to display gorgeous attire and compare retinues and elephant trappings. The relation between such a reasonable and necessary entertainment and the progress and welfare of mankind is apparent at a glance. It is pleasing, therefore, to recall that the Delhi Durbar of 1903 was the grandest thing ever known in Asia. It lasted several days and cost $6,500,000. In the same week 70,000 persons died in India of preventable plague. The government did not save their lives, but it soothed their last moments with the precious assurance that the Durbar was an unequaled success. Rude, uncultured persons, with minds unattuned to the music of reaction, have criticized the Durbar and said that at a time when India was exhausted by famine and ravaged by pestilence to expend such a sum upon a barbaric and unmeaning show was wicked. To these disturbers of the social order and agitators for social unrest Lord Curzon, late Viceroy, has made crushing rejoinder. Speaking at Delhi, November 13, 1905, his lordship noted such unsympathetic comments as I have described, and denied that the Durbar was in any way an extravagant function in view of the memorable nature of the event it celebrated.[*] Few persons will be disposed to deny that in the twentieth century the accession of another king is a memorable event, but perhaps not in the way his lordship had in mind, and hardly to be celebrated adequately in Durbars.

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[*] Explicit information on the connection between slums and plague is afforded in the excellent "Treatise on Plague," by G. S. and John Thomson, London, 1901.

[†] The Plague Commission Report dealt directly with this matter on pages 161–162. It pointed out that in some wards of Bombay there was one inhabitant to every 7.2 square yards of superficial ground space. But its warnings passed unheeded.

[‡] The Plague Commission Report asserted that thirty-five per cent. of the deaths caused by plague had been recorded as deaths from other causes.

[§] The following news despatch is clipped from *The Sun*, of New York, of April 11, 1906:

PHILADELPHIA, April 10.—Four cases of bubonic plague are now on the steamship *Burrsfield*, from Bombay, which is held in quarantine at Reedy Island. Two other seamen died at sea from the effects of the plague.—EDITOR.

The heaviest burden of the Delhi Durbar cost fell upon the native princes, but so perfect is the system by which these useful gentlemen are supported by a starving tenantry that only one of them was bankrupted by his expenses. The rest cheerfully passed the load along to their tenants, collecting increased revenue from regions where famine had lately been and plague was then at its worst. The money thus secured by the entertainment managers must have smelled sweet. It was perfumed with human blood. I have talked with some of the surviving peasants that thus furnished the means for the Durbar. Their comments would be intensely interesting to Lord Curzon or Lord Minto. Not exhilarating—but interesting.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Delhi was to have been celebrated with another Durbar, even more wonderful than that of 1903, but the project was abandoned. I asked why and was told because there was no fodder for the horses. The famine was beginning, the country was parched, the crops had failed, there was no green thing in the fields, so, hang it, no fodder could be had, and the Durbar must be given up for a great military pageant at Rawulpindi, up in the hills, where there is plenty of fodder for horses.

These are the fruits of autocracy; even when autocracy is at its best and most enlightened, these are the fruits. It may be freely admitted that the gentlemen that have administered the affairs of India have been very wise gentlemen, very learned, virtuous, conscientious, and the rest. Their chief duty has been to govern India for England's benefit; their allegiance to their duty has been without a flaw. Very likely many of them have been desirous also of good for India. These have done the best they could do under the form of government allowed to them; but whether in Russia, or in Finland, or in India, or in Philadelphia, that form of government produces nothing but failure. To admit low, common persons to a share in the government may give pain to those of superior intellect, but seems to have ponderable advantage in the way of preventing tax-gouging, land-robbery, revenue-waste, famines, plague, and cholera. Moreover, there is the invariable testimony of history that those of superior intellect have made a hash of government whenever they have secured its exclusive control. Being a very wise person I know exactly what would be good for my neighbor and could administer his affairs most admirably (and to my own profit). But the devil of that is, the obstinate beast will not do what I tell him to do. Of course I can get some Lee-Metfords, if I be an Englishman, or some Krag-Jorgensens, if I be an American, and prove the strength of my position by shooting holes into him and his family. But there again the signs multiply that he does not like to be shot full of holes and may even some day retort upon me with the same convincing arguments, which would be extremely disagreeable. On the whole then it seems best to let him manage his own affairs in his own fashion—particularly as I have a lurking suspicion that after all his way is quite as likely to prove right as is my own.

The people of India have no chance. They never had a chance. They have no share in their government. They never had a share in their government. The idea of the Common Good has never been even rudimentary among them. For two thousand years they have been the vassals of one form of autocracy or another, of one administration or another that has sought for their own good (and others') to exploit them. In the old days they were the physical slaves of conquerors. In our day they are the political slaves of a benevolent despotism, enchained by custom and an enforced habit of mind. Of our own race and blood they are the least efficient of civilized peoples. In seventeen hundred years no Hindu has discovered anything, invented anything, learned anything, or made anything that has contributed to the world's available store or that anybody cares to remember. Nothing worth a moment's consideration ever came from slaves. It is only the free peoples that have forwarded the progress of mankind. As the Hindus are now they were a thousand years ago. As they were a thousand years ago, so, without democracy, they will be a thousand years hence.

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[*] Lord Curzon said that the expenses of the Durbar were only one-seventh of the amount generally believed, which would make them less than $1,000,000. But as his lordship was speaking of the expenses to the government and the accepted estimate as given above includes all the expenses incurred, his statement does not apply to the point raised here. It is much to be regretted that on this occasion Lord Curzon did not pursue a somewhat more candid and explicit course, for then, doubtless, he would have told that the nominal expenses to the government were reduced (on paper) by expert juggling unfortunately not new to Indian finance. An account of the trick by which the tents made for the Durbar were charged off for purchases by the Artillery Department and of the transfer of other items to the Stores account would be full of vivid interest to many persons in India.

If the gloomy forecast of Mr. Wells and an oft-heard prediction are correct and the Western world is reverting to an autocracy with wealth as the new expression of Power and corruption as its instrument, here is the nation of all on earth for us to study. Here we may see compendiously, spread out before us, in mass and in detail, the vast and multifold evils that come of such a system. For Autocracy is at heart one thing and the same, always, inevitably, everywhere, whether it work with the sword of Akbar or the corruption fund of the Standard Oil Company.

In the July issue of "***Soldiers of the Common Good***" Mr. Russell will deal with the wonderful little continent of Australia and the impressive results which have been reached there by the working out of Anglo-Saxon characteristics in an alien land, almost completely detached from the home government.

The Campaign Against Consumption

By EUGENE WOOD

Editor's Note.—Two years have passed since Mr. Wood sounded the keynote of the Campaign against Consumption in this magazine. We have now asked him to tell how the War against the Great White Plague is going. The enemy is giving back, and Mr. Wood promises that in time tuberculosis in this country will become as rare as the cholera.

WHAT is there new to tell about consumption, its cause, its cure, its prevention? What has happened to warrant another article on the subject, bringing it down to date, in the two years that have elapsed since this magazine printed "The Great White Plague"?

From one point of view the answer may very well be: There is nothing new to tell. Some small victories there have been; some slight reduction of the toll we have to pay to the Captain of the Men of Death, but the gain has been trifling in proportion to the effort put forth.

From another point of view the answer may very well be: The fact that there is nothing new to tell, and that the gains have been so small, is in itself ground for the very largest hope. Smallpox was once a terribly destructive plague. Look in this year's almanac's table of deaths due to certain causes and you won't find a mention of smallpox. It is quite possible to make consumption an equally negligible item in the mortality tables, but it won't be accomplished the way we are going at it now.

There was really nothing new to the medical profession, not even to its Uncle Billy Hardheads, in my former articles. There has been nothing new on the subject, of essential value, in the last fifteen years. That everybody in his lifetime has tuberculosis; that it is not an inherited but a communicated disease, passed on from the sick to the well in a definitely understood manner; that the disease could be put out of business in a very few years by stopping the ill-bred practise which spreads the infection; that it can be cured, not by medicines, but by plenty of fresh air, nourishing food, rest and freedom from worry—all this is old news.

There will be something new to tell when von Behring, of the Pasteur Institute, feels that he may safely announce his discovery of what in a moment of enthusiasm he declared was "destined to protect men threatened with phthisis against the damaging consequences of infection." So much he has told us: That he has succeeded in cultivating enormous growths of the bacillus of tuberculosis (which is not an animal but a vegetable); that from these large masses he has succeeded in separating three groups of substances, one group corresponding to the tuberculin of Koch, one a proteid group, and the third a group soluble in alcohol. What is left after these three groups have been sieved out, in a manner of speaking, he calls TC. Inject TC under the skin of an animal which is susceptible to tuberculosis. The cells that originate from the lymphatic germ-centers take up this TC and transform it into a substance which he first called TX, and later called tuberculase. Collect that tuberculase and introduce it into the system. It will not reproduce itself, but it will start the growth of tubercles, like those which The Great White Plague begets, except that these do not become cheeselike, do not soften, and so are not expelled by coughing, thus spreading the disease farther. They heal of themselves and leave no trace. Professor von Behring says that this tuberculase when injected under the skin of cattle will vaccinate them against bovine tuberculosis. He has hopes that it will be possible to use it to vaccinate man against tuberculosis, but although it seems entirely practicable to us (who are ready to believe anything possible to science), and though it is said that those who have had tuberculosis of the lymphatic glands, and have recovered from it, are thereafter as immune to consumption as those who have had smallpox are immune to that disease, von Behring strongly emphasizes his statement that there is as yet no scientific basis for asserting that tuberculase will render man immune to consumption.

It is news, in a way, to know that The Great White Plague is enormously more curable when it is taken in its very earliest stages than when it is allowed to run on a little while. Don't lose time about it. When you don't come right back to par after having had pneumonia, or the grippe, or an extra hard cold; when you feel lassitude after any kind of lung trouble (and the best men are coming to look at pleurisy as something a good deal more serious than a mere stitch in the side; they are pretty sure it is a tuberculous affection); when your afternoon temperature, taken at different hours, four, five, six, and eight o'clock, is higher than it ought to be, don't imagine that you will save time by waiting. You will be a long time dead. Worse than that, you will be a long time dying. Consumption is a reasonably comfortable death, but an expensive one, since you hang on for so long without being able to earn anything. Find out if you have the least little touch of it. Then drop everything, except the business of getting well. You for the outdoor life twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four! You for eggs and milk to the limit of your digestive capacity! You for rest, and the careless mind, and gentle exercise under medical supervision. (Easy to *say*, isn't it?)

It is also a small item of news that for light-haired, blue-eyed people to live out of doors where it is always bright and sunny is a mistake, and a dangerous mistake when they have tuberculosis, for then they haven't any too much strength, and the glaring light falling upon skins and eyes unprovided with dark pigmentation to absorb it is a source of irritation and fidgets, which makes recovery rather difficult. A cloudier climate is better for blonds, and there is nothing dangerous or unsuitable in a damp climate so long as the patient is kept comfortable. This additional item will be gall and wormwood to the Get-Strong-Quickists: Those who don't care for meat are very likely to die of tuberculosis.

What remains unchanged, and, no matter

what discoveries are made by science, will always remain unchanged, is that whatever recoveries are made from this disease are made solely and simply by the patient's own self. Somehow or other he has got in his lungs a patch of vegetables growing, tiny, tiny little plants like those in mold, or yeast, only immeasurably smaller. The old-fashioned salt-rising bread was fermented by wild yeast that settled out of the air upon the wetted flour. Sweet milk turns sour from these little floating plants that settle in it, and begin to grow. The bacillus of tuberculosis starts tubercles in the lungs. These casefy, soften, and are ejected by the lungs in coughing. A dry cough will spray the air full of these germs; a loose cough will deposit the sputum on the sidewalk where it will dry, be trodden to powder, whirled about in the wind for healthy people to breathe, and so start up new implantations of these bacilli. Dr. Knopf says that an advanced case of consumption will eject about seven billions of these germs every twenty-four hours.

The air is full of dust, which is for the most part germs. The patient breathes these germs in. They settle on the sore spot, and set up what is called "a mixed infection." The germs of boils are there, pus-making germs, and yeasts of every kind. The blood fights hard to kill them all. There is fever in this effort of the system to fight the invaders, just as there is turmoil in a country attacked by its enemies. If that country cannot make good the losses that the war entails, it is conquered. But if it can feed its soldiers in the field, and send more and more fresh troops to the field, it wins. So if the human system can more than make good the losses it sustains from fighting these invaders, it wins the victory; if not, the fever burns it up. All medicine upsets the digestion. We weren't made to thrive on iron and quinin and strychnin; we cannot live on drug-store stuff. Our stomachs rebel against it. The only things that do us good are tasty food, pure water, and a lot more fresh air than we ordinarily get. Plenty of sleep enables us to heal up the ravages of the disease, and if we are so fixed that we need not worry about our board being paid while we get well, that helps a lot too. But it might as well be understood by all that no medicine—I don't care what it is, or who says it is good—*no medicine will cure consumption*. The patient's body has to be made strong by food, and fresh air, and rest, and if a cure is possible it will be made. Anybody who announces that he has a medicine for sale that will cure consumption is a deliberate murderer and swindler who wants your money so badly that he will kill you to get it away from you.

The day is past now when men could dispute that consumption is a disease communicated, and not inherited. The day is past when the method of communicating that disease was a mystery. But we try so intensely to escape unpleasant things that we want to avoid even the bare mention of them. Good breeding forbids it. Good breeding forbids a lady to open a conversation with a man to whom she has not been properly introduced; but if the conversation related to a ten-ton safe which was falling from the sixth story and would probably land upon the head of a man, I can conceive of a perfect lady mentioning the matter to him, though he were an entire stranger. Also, since it is a matter of life and death to one in every nine of us that walk along the streets, to one in every three that die between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five—ah, that's the cruel thing about consumption!—I feel myself somewhat justified in presuming to say that this terrible toll we pay to the Captain of the Men of Death is due entirely to *spitting*.

The air is full of germs of disease that hope to find a lodgment some place where they can grow and multiply. They want to live as well as we. Our mouths secrete a germicide, of which we take advantage when we instinctively suck a fresh cut. The flowing blood is a germ-killer and the hemorrhages of a consumptive are remedial processes, not something to get scared about. The nasal passages and the windpipe secrete a gummy substance on which these germs, that have no power to move themselves, stick fast. From our noses, throats, and lungs we eject this sputum, and since the air is full of germs the healthiest man in clearing his throat is expelling what would kill him if he gave it anything like a fair chance. A false nicety would prompt him to swallow what he thus expels. But that is dangerous. The germs may find an opportunity to give him tuberculosis of the bowels. And it is not absolutely certain that the germs which start tuberculosis of the lungs always come thither by the way of the air breathed in. Some think they may be carried there by the ingested food. What is rejected by the body is well away from the body. It should be got rid of, but in such a way as not to imperil the lives of others.

When the New York Board of Health prosecutes a spitter, you never see a word about it in the newspapers to lead any one to suppose that the fine was imposed for anything else than a mere exercise of despotic authority, and an attempt to force gentlemanly behavior upon the uncouth. It is a murderous practise to spit where others may bring the infection into a house on shoes or on skirts; where it may dry and become a powder to be sent into the air to be breathed into the lungs. Fortunately most of us are able to resist and overcome a pretty strong implantation of these germs, but the strongest man will succumb to a big enough implantation, and what is ejected from the respiratory passages of a well man may be just the required amount to turn the scale, to mean death instead of recovery.

In a less complex life, no particular thought needs to be given to the disposal of our exuviæ. The fresh air and the sunlight take care of them. But in our air-tight houses, living all huddled together the way we do, we have to dispose of such things in a way that will not endanger the lives of others. Cholera and typhoid fever have taught us some needed lessons in tidiness; consumption should teach us one more. In every street there ought to be places kept continually wet where we may spit. In every public place of assembly, churches, theatres, street-cars, elevated and underground stations, there ought to be cuspidors. It isn't the least bit of good to threaten people for doing what they must do, unless some convenience is offered to behave tidily. So long, however, as we give the street-car companies the right to use our public streets to make money for themselves, so long as we humbly put up with whatever service they find they can render us without putting themselves out a particle, I suppose it is useless to expect those corporations to furnish spittoons, though we should die in windrows.

The hope that ultimately it may get around to everybody that consumption can be prevented because it is communicated only by the ejected matter from the nose, throat, and lungs; the hope that as soon as any one finds he has the least touch of the disease, he will instantly begin to take care of himself, by living the outdoor life, by resting from work and worry, and by eating plentifully of nourishing food—that's pretty faint encouragement for the conviction that this Great White Plague can be exterminated.

I don't suppose there is another city in the world where so successful a campaign against consumption is being carried on as in New York City. Physicians whose studies of this subject have made them world-famous live and practise there. But there are—let us say—*almost* as good physicians elsewhere. I don't suppose that prior to 1887 the skill of the average medical practitioner in New York was markedly inferior to what it is now. But since we like to think that there has been great improvement along all lines, we will assume that individual practitioners are so much more capable now than in 1887 that the general death-rate per 1,000 in Manhattan and the Bronx has sunk from 26.32 in that year to 18.31 in 1905. But what accounts for the fall in the phthisis death-rates from 3.56 in 1887 to 2.38 in 1905? The general death-rate has fallen 28 per cent.; the phthisis death-rate, 33⅓ per cent. The fall in the rate of tubercular deaths in London, Paris, and Berlin for the same period roughly corresponds with the fall in the general death-rate. Nowhere do we find the improvement that there is in New York City. I wonder why; or, rather, I don't wonder, I know.

Thanks to Dr. Hermann M. Biggs, Chief Medical Officer of the Department of Health, the city of New York compels the reporting of all cases of tuberculosis just as it requires the reporting of cases of scarlet fever and diphtheria (which don't begin to be the killers that consumption is). Physicians are but human beings, and though I think their profession the noblest of all, yet they can be as cantankerous as anybody else when they want to be. They raised a mighty howl about this. It was an invasion of private rights, an outrage, and I don't know what it wasn't. But more and more they are coming to see that it works for the good of all. Just as the sanatoria for consumptives are so many educational centers, and not the plague-spots it was feared they would be, so the very fact that tuberculosis has to be reported results in the necessary precautions being taken to prevent the spread of the disease even though it be a case under the supervision of a private physician. But when the consumptive has the disease in the infectious stage, and is without a home, or is living in a lodging-house, or in a poorly furnished room, or in a family in a tenement-house, or is receiving charitable medical advice through some public institution, then all objection to interference is removed. They're only poor folks anyhow. The

Health Department, when it is positively assured that the proper precautions are being taken in a private case, takes no further cognizance of it. Very full instructions are supplied in all languages showing that the disease is spread only by the germs in the sputum. The patient should always hold a moist cloth before his face when he coughs, and what he raises should be destroyed. Full directions are given as to food and fresh air. And if it appears from the reports of the nurses that visit these cases that the instructions are not obeyed, then the big stick comes out, and the patient's private right to endanger the lives of others is invaded, and he is carried off to where he can get proper attention and cease to be a menace. If there is a death from consumption the rooms are disinfected by formaldehyde, and the owner made to renovate the place.

The Health Department examines sputa and decides whether or not they contain the germs of tuberculosis. It goes at the problem with the understanding that tuberculosis is just as much a public enemy as if it were an army of invaders trying to kill our citizens. Just in so far as it is able to deal with the problem socially the Department succeeds, as in its prevention of infection; as in its sanatorium up-country where very encouraging results in the way of cures have been made. Just in so far as anti-social conditions interfere, it fails. Poor patients get the services of trained nurses free of charge. But they need not only nursing, but food. They need especially fresh eggs and sweet milk. There the great, rich city of New York is hopelessly defeated. A private charity has to step in and help out with a pitiful dole.

If there are "Lung Blocks," it should be remembered that some very nice people maintain their cultured station from rents of such nests of disease. I always enjoy hearing the choral service of a certain very wealthy parish church in New York City. The singing there is just about right in my estimation. It should be, for it is an offering to Almighty God. This parish derives its revenues from rents of tenements (not "model" tenements by any means), and I suppose one reason why the voices of the choristers sound so rich to me is because I know how much they cost in human blood.

The health departments of other cities and towns are trying to get the legal right to defend the lives of the people against tuberculosis in the same way that the city of New York is doing. You'd think it would be easy to do that. It isn't. The Macedonian cry of some interests can always be heard by legislators, but they are very deaf when it comes to the interests of the people as a whole. The skull of the average legislator is between two and two and a half inches thick, of solid bone, and entirely impervious to any idea other than what there is " in it for him." I know of the speaker of a certain Middle West Legislature who was himself dying of tuberculosis at the very time he was fighting tooth and toenail against the effort to get authorization for the State Board of Health to carry on the Campaign against Consumption. Luckily he fought so hard that he was beaten. He is dead now of that very disease, but there are others left to fight in the same way.

In order to enable the people of this country to get together in this Campaign against Consumption there has been formed the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, of which Dr. Biggs is president, and Livingston Farrand is executive secretary. This association is working to establish and affiliate local organizations to which it will supply literature on the subject of the cause, prevention, and cure of tuberculosis. Anybody who wants such literature can get it by writing to Mr. Farrand at 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York. The Association had a Tuberculosis Exhibition in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, which was attended by about 14,000 people, although the museum is rather awkward to get to and the weather was something scandalous. This exhibition will be shown in the principal cities of the United States, and it is the hope of the Association that those who would really like to help their fellow men to preserve their lives will do something toward having this and similar exhibitions brought to all the cities and towns of the country. The exhibition is not only interesting to see, but it shows so well how the disease can be cured that it practically saves life. There were the appliances for securing fresh air to the consumptive who does not go away from home, notably a new device of Dr. Knopf's, where the bed is brought up alongside the window, the window opened wide, and the cold air kept from blowing into the rest of the room by a sort of tent. It is made of canvas and is in the shape of a quarter of a grindstone. There is a window of isinglass in it so that the patient can see what is going on in the room, and doesn't feel cut off from the family, while at the same time he is breathing outdoor air, and his head and shoulders are practically out of doors.

It is a most interesting exhibition, and each of the physicians, who acted as guide to show the people around, had ten or fifteen people with him, listening intently.

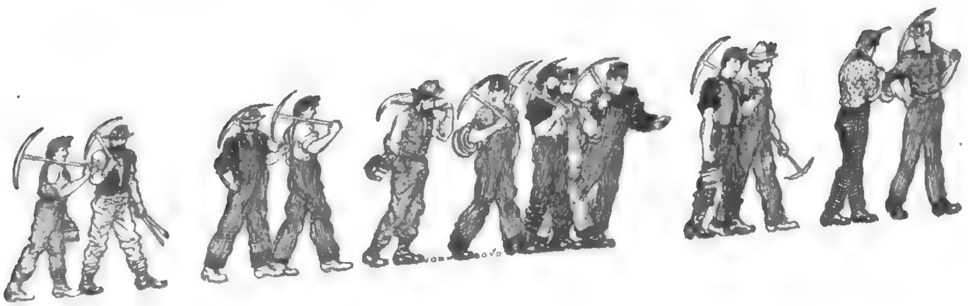
Another thing the Association is working for is to bring the Campaign against Consumption before the American Federation of Labor. It is also seeking the cooperation of the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, and the American Federation of Women's Clubs, but while these are potent agencies, still I must confess that I am more interested in the American Federation of Labor, first, because it can do something, and second, because the Campaign against Consumption is right in its line. It's an economic and a social question. The Federation of Labor has for its sole purpose the increase of wages to the working man. That doesn't only mean, or it shouldn't only mean, an increase of wages by the day but by the lifetime. Consumption is a disease that not only diminishes the wage-earning capacity of its victims by killing them at almost the beginning of their work-period in life, but it keeps them lingering so long. They cannot work steadily because they are too weak to stand it, and yet they must live. It is hard for them to find employment at light work, and their period of almost total inability to earn anything is extended, so that it keeps their families down to starvation point. Consumption is particularly an enemy of the working classes, so called. It seems to be pretty well settled that in a large percentage of cases the disease is caught at the shop and brought home. Now organized labor has ways of compelling an employer who doesn't just see how he can afford to go to the expense of making his factory sanitary—it has ways, I say, of putting pressure on him, and forcing him to do so, whether he wants to or not. When each union understands that unventilated shops, with no provision for spitting so that the sputum falls in water, are the cause of consumption, that consumption can be stamped out, and that consumption diminishes the wage-earning power of the worker, a long step forward will have been taken.

And it ought to be said right here that you who live far away from the factory-workers, both geographically and socially, need not think it is no concern of yours whether the workers have consumption or not. Where was that costly coat of yours made? Do you know? And do you know if the person who made it had consumption or not? Because it may bring disease into your own home. It may infect you, or your dearest child.

Yes, I can see how enlisting the Federation of Labor in this fight against tuberculosis will be a very great help.

Consumption is not so much a matter of having the very best medical attention; it isn't a matter of getting the right kind of medicine; it isn't even a matter of living in a sanatorium in some far-off place. It's a matter of pure air (which is never very far away), of eggs and milk, of rest from work and worry. It is a social problem, as wide in its implications as the other social problems that we have been reading about in the two years that have elapsed since this magazine published "The Great White Plague." *Something is wrong with the way we live now.* We can't look in any direction but that appears. In this particular instance we consider a disease that kills one in every nine at the very least calculation. We know what causes the disease; we know how to stop the spread of the infection; we know how to cure it. But the great majority of people are condemned to live in dark, ill-ventilated houses, to work in factories, to be so poorly nourished as to be unable to resist tuberculosis when they become infected with it. Their wages in the "flush" times are just about what will keep them going, so that rest from work and worry is impossible to them. The social gulf between them and us is wide, but it isn't wide enough to separate us from the disease that decimates them. They make the clothing that we wear—they make everything that we have and enjoy, and the infection of the East Side slums may find its victim in a sheltered Fifth Avenue mansion. Otherwise we might be as indifferent as we are to the murder of the little children, soul and body and mind, in the factories and cotton-mills.

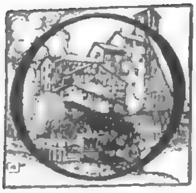
I think the near future looks remarkably bright. If you're not too old who read these words, I think you'll live to see the day when consumption will be, if not as small an item as gunshot wounds, yet as little a cause of death as scarlet fever. It's a social problem, and I have sufficient faith in the American people to believe that when we do get together and throw our heft against a social problem, something has got to give. That's all there is about it.



HRDLIKA

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

Illustrations by Thornton Oakley



ON the Tuesday following the two weeks' drunk at Russian Easter, a blowout shot touched off the gas in Bull Mouth colliery, and the pit let go with a roar. That day Hrdlika ate fish for his dinner — kegged herrings, aged but still primely vigorous; and he tarried long at the meal. Ten days the man had fasted, eating a morsel only now and then—ten days of intense, submissive devotion to a happy holiday thirst. All of the pit had been drunk these holy days gone by; but when the others, quitting, returned languidly to their work, the big Slav's inner fires still blazed with unabated strength. Blear-eyed and stupefied, he would have made another week of it, but for the summary commands of the pit-boss.

"It's like the hot coppers'll fair sizzle ye," observed Ferguson, tartly, routing out the miner in his den; "but it's a fair obsarve ye'll ha' sizzled for a two weeks; an' now ye'll no sozzle ony more. Git ye gang to the putt the morrow, or sizzle-sozzle on, ye swine; an' when ye're quit, the office'll make out yer time—an' there's an end to it!"

Against so plain a warning, what was there to be said? At the precise moment Hrdlika had no wish to move on; there was work here, and down the river hard times had set in. If he lost his job, he might get no other soon; for half the lower mines were idle, and taking only their pick of men. Not that Hrdlika nursed an insistent taste for labor—not that, indeed—but no work meant no wages, and against that cried ambition. Day by day he sweated in the pit—driven by a thought of rest, and rest alone—to win enough to quit. His dream was to sit by the door in the sunshine over there where he had come from, and fill his skin with wine. Hah! said Hrdlika to himself, how he would laugh at the stay-at-homes, growing old with toil in the vineyards. The very thought of these future delights roused his poignant thirst; and with temptation crying loudly, the man's sodden eyes went coasting about the room—cruising toward the beer-keg lying in a corner. For a while he licked his lips and reflected solemnly. "Mind ye," had the pit-boss admonished, "I'll no haggle words the while—take ut or leave ut, me laddy buck, as yer weesh!" The big miner picked up the keg, rolling it about till the lees of rancid liquor swished temptingly, and with a softening eye half raised the keg to his lips. But who hesitates is not always lost; with a sigh he put it down again, and, filling a basin with water, plunged in his head and soused and guzzled together. After that he felt better, and, remembering the fish, put on a kettle to boil. No—he would not quit the mine. There was work here, and besides—Hrdlika smiled sheepishly to himself, and drew a hand across his mouth. For Hrdlika was a gallant man.

The air grew redolent of the steaming fish. The big Slav sniffed approvingly, and after stirring up the mess, strolled lazily toward the window. "*Gen dobrij!*" he called, leaning forth in careless ease, and at the hail a round face peered from the adjoining house. It was a face high-cheeked, stolidly dumb, turned craftily upon the world, and yet to

Hrdlika pleasing. Grinning, he regarded the woman indulgently.

"Huh!" she said, displaying her small teeth, stuck like stubs in expansive gums, "how you feel, Hrdlika?"

The miner grinned anew. "*Dobrij*," he answered, acknowledging that all went well with him; "pliss—your ole mans he gone by the peet—hey, vat?"

Mrs. Doubrava—for such was the lady's name—returned another face-splitting grin as an answer. Hrdlika brightened swiftly. Climbing through the window, he slouched over to the adjoining house, and in conscious ease stretched himself in Mike Doubrava's best chair. In the absence of conversation, Mrs. Mike Doubrava swept.

It was Hrdlika who broke the silence. "Mebbe me make him from three dolar," he said casually; "three dolar from van day by the peet."

Mrs. Doubrava poised her broom in mid-air, and looked over her shoulder in bewilderment. "Vat—so much wages from van day by the peet?"

"Sure," answered Hrdlika easily; "mebbe me alzo got money from the bank!"

Mrs. Doubrava resumed her sweeping vigorously, and silence fell again. A long while passed.

"Val—mebbe so," observed Mrs. Doubrava reflectively; "mebbe you bin reech—me dunno. Alzo, me got him seex chair, van chest, van feather-bed, van—two—drec table —hey, vat you think?"

But this catalogue of riches failed to impress the big Slav. He tilted back in Mike Doubrava's best chair, and stared moodily at the ceiling. "Mebbe Mike don't go to give him to you—that chairs und beds—hey, vat?"

Once more silence fell upon them, Hrdlika, with his eyes on the ceiling, plunged in gloomy meditations, and Mrs. Doubrava eying him craftily. But the thought that was in his mind sprang at last to his lips.

"Mebbe me gets me married some day," he ventured cautiously; "how you like—hey —vat?"

Mrs. Doubrava grinned expansively. "Sure —me like," she said, smoothing the creases in her apron; "mebbe you ask mine old mans— chess!"

But at the mere suggestion of this Hrdlika's gloom returned.

"Huhn!" he growled; "mebbe you think him me got so much moneys as that."

He arose heavily, and, remembering his dinner on the stove, lounged toward the door. No, it was not to be thought of. He had sounded Mike Doubrava on the subject, and dropped it where it stood. For Mike had fixed a price prohibitive, and refused to budge it a dollar. "By damn!" growled Hrdlika; "vat you make for a foolishness from me— hey, vat—chess?" Mrs. Doubrava made no effort to answer, and the big Slav sullenly withdrew.

But the fish compensated somewhat. After he had wolfed down the first mouthfuls, he ate more slowly, immersed in thought. Bending over the dish closely, so that no morsel should escape him, he guzzled. Only a scrap remained. Hrdlika arose, and, stepping to the closet, reached down a jug of molasses. Drawing out the cork with his teeth, he drenched the bit of fish with the sirup, wiping off the trickle with his forefinger and afterward sucking it clean. "By damn!" he muttered, and just then the mine let go.

It was not much in the way of sound. The hillside grunted once, and from the pit-mouth puffed forth a great cloud of dust that drifted slowly along the valley. No great damage was done on top, a draft of cold air having turned the explosion deep inside the pit; and beyond a mess of pit-wagons, jammed in the haulage-way, the main entry was fairly clear. Hrdlika stood up, gazing blankly at the wall, his mouth opened stupidly. "By damn!" he muttered, "the mine she will bus' oop!" He set down the jug of molasses, bolted at a mouthful what was left of the fish, and was just stepping to the door when uproar broke loose in the town.

A mob of men and women was rushing through the street. Some yelled uproariously; others ran in silence, waving their arms in the air. In her doorway stood Mrs. Doubrava, her face a picture of stupid dismay. House after house was giving up its tenants, all joining in the common rush; and as Hrdlika appeared, Mrs. Doubrava stood her broom against the wall, carefully closed her door, and with a yell plunged down into the mob. Across the valley the smoke and dust were settling; and under the cloud, like a swarm of frenzied ants, the top men rushed to and fro, crazy with excitement.

Hrdlika returned indoors, and, putting on his shoes, plowed down the hillside comfortably.

When the big miner reached the pit-mouth, a riot surged about the opening. Smoke and dust still drifted out of the gash in the hillside; but a few of the more courageous, braving danger, rushed down the gangway till they brought up against the wreck of wagons in the haulage-way. There they stood and yelled, calling to the workers in the pit. Hrdlika looked about him curiously. In his life among the mines he had seen calamity in many guises, and this was nothing new. A mob of screaming women, their disheveled hair streaming in the wind, raced up and down like furies, calling piteously upon their missing men. At their head was Mrs. Doubrava; and the big Slav, seeing her, stared in astonishment. "Hey—vat you want?" he cried, catching her by the elbow, and then began to grin. Mrs. Doubrava, struggling to get free, protested that her husband was in the pit.

"Val—mebbe he don't make him dead—hey, vat?" growled Hrdlika. "You go home; bimeby me brings you feesh to eat."

Mrs. Doubrava struggled more fiercely. "Me no like," she cried; "mebbe me don' yell, Mike he makes me a k-nock ven he is out from the peet—hey, chess!"

With a wrench she broke free of him, and went yelling after the others, her unkempt yellow hair streaming in the wind.

"Val," muttered Hrdlika solemnly, "mebbe Mike Doubrava gits him skinched by the igsplosion—me go see." Walking along the open tracks, he sniffed deeply at the foul reek drifting up the slope, and with one swift look about him plunged down into the gloom.

Five minutes later Hrdlika returned to the open, bearing the first of the survivors. He had the man by the elbow, and, half-dragging, led him into the open. "By damn," Hrdlika was saying, talking to the other as one bolsters up a frightened child; "by damn, you goes to cry, me tells your old womans she makes a fools for her man—chess! You no like—hey, vat?" Shaking him vigorously, he kept this up till the other began to swear in turn. Hrdlika grinned. "Hey—listen; mebbe you see him Mike Doubrava—hey, vat?" But the other angrily shook his head, and pushed Hrdlika aside.

Beyond the strain of the shock, the man—one Joe Rabbit—had come forth little the worse for wear. He was plastered from head to foot with soot, and gagging from the smoke. "By damn—me tell you the mine she bus' oop!" he repeated over and over again; "me no like!" Every one was killed, he said confidently, and looked on with a large air of excitement when a gang of blackened survivors came trooping out of the mine.

The colliery was a small one, but its headings were far advanced. Its coal lay under the step of the hill, and the main workings were tapped beyond by a second slope that served doubly as an air-course and an exit in time of need. Thus, as it turned out, an army of workers was escaping from the farther side of the hill just at the time when the others were howling that the pit would be full of dead. Ferguson was among the men that had escaped this way, and, losing no time, he trudged around the bend of the hillside with the miners at his heels.

"Weel, men," he ventured, wiping his sweating face in the crook of an elbow; "'twull be none so bad, mebbe. They'll not be ony dead 'tither side, ayther—the putt wull ha' let go polite an' leddy-like." But after this speech his eyes went cautiously toward the slope-mouth, as if he were afraid he spoke too soon, and, lighting on the crowd of miners' wives swarming there, blazed furiously. "Yon, I say!" he roared with an angry gesture; "yon, I say—drive off them feckless loons fro awa' there!" He rushed forward to enforce his commands, and, when the crowd had scattered like sheep, returned and began to storm. It would be a idjeet Hunky, he said, that had touched off the blast—one Cavvitch, a loader after the machine. "The girnin' ninny!" he bawled, twisting up his face wrathfully; "he'll no tamp his shots pr-r-roper"—rolling his r's and shouting in relief from the anxiety—"he'll but stuff in a handful o' slack to holt the powder-r-r; an' me but yest'rday warnin' him to the danger-r-r!"

But even Cavvitch, it appeared, had escaped. Ferguson paused a moment, and spat furiously. "Was he hurted? If he was, 'twould be a rare lesson!" But Cavvitch had lost only his eyebrows and a patch of hair from his silly noddle. The flash of exploding gas, set off almost at his elbow, had knocked him into the ditch, and when the backset of the explosion came, returning to the place where it had started, the man had still sense enough left to huddle down into the water and so save his precious skin.

"He'll ned a whole skin to him," roared Ferguson, "once I lay hands to the lad—the gouk! An' till—now, what's this to be?"

Rushing along the hillside was Mrs. Doubrava, four other women at her heels. "My mans—my mans!" she howled; and like a Greek chorus answering to her griefs roared the other women, each in a strident key, "My mans—my mans!"

Ferguson clutched her by the arm as she sped past. "What ails the woman?" he cried, shaking her crossly; "have sense, I say."

Mrs. Doubrava caught her breath, and peered craftily about. Hrdlika stood looking on, and as she caught his eye he grinned. "Val," said Mrs. Doubrava, her glance shifting back to the pit-boss, "mebbe you think me makes fun for minesnelf—hey, vat?" Here she began shrieking again, hoarsely, and with the preciseness of an effort. "My old mans, he is by the peet—alzo the mans from these ladies—chess! Oh, mine old mans—Mike—Mike—mine old mans!"

"In the putt!" repeated Ferguson dully. Then the full force of what the woman said came to him. There were men in the mine—the explosion had become a calamity after all.

"My mans—Mike, mine old mans—alzo his buddy—ach!—they stay in the peet, yet!"

"Hoy, men!" yelled Ferguson, dropping her arm; "there's Doubrava and others in the putt—wull ye save 'em? Who comes?"

Hrdlika poised himself on a stack of ties near by, and casually looked on. This was no business of his; and anyhow, what was there for him to do? A dozen other miners volunteered—a boss-driver and three helpers, four trackmen, a trip-rider, the weigh-boss, and three Cornish loaders—all white men, in the vernacular of the pit—no Hunkies or Slavs among them. Ferguson took his pick, choosing half. The others were to stand by, ready.

Fortunately, the fan had stood the racket of the explosion, and was still running free; they would have plenty of air to help them. But to make doubly sure, Ferguson roared an order to the fan-house, and while the rescue party gathered at the slope-mouth they heard the fan's humming note drone higher as it tuned up to the work. Hrdlika thrust his hands into his pockets and settled down comfortably, the impassive air of a china mantel ornament fixed upon his face. Whatever feelings the man possessed were ably hidden behind that vagueness of expression—he was a mere spectator in a scene that made no appeal to his emotions. Only he grinned again when his glance, roaming about, fell once more on Mrs. Doubrava.

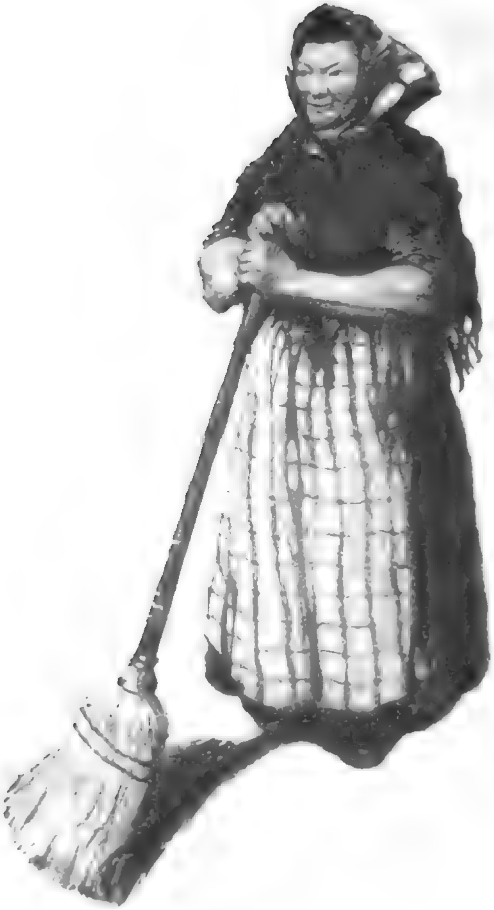
The woman had ceased her lamentations. She stood at the edge of the tipple platform, and with open mouth watched the rescue party preparing for its work. Even this seemed to lose interest for her, and when Hrdlika looked up from lighting his pipe the woman was eying him furtively, her face as placid as ever, quite forgetful of her woes.

A half-hour had passed when the pit gave up a cry. Again it arose. The crowd pressed in toward the opening, and then out into the light came two of the rescue party bearing between them Ferguson, inert and unconscious. "Make room, there!" roared the bearers, knocking a way right and left through the crowd; "give him air!" Ferguson, breathing hoarsely, writhed in a convulsion. "'Tis the after-damp!" cried one of the men; "'twill be fair awfu' in there beyant! Stand back, I tell ye!" He leaped up, roughly beating back the crowd that had pushed in, staring curiously; and Ferguson, breathing deeply, threw his arms about, livid with the agony of returning breath.

"'Twould fair kill ye!" cried the rescuer again. The pit-boss, he said, had gone on ahead, creeping in over the falls of slate; and though he had sensed the gas at once, had kept on, crying for them to follow. Then they had seen his light drop to the floor, and when two others went in after him, they, too, tumbled over, falling in a heap together. One had sense enough, when the air on the floor revived him, to crawl away from the danger; but there had been a pretty pickle before the rest dared reach in there and drag out the victims by the heels.

Ferguson, with a roaring breath, came back to life again, though he remained dazed and incoherent. "'Twas Cavvitch—Cavvitch, the dommed Hunky, lads!" he moaned. "He blew up my pretty putt!" Then, while they bore him away, the others were carried out of the mine; and again the crowd surged in about the opening, stupidly glowering into the hole.

Hrdlika went back to his seat. He squatted on the ties, his great uncouth limbs drawn up under him, and idly looked on. Once more a rescue party was organized and started in toward the workings. For if the men inside were to be saved, time pressed. They were armed, now, with brattice cloths and timbers, meaning to shift the air forward as they advanced, and in this way try to clear out the killing gas. All the rescuers were bosses—white men, said Hrdlika, nodding gravely—and if they failed, who was to take their places? He scratched his head doubt-



MRS. DOUBRAVA.

fully, and moved as if he meant to step down. But a new thought seemed to strike him then, and, pulling out his pipe, he went on solemnly smoking.

There was no quirk or turn in the pit that Hrdlika had not traveled. He knew the mine fore and aft as one knows the rooms and passages of his home. Blindfolded—or without a light—he could have gone from one end of the workings to the other and never missed his way. No man knew the mine better than this Hrdlika, who sat idly curious.

Sliding down from his seat, he slouched over to the tipple-head where a gang of men hovered over a map of the mine, and for a while listened in silence to their talk. Suddenly, taking the pipe from his mouth, he spoke. "Where you find him that aftersdamp?" he demanded, fixing them with a keenly curious look. "By Nort' Entry Fifsteen—hey, vat?"

The fire-boss looked up and nodded. "That's where it is, Joe," he answered. "If it's a fair question, how'll you be knowin' that?"

Hrdlika looked back at him sourly. "Nuddings," he muttered slowly; "they bin damn fools, those men!" Turning away, he slouched back to his seat on the ties, and puffed, grunting, at his pipe.

He had hardly resumed his place, when out of the pit-mouth came struggling the second rescue shift, three carried by the others, and well-nigh finished. They, too, had been caught by the choking after-damp left in the trail of the explosion, and had been hauled out only in the nick of time. Death, it seemed, was lurking in the pit, awaiting whoever came; yet when the rescuers had set down their burdens, they called for fresh volunteers, and once more resolutely plunged into that black maw of perils.

"Say—you find that Mike Doubrava?" asked Hrdlika, halting one of them. "Mebbe you find him deads—hey, vat?"

The man—a weigh-boss—shook his head. Hrdlika grunted, and, hitching up his shoulders, like a bear, sniffed in evident disdain. "You damn fools, you bin—chess! Mebbe you all gets killed—hey, vat?"

He smiled affably at this, but the weigh-boss, after a stare of anger, opened on him wrathfully. "G'wan out o' here, ye damned Hunky!" he cursed, and roughly pushed him aside. Hrdlika could have broken the man across his knee; but he only grinned vacantly, and stepped back. "All ri'—all ri'!" he answered good-naturedly.

Night fell, and the work of rescue still went on. They brought out a flare from the tool-house, standing it near the slope-mouth, and around this gathered the watchers, waiting for every message from the pit. Mrs. Doubrava hovered about, a shawl drawn over her head, and after a while Hrdlika looked down and saw her standing near at hand. A placid grin spread upon his face. "Hey—mebbe your old mans he bin deads from now—vat?" he called, and Mrs. Doubrava shook her head doggedly.

"Mebbe so—me dunno," she answered stolidly; "vat you do, Hrdlika?"

The big Slav shrugged himself. "Me—nuddings," he answered. Mrs. Doubrava edged nearer.

"Val—mebbe mine old mans he ain't skinched—me dunno. Mebbe he comes oop—vat you think?" Hrdlika shook his head, and Mrs. Doubrava appeared sunk in thought.

"Hey, Hrdlika," she said suddenly, "you ain't lose your chob—hey, vat? Val—mebbe you makes him three dolars from the peet, van day—me dunno. Mebbe you has moneys from the bank—hey, vat? Val—vat is it? If mine old mans he comes oop, vere is it—me dunno. Mebbe me goes to mine home!"

With these cryptical remarks Mrs. Doubrava drew the shawl about her head, and, sniffing loudly, slipped off into the darkness. Hrdlika, on his pedestal, like an effigy of patience, smiled anew.

Then came one of the mine-bosses stepping out into the flare's broad circle of light. He hung his head doggedly, his eyes following the ground, and wearily seated himself at the tipple-edge. "It's no use, I'm feared," he said slowly, in answer to their questions; "the gas will have gathered sinful at the entry head. You no more than push a foot ahead, when it's on ye; an' less we make shift to clear out that jam o' wreckage an' drive forrart wit' the air, we'll get no ways inside. But Doubrava wull be dead, I misdoubt—an' the others, too!"

A gleam of awakening intelligence passed over Hrdlika's stupid face, and, knocking out the ashes from his pipe, he shambled forward into the light. "Pliss—me spik," he said, clearing his throat, and looking from face to face. "Me spik—chess—me, Joe Hrdlika. Mebbe you listens—hey, vat?"

Hunching up his shoulders in apology for the interruption, he clutched his shirt-front in his heavy fingers. "Mebbe that fallers, Mike Doubrava, he bins dead—hey, vat? Me dunno—mebbe me like me go see?" Pausing long enough to peer around with a wide grin, he went on. "Chess—me like. But mebbe me goes him from Nort' Fifsteen Entry—*Hell!*" Contempt—disdain—anger at such foolishness were in the word. North Entry Fifsteen—no, indeed! The smile fled from his face, and he frowned till his bushy eyebrows met. "You think me bin damn fools, alzo! That's no *dobrij*—that Nort' Fifsteen—you see, me tell you—hey, vat?"

No, he said; North Fifteen would be full of gas. Stooping down, he began drawing lines with his forefinger in the dust of the tipple-floor. This would be North Fifteen, he said, marking it by a line; and here was the main entry leading through the body of coal straight to the opening on the other side. At this spot —"hey, vat"—the galleries would be choked with wreckage and falls of slate from the roof. He drew a circle, cutting the lines drawn to show the parallel entries; all these galleries within the circle would be blocked so that no man might enter them.

"Aye—that wull be true enough," assented one of the bosses; "but what will that have to do with ut?"

Hrdlika went on undisturbed. Between the points marked to show where the galleries were choked, Doubrava and the others had worked. They would be in there, he said; and while all that was true enough, too, they could get no drift of what he had in mind, and wondered what possessed him.

"Listen—me spik to tells you!" With a swift hand Hrdlika blotted out all he had drawn, and patiently began anew. One line he drew for the main entry, and side by side with this others to represent the parallels.

All these ran north and south—in the lingo of the mines, "face entries." Cutting them at right angles were the "butt entries," running east and west straight along the grain of the coal. One by one Hrdlika struck off the galleries in the mine, drawing a map like a gridiron and calling each entry in turn. "Nort' Twelf—Nort' Thirteen—Nort' Fourssteen—und, chess—here will be Nort' Fifsteen!" He planted a stubby finger on the line, and looked up fiercely. "There will be a rise from the coals here," he said pointedly; "all the gas from the mine she will flows to here. To reach him Doubrava, you must go others way."

The fire-boss shook his head gloomily. "You're wrong, Joe. There'll be no way into that part of the pit save by Fifteen North. All the other entries leadin' in is choked—Fifteen is least choked of all; an' ye c'n barely make it there, leavin' out the gas at that!"

Hrdlika grunted savagely. "Hey—you waits—me spik!" he cried. With his clumsy hand he drew the lines afresh. "Look!" he said; "there is Nort' Eightsteen—she is open."

The fire-boss interrupted wearily. "But you can't get from Eighteen North to Fifteen —or even to North Seventeen. There is sixty feet of solid coal between."

Hrdlika's face reddened angrily. "By damn!" he swore; "me shows to you!" With one stroke he drew a sharp diagonal from the head of Eighteen to a point some way down Seventeen.

"The cross-heading!" exclaimed the fire-boss with an oath; "I'd forgotten that!"

Long ago this diagonal had been cut through the coal to help out a scheme of ventilation, and when abandoned, one end of the cut had been walled up with brick to turn the air in another direction. Hrdlika went on. They should break down this wall, follow the passage to North Seventeen, and, coming back a way, enter room One Hundred and Twenty-eight.

"Van Hunnert Twentys-eight," said Hrdlika impressively; "me work him once minesnelf—me bin company man—an' there is almost break-through!"

The fire-boss struck his hands together sharply. "By ginger, I see it now!" he cried. "The Hunky's right—they did start to break through there, long ago, and gave it up when the plan was changed."

Hrdlika grinned at his excitement. "From Sevensteen, we break through to Nort' Sixsteen—van hour—me cut him that holes minesnelf, me tells you."

Silence fell upon the crowd; they hung over the man, breathlessly awaiting his next suggestion. "Van hour, me tells you—me cut him minesnelf. Then we be in Sixsteen!" Here he paused again, and looked at them curiously. "Val—vat you think?"

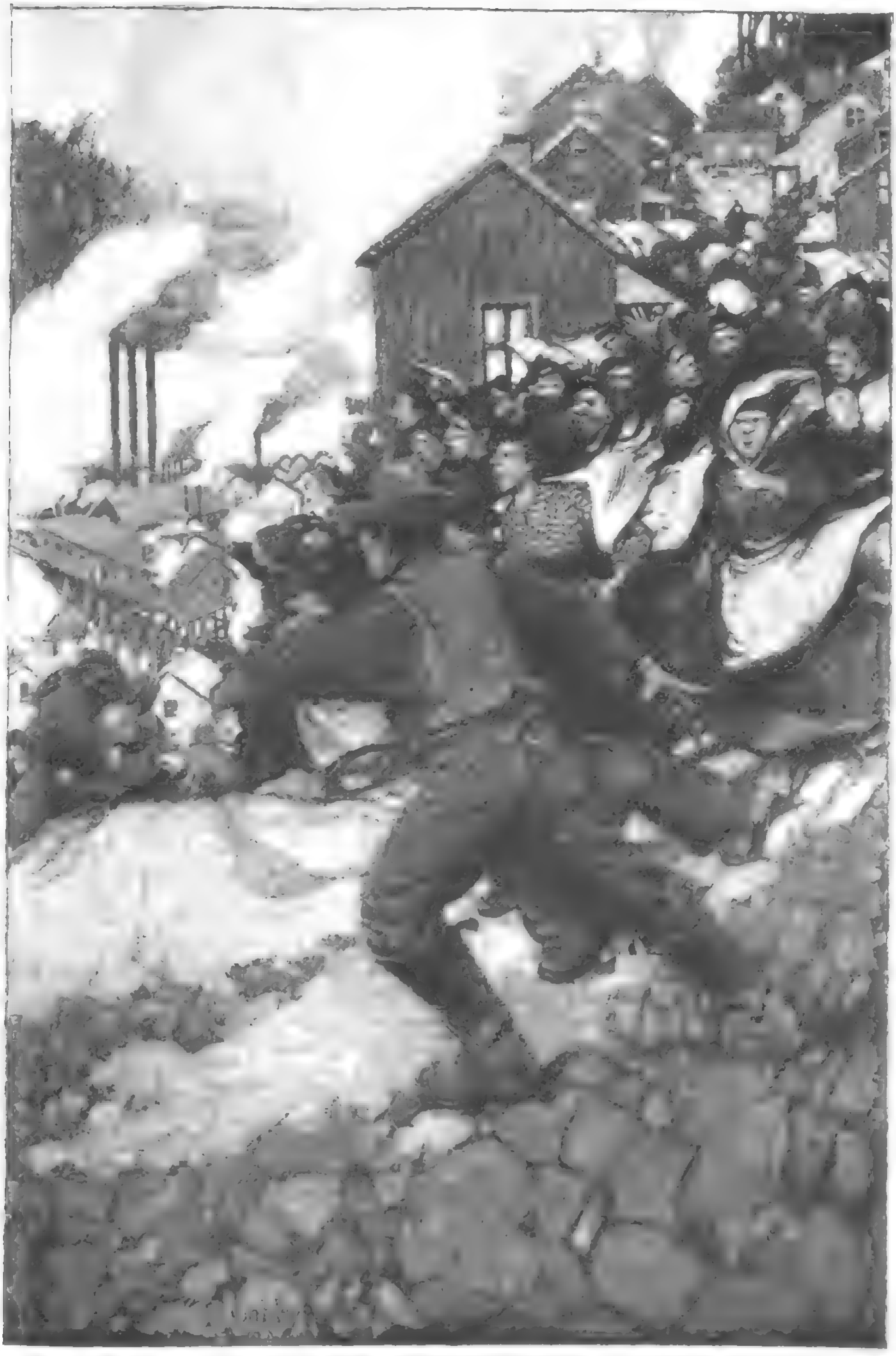
Once more the fire-boss shook his head, disheartened. "It's no go, my man," he said dully. "How are ye goin' to git from Sixteen to Fifteen—there's no break-throughs in that part of the pit. There will be forty feet of coal, too, between the breast of the deepest room and North Fifteen. Why——"

Hrdlika cut him short with a grunt of disgust. "Mebbe you know," he growled, "wait—me show you!" He leaned down again, and began drawing other lines in the dust. North Fifteen, he said, had not been driven straight, but swung rapidly to the left; furthermore, there was a room at that point that had been cut deeper than the others in that entry. "You no find him fortys feet from the coal," grunted Hrdlika; "they been twelf foots only—chess, me tells you soh!" He lifted his swart face and looked at them again, his teeth bared in a knowing grin, and laid a finger at the center of the map. "There shalls you find him Doubrava—me dunno. Mebbe he makes him to run a little from scared. But so close shall you finds him. Me like me go see!"

With Hrdlika at its head, the rescue party once more tried the mine. The giant Slav bore on swiftly, his lamp swinging at his knee, going at a gait that forced the others almost to a run. Silence had fallen on them all; they raced through the blackness of the pit like shadows. Over the falls of slate and wreckage crowding the floor Hrdlika scrambled like a cat, pushing his way past all obstacles. At length he halted suddenly, and held his lamp uplifted. "Soh!" he grunted; "here will be the stoppings—the wall where is bricked up the cross-heading—hey, vat?"

With their picks they attacked the brick bulkhead, and the air that came through the opening was sweet and clear. Hrdlika, snatching up his lamp, kicked away the rubbish and plunged through the hole. "Nort' Sevensteen!" he muttered abruptly, and, turning sharply, raced along through the darkness, the others clattering at his heels.

Hrdlika stopped and set his lamp on the



LIKE A SWARM OF FRENZIED ANTS, CRAZY WITH EXCITEMENT.

mine-floor. Throwing off his coat, he crept along the pillar of coal, eying it closely. "Hunh!" he muttered, and laid his hand upon a cross nicked deeply in the vein. "Here you will him through," he growled; "that is the mark for the break-through."

They all stood back, and in the dim light of the safety-lamps Hrdlika attacked the coal. Crouched on the floor, he struck his pick deep into the vein, and stroke by stroke drove a channel along the foot of it close to the bottom layer of slate and fire-clay. As the gash in the coal grew deeper, he lay down on the floor and worked away, crowding deeper and deeper into the vein. This undercutting had been driven in two feet or more when he arose, and, slouching down the entry, returned with an auger and a breastplate. Kneeling down, he adjusted the socket over his breast, and, leaning all his weight on the tool, bored swiftly into the vein. Once he stopped and looked around. "Mebbe you got some powder—hey, vat?" he demanded. They shook their heads. "Vat—you no got him powders ?" he exclaimed, and began to grumble, once more driving away at the drill. "No got him powders—no got him nuddings. Me, Joe Hrdlika, me do everythink. Powders cost him from nine cents." He looked around to the fire-boss, solemn question in his eye. "Mebbe you pay for him—that powders —hey, vat?"

When Hrdlika had the shot-hole drilled he arose, and, fumbling in his coat-pockets, brought out a stick of dynamite and a squib. Carelessly as ever he set the cap in the cartridge-head and with the tamping-rod drove it home. "She bin *dobrij*—the gas—hey, vat?" he demanded, turning again to the fire-boss, and the man nodded. The air was clear; there was no gas in the entry. A moment later the roar of the exploding shot boomed through the entries, and when the rancid smoke had cleared, their lights showed them a ragged cleavage through the barrier above the coal sprawled out along the floor. With his pick Hrdlika dislodged the fragments, widening the passage stroke by stroke, and when the way was clear, held up his light for the others to crawl along through the break.

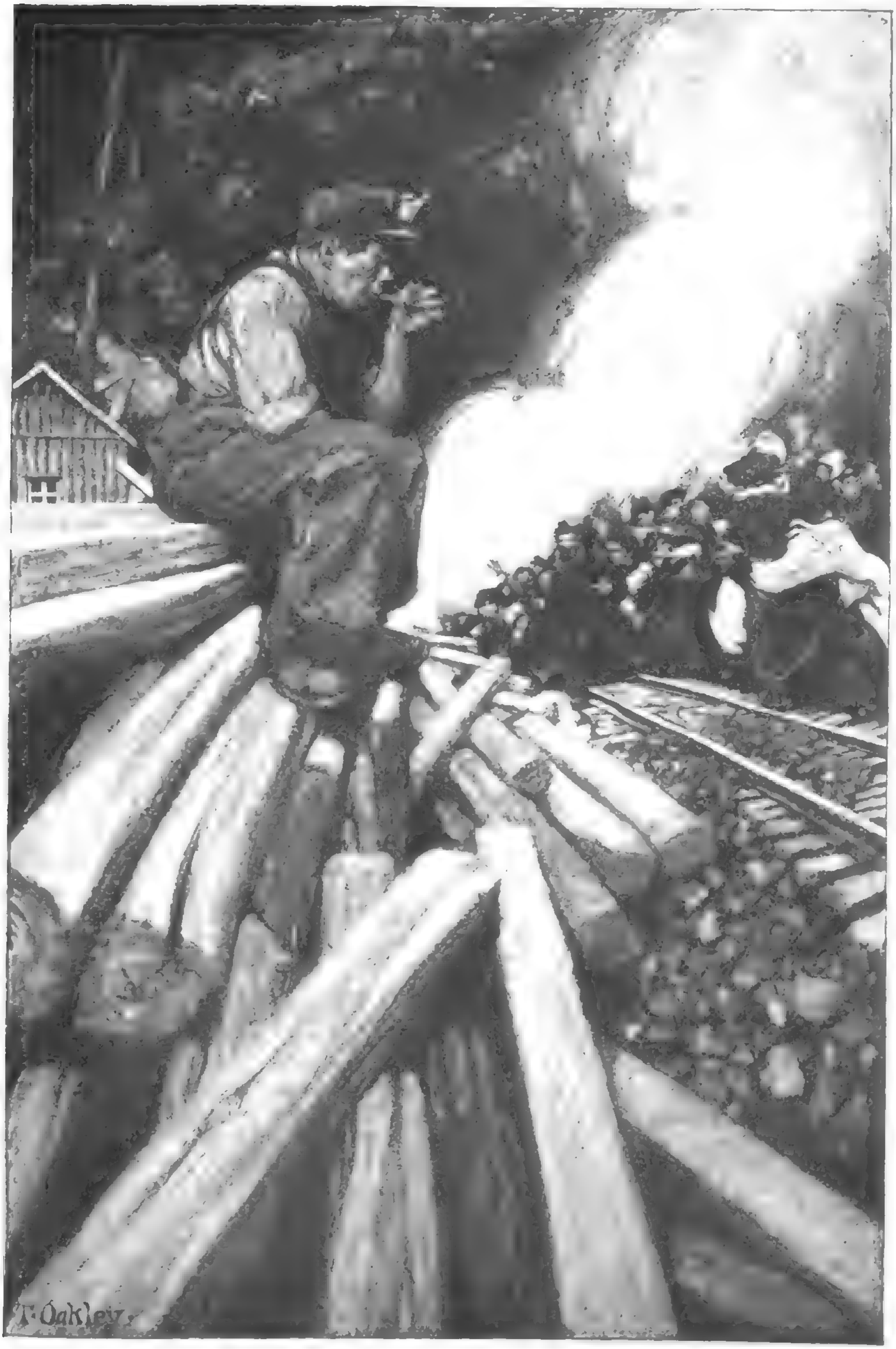
In single file they traversed the long room and turned into the gallery of North Sixteen. The air had grown dull and lifeless, and as the fire-boss pushed along he stopped cautiously, trying with his light for the gas that might have crept in there. "Go slow, men," he cautioned; and was striding on again when out of the blackness rose a dark gray shadow, uprearing from floor to roof. It choked the entry, top and sides—a fall of slate, effectually blocking the way. Hrdlika strode forward, and eyed it in dismay. "Vat," he said, grinning at last; "we all makes to work a leetle, now—hey, vat?" Still with that silly smile upon his face, he put down his lamp, and, reaching up, tapped at the roof with his pick. Once again he struck the slate, and at that a great slab chipped off, and with a sharp crack the rock gave and came tumbling to the floor. "Hoh!" cried Hrdlika, leaping aside; and at the cry the others, taking to their heels, fled down the gallery as if the whole mine were tumbling about their ears. But the rock held after that, and one by one they returned sheepishly where Hrdlika, still grinning, leaned up against the coal.

"Vat—you gits scared mebbe?" he demanded, contemptuous of the panic they had shown; "the roofs, she is arched. No more slates shall fall. We work now—hey, vat?"

With his pick he reached up and dragged away the fallen slabs, snatching down the heavy slates as if they had been chips of wood. An hour passed, and he was still at it, the others carrying away the rock as soon as he dislodged it from the pile. "Soh!" he grunted at last; and with a heavy wrench dragged down a last big slate, and pointed to the hole it left. "There will be a place," he said, lifting his lamp; "mebbe you try him that."

It was the fire-boss that went first; and here calamity nearly overtook them all. The man, worming his way over the crest of the barrier, pressed forward, forgetting in his eagerness to test the air as he went along. It was rank and foul; as they sped forward it grew worse. But they gave no heed. Hrdlika traveled with his eyes fastened on the left-hand room-turnings, and nearly at the entry's end paused, and, looking to right and to left, nodded. "This shalls be room Eightys-nine," he said, waving his lamp down the turning; "here she shalls back up from room Sixtys-four—twelf feet from the coal, room to room!"

Still forgetful of the danger of gas, they watched Hrdlika and a Cornishman start in to undercut the breast of coal. Their lights, held close to the floor, gave no sign of the creeping gas; and inch by inch it settled on



HRDLIKA POISED HIMSELF ON A STACK OF TIES AND CASUALLY LOOKED ON.

the roof, sinking down toward their heads. Hrdlika, pausing in his work, looked up; and there was the fire-boss staring back at him, his eyes dreamy and full of the deadly sleep. One step the man took toward him, swayed unsteadily, and, letting slip the lamp, sank down on weakening knees and fell in a huddle on the floor.

With a cry the giant Slav struggled upright. "The gas!" he cried; and at that a Cornishman, caught by the deadly vapor, fell across the inert form of the fire-boss. Hrdlika held his breath. With a swift gesture he drove the others before him, and, lifting up the fire-boss in his arms, raced down the room toward the entry. There he laid his burden down, and, crying after the others, who ran staggering along the gallery, bade them take the man. Half-dazed, they returned; and once more Hrdlika plunged back into the chamber they had quit.

The gas was making quickly. He felt his senses going dizzily, and, falling on his hands and knees, crept along toward where the Cornishman lay. Unless he made quick work of it there would be death for both of them. But Hrdlika never faltered. He gripped the Cornishman by the heels, and, exerting all his strength, dragged the inert figure backward toward the entry, which even then was clogging up. The gas, leaking through from that part of the mine where the explosion had done its worst, was streaming into the passage they had opened. Throwing the man's body across his shoulder, Hrdlika sped down the gallery, turned into the break-through, and, sighing from exertion, came to the comparative safety of North Seventeen. There he found three others awaiting him, and between them they got the Cornishman to the top. "Val," said Hrdlika, wiping the sweat from his brow, "the gas, she will nearly makes dead for us—hey, vat?" He drew his lungs full of the brisk, fresh air blowing about the open, and stretched his huge frame awkwardly. "Val," he said, picking up his lamp, "we go backs now an' get him that Mike Doubrava! Vat—you no like!"

For, as they owned doggedly, they were beaten. It was death to go into the pit until the wreckage was cleared away, and the air was led into the mine's poisoned depth. Hrdlika grinned. "Mebbe you bin scared," he mocked contemptuously; "me go minesnelf—chess!" He stood there looking on, still with this mockery reflected in his eyes, until they agreed, in shame, to return. But first of all, brattices must be set up at the point of the cross-heading and backing up the break-through, so that the gas should be driven out of North Sixteen. "Sure," said Hrdlika, when he had heard them; "you think me bin damns fool—hey, vat?"

Five hours later they had cleared out the poisoned air from North Sixteen, and Hrdlika, once more at the breast, returned to his attack on the coal. For five feet he drove in his undercut, working with unabated strength hour after hour. With his own hand he set the shots, touching off the blast that threw down half the barrier at one charge; and when the smoke had cleared away, returned eagerly to the work. Lying on his side, he drove the pick-point deep into the vein, at each stroke wrenching it away with a grunt; and had just struck one other mighty blow, when he paused with a sharp exclamation:

"By damn—you hear him that!"

A deep silence fell. With quick-beating hearts they bent and listened; and then through the stillness came to their ears a faint *tick—tick—tick;* a tip-tapping quick but measured, as if some hidden hand beat time against the face of the coal beyond.

Hrdlika's breath came roaring as he listened. "By God!" he cried, "there is some one alives by the peet!"

Two hours later they broke through the wall of coal. Hrdlika, lifting his pick, struck at the center of the wall, now almost penetrated, and at the stroke the iron crashed through to the head. With bracing shoulders he pried it free; a rush of coal tumbled after it; and as he drew back the tool for another stroke, a voice came screaming through the passage.

The big Slav stepped back, and, lifting his lamp, held it to the opening. Sweat was streaming from his face, and he had drawn back his lips till the teeth were bared. "Who is it?" he demanded; "you spik—hey, vat?"

A low voice answered. "Me—Tony Melkska—you bin Joe Hrdlika—no—chess?"

Hrdlika turned and spat savagely. "Val—where is Mike Doubrava? Is he deads—chess—hey, vat?"

A moment's silence followed; the face at the opening fell back, and there, framed in the coal, stared forth the squat features of the man that Hrdlika had come to find. "Vat you want?" he demanded; "mebbe me get out—chess—hey, vat?"

With a curse, Hrdlika turned from the opening and slouched away up the entry. Mike Doubrava had been saved.

It was a week later when the whistle blew and the gangs came trooping down to their work. Calamities are soon forgotten in the pit. Ferguson, once more himself, stood at the slope-mouth counting the workers as they filed below. Then, when the last man had passed down the haulage, he turned and walked briskly along the tipple and came to the office of the weigh-boss.

"Where's Hrdlika?" he asked, and the weigh-boss shook his head.

Ferguson regarded him a moment idly, and went on pricking up the wick of his lamp. "Forbye the man'll be droonk," he ventured, after a pause; "but that wull be the nature of the Hunky. 'Twull be no great wyte on the man, though, after the bravery of him." He arose, and stepped to the door. "Well, if Joe but turns up the day send him along to me—I've a fair word for him, whateffer his habits'll be."

The weigh-boss looked up with a grin. "Joe ain't been around," he said, breaking into a laugh, "since the night he dragged out Doubrava and the others. He's gone!"

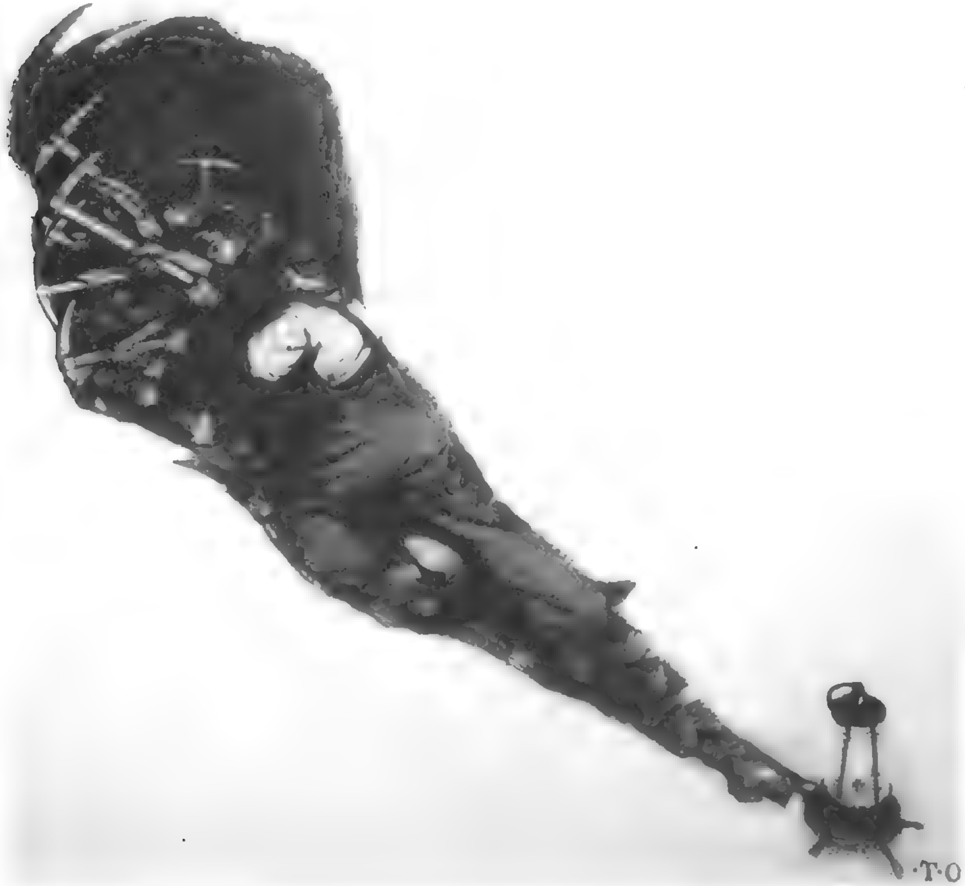
"Gone!" gasped Ferguson.

"That's what," said the weigh-boss, laughing at the other's air of bewilderment; "he drew a month's advance of pay on the strength of what he'd done, and skipped out the night after!"

Ferguson whistled.

"'Twull none be true!" he cried. "Skipped out, ye say!"

The weigh-boss nodded again. "He did that," he laughed easily; "and ran off with Mike Doubrava's wife into the bargain!"



THEY BROKE THROUGH THE WALL OF COAL.

MARIA REDBURN

By RUTH KIMBALL GARDINER

Author of "The Heart of a Girl," etc.

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

MARIA REDBURN was seventeen when her mother sickened with her last illness. She was twenty-nine when Mrs. Redburn died.

The Redburns were persons of consequence in Gordonsville. Maria's grandfather had been governor of the State. The college at the end of the street had been endowed by her father, and the remaining Redburns had no need to begrudge the gift. The Redburn women were accustomed to have whatever they wanted, so when Mrs. Redburn sank into invalidism it was only natural that she should have what she tacitly demanded: Maria's girlhood, Maria's young womanhood, and the promise Maria's future held.

It was a time and a place unused to the shifting of burdens upon the shoulders of hired nurses. In serious illnesses, neighbors went in to help. To say of a person that he had been "sat up with" for three nights, meant that his life had hung in the balance so long. Mrs. Redburn was sat up with for only the week before she died, and after that, for the two nights before the funeral. For the rest of the twelve years Maria nursed her. For five of the twelve, Gordonsville said that nothing but the daughter's devotion kept the mother alive. There was nothing remarkable in the situation. Mrs. Redburn was not consciously a vampire. Maria did for her only what she would have done for Maria if their situations had been reversed. She bore her sufferings uncomplainingly, and she asked of Maria no more than was necessary. Maria merely gave all that it was possible for her to give.

At twenty-nine Maria found herself bewildered by her freedom. Long expectation of her mother's death had dulled the edge of her grief, and she recognized sincerely that Mrs. Redburn had welcomed the end. For herself, she was a machine suddenly robbed of its motive power. Her life, narrowed so long to the confines of a sick room, had not the impulse to expand. The ticking of the clock ceased to have meaning for her when it warned her no longer of the approach of the next medicine time. She could not readily adjust herself to an understanding of its meaning to the outside world. She knew dimly that the country was at war. She recalled that Sumter had been fired on, because in that week they began to sit up with her mother. She felt vaguely the stir in the air, but there was no common ground on which she could enter into the lives of the women about her. She had neither father, brother, nor near kinsman to send to the war. She had never had a lover. Except for the physician and the clergyman, men had played no part in her life.

Her nearest neighbors were the Freemans, widow and son. George Freeman had been kind during the last days of the twelve years, but in her preoccupation their acquaintance had remained so slight that she was surprised when George came to tell her he was going away with the regiment. The object of his visit, only, seemed natural and to be expected.

"I know what a good nurse you are, Miss Maria," George said diffidently, "and mother is not strong. She wants me to go, and I feel that it is my duty to go, and if you——"

"Of course I shall be glad to do whatever I can for her," Maria answered. "I shall feel that I am helping a little if I can make your going easier."

Then, in an agony of embarrassment, George ventured another appeal. The Freemans were far from being wealthy, and George had not the business instinct. Indeed, with the income from his clerkship gone, there remained little for his mother's support but the rental of a house and some acres of farming land, these, moreover, encumbered. Mrs. Freeman would grieve if she were robbed of the privilege of giving her son to her country. Yet, if the rent failed—his mother knew so little of business—he had spared her the details—dared he ask——

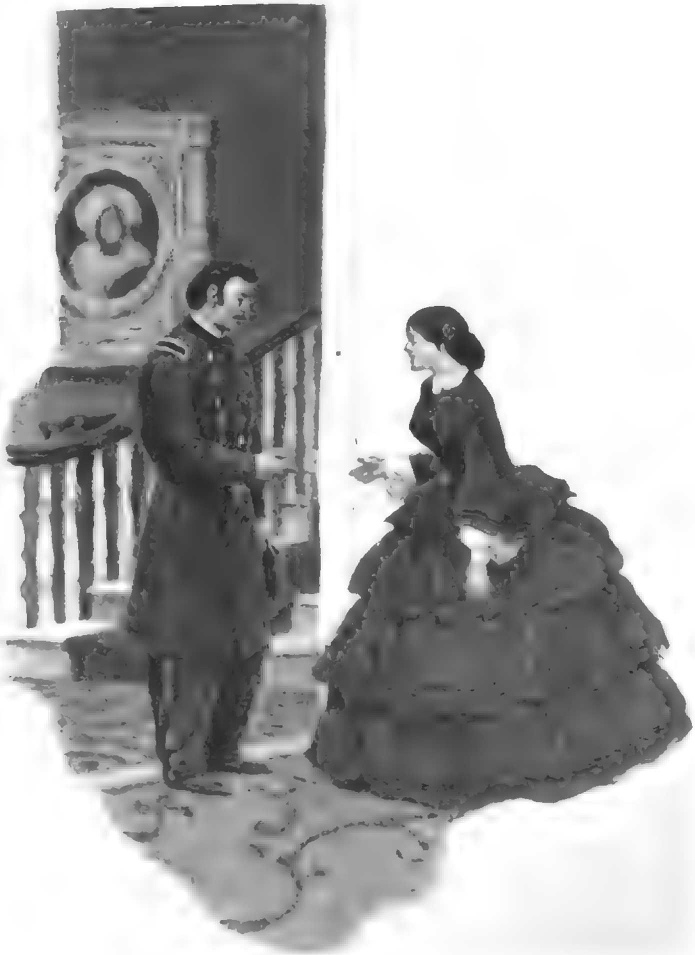
Maria anticipated his request. She had managed her own considerable property since she was twenty-one. She could easily look after Mrs. Freeman's. Her life was so purposeless that she welcomed the care. She had so little to occupy her unaccustomed leisure.

The regiment went away with streaming colors and crashing drums. From her seat in her carriage, George's mother beside her, Maria watched the young men set out. George looked very well in his lieutenant's uniform. He was a shy, diffident fellow, lacking initiative, and given to keeping his affairs to himself, but he was honest and trusted by men. He shook hands with Maria as they parted.

At the last moment there was a stir on the station platform. Kitty Winchester, who had waved her handkerchief and coquetted, and acted as if Alec Flint's going away were nothing to her, as she had all along insisted that Alec himself was nothing to her, broke from the crowd, and with a cry fell unconscious in Alec's arms.

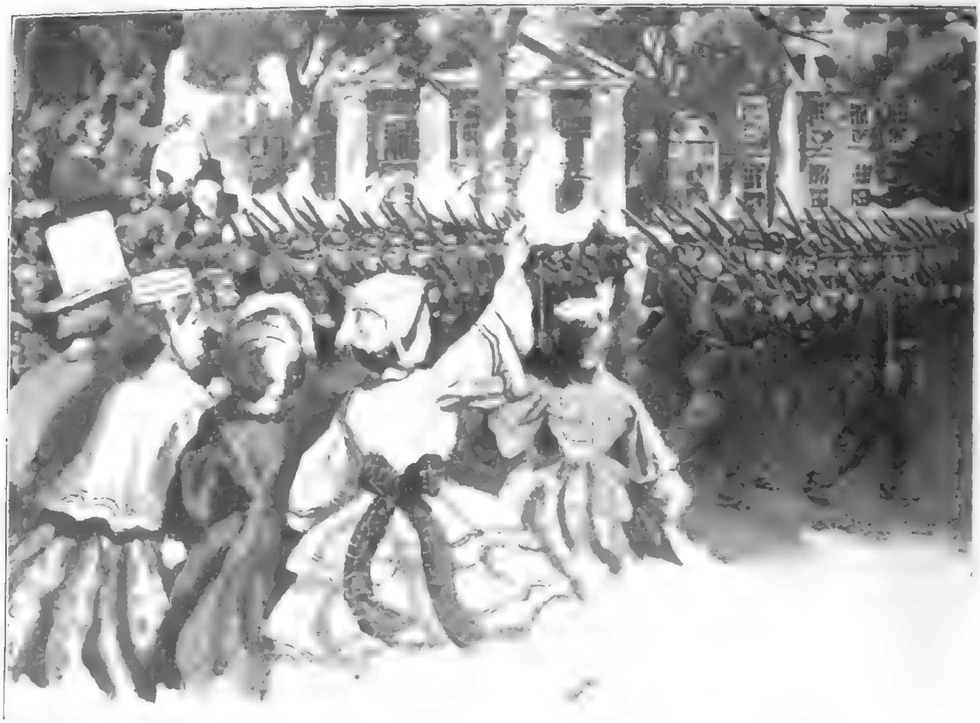
The incident impressed Maria deeply. The recollection of it stayed with her for days. For the first time, she saw her life in the light of its contrast with the lives of other women. She recalled, as key-notes, little things seen and forgotten: the girls who for the first two or three of the twelve years still came to see her, drawn by the weakening link of their schoolgirl friendship; their talk of picnics and parties; the blushing consciousness of their reference to this boy or that. They were wives and mothers now. Maria could scarcely recall what marriages most of them had made.

The last Christmas before her mother's illness she had dressed a doll for little Virginia Mayo, across the street. Now, Virginia was to be married to Jack Van Arsdale. It seemed to Maria, seeing her as if for the first time, that Virginia had grown to womanhood in a night. In some vague way she resented the girl's gay youth, for Virginia seemed very like what she herself had been at seventeen.



"I FEEL THAT IT IS MY DUTY TO GO, AND IF YOU——"

It was not expected that Maria, being in first mourning, would attend the wedding, but Virginia, from the seclusion which Gordonsville custom prescribed after the in-



THE REGIMENT WENT AWAY WITH STREAMING COLORS AND CRASHING DRUMS.

vitations had been sent out, wrote a note to her.

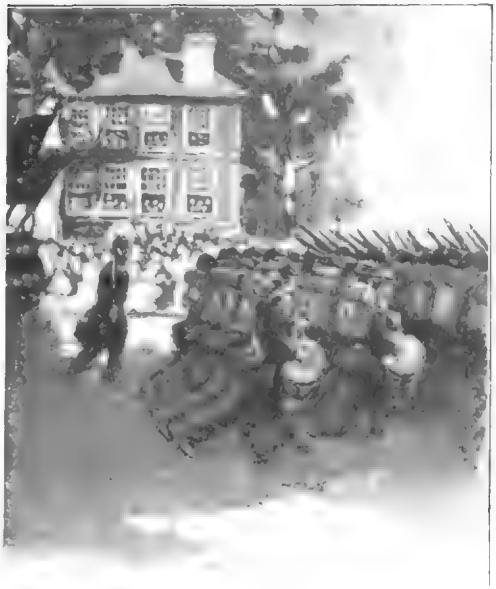
"I want you to be at the window to see Jack and me when we go away," she wrote. "I shall remember to look for you."

Maria ventured as far as her veranda, in the dusk. She saw the door of the Mayo house swing open, and in the warm light streaming from the hall Virginia came fluttering down the steps on her bridegroom's arm. At the gate she stopped to run back and fling herself into her mother's arms for a last embrace. Then Jack led her to the waiting carriage. Her father and mother stood looking after them as they drove away. Mr. Mayo laid his arm about his wife's shoulders, and they went back into their home together. Maria saw the door close after them, shutting in the light. The work begun by Kitty Winchester was completed. Maria shrank back into her empty house in consciously defined self-pity.

Almost fiercely she threw herself into the work of the women in the next few months. She scraped her half-worn and newer linen into lint. She made comfort bags for the soldiers. She knitted mittens with a separate stall for the trigger finger. She rolled bandages and packed boxes. She had been busy too long with the work of devotion to endure idleness. She had no one at home to make demands. She had no one at the front to make her sympathy personal. After all, she was only an outsider in all this labor of love.

They came to her late one night with news. George Freeman had been killed—shot through the heart. Fred Carlin, slightly wounded in the same engagement, was bringing the dead soldier home. Maria, as Mrs. Freeman's nearest neighbor, had been chosen to break the news. It was such brief news at first. Afterward Gordonsville knew that the letter found in George's pocket was addressed to Maria Redburn. It was merely a letter of business, an acknowledgment of money advanced against the demands of a mortgage. It began, "Dear Miss Maria," and it ended, after "Give my love to mother," "Your obedient servant." Maria did not show it to Mrs. Freeman. She had no mind to add knowledge of indebtedness to the mother's grief. George remained to his mother infallible as well as heroic.

Maria took upon herself the burden of



necessary details in the next few days. She stood between Mrs. Freeman and the realities of the funeral arrangements. She wrote the death notice, which local custom decreed should be printed on black-bordered sheets and distributed throughout the town. It is still a matter of pride in Gordonsville to outrun rumor with the printed announcement. Maria considered every trivial channel through which the mother's pride might be wounded.

After the fatigue of the journey Fred Carlin suffered a relapse, so, George's nearest friend failing, and kinsmen lacking, Maria alone supported Mrs. Freeman through the last day with George.

As they drove home together Mrs. Freeman spoke of the letter. The jealousy of maternal love magnified an accident into a slight.

"His last letter was to you," she complained.

"But his last words for you," Maria comforted, quoting the message.

"I wish you had shown it to me," Mrs. Freeman went on. "My son's last written words—and you keep them from me. Tell me what he said. Was he hopeful? Was he glad? Was he unafraid?"

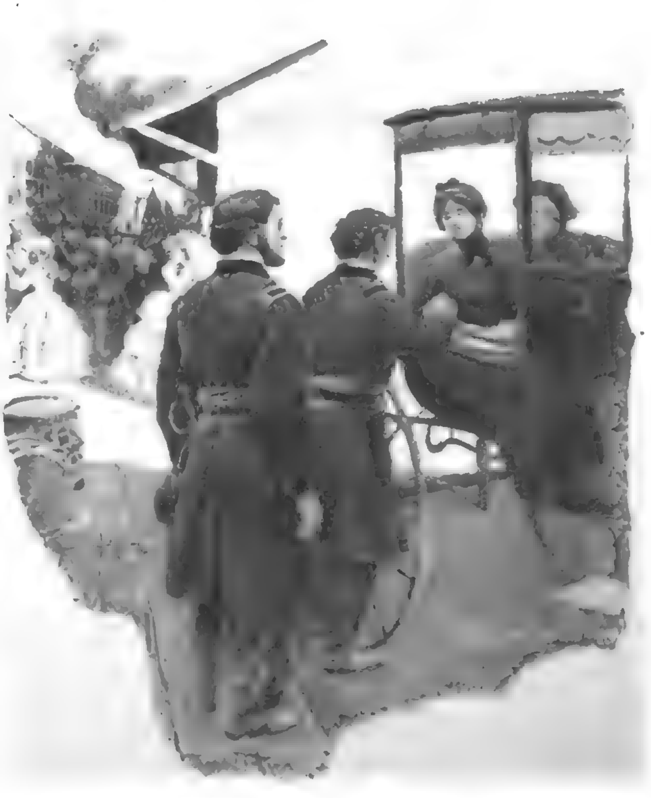
The words of the letter rose before Maria. "When I come home I shall set about paying you in full."

"He spoke hopefully of coming home," she said lamely, "and of his work."

Mrs. Freeman continued to search her with questions. Unused to deceive, Maria answered awkwardly, bent on sparing the mother pain. So bare a letter to have been his last message. The mother's quick jealousy read a meaning in her reticence. They parted almost coldly.

Mrs. Freeman did not speak of the letter when Maria went to see her the next day. She talked incessantly of George, magnifying him out of all semblance to the diffident young man Maria had known.

"You were such friends, you and he," she said. "He often spoke of you. How many



HE SHOOK HANDS WITH MARIA AS THEY PARTED.

times he used to say he wished I had a daughter like you!"

Maria blushed. She had never thought of herself as occupying the imaginings of any one. She was startled as by a first compliment. Mrs. Freeman caught her glow.

"Perhaps he did not tell me all," she said. "Perhaps if he had come home—oh, Maria!"

She sobbed in Maria's arms.

In such a way the myth of Maria's love story began. Mrs. Freeman nursed her fancy. Its possibilities brought George nearer. He lived for her again, since he lived for Maria, and at the same time, being dead, he was so wholly hers that Maria could not rob her of him. She gained a daughter without surrendering the son. Maria claimed so little. Two hearts to mourn were scant of George's due.

Maria accepted passively, agreeing with this thing, shyly refusing to deny that, forbidden, by the necessity of concealing George's obligation, to be frank, till, having admitted so much, she stood committed. "My daughter," Mrs. Freeman called her, one day, in Fred Carlin's presence.

Maria went home trembling. How could she deny now? Why should she deny at all? Other women had the right to a living love or a living grief. Why should she alone have nothing? Her sacrificed girlhood, her unchosen maidenhood, her slighted womanhood cried out for solace. The implication of Mrs. Freeman's words gave her a place among women. At least, she was such a woman as a man might have chosen.

Shyly she acquiesced as the myth grew. She felt a new regard in the eyes of Gordonsville. She was no longer merely the daughter who had devoted herself. She was a woman to whom devotion had been offered.

When the flag in the Square hung at half-mast for Alec Flint, Kitty Winchester sent for her.

"I wanted to see you," she said. "I can talk to you. Mother has father, but you—you had George."

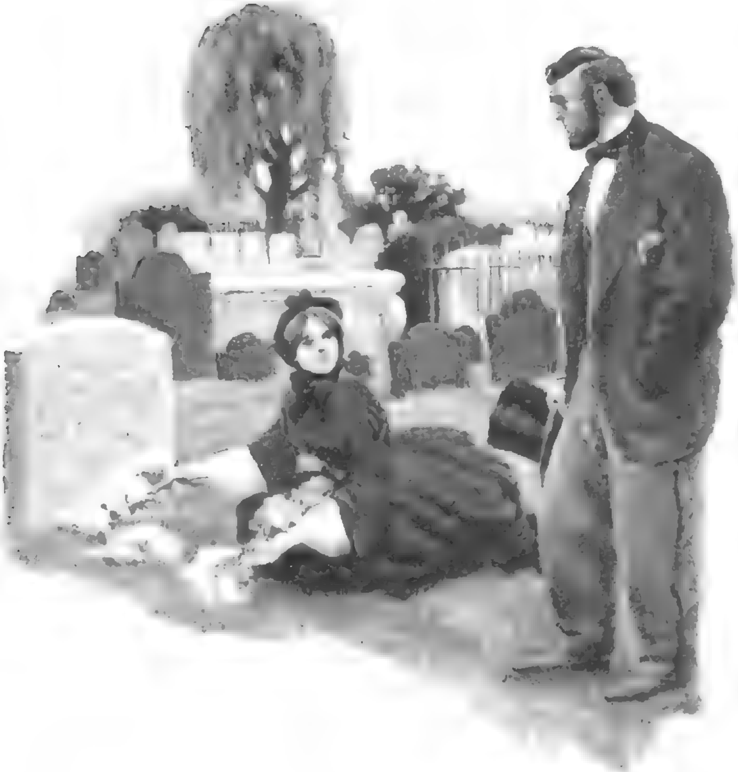
The speech was Maria's accolade. She assumed unreservedly her right to comfort Kitty Winchester. Thereafter she accepted George with shy boldness. No one questioned. George had been reticent, and she secluded. Her very devotion to her mother took on a color of romance. It stood no longer as a daughter's involuntary sacrifice. It was the voluntary sacrifice of love to duty. Maria was understood to have made a choice. She became appealingly a woman with a history. She felt herself accepted of the freemasonry of women who have been chosen. She was no longer Maria, the old maid. She was Maria, the young widow.

The myth became very real to her. Her visits to George's grave were made with authority. It was known that she selected and paid for his monument. To Mrs. Freeman, it was an altar at which she worshiped the dead George. To Maria, it was an altar at which she worshiped a living reality, of which George was merely a symbol.

Maria saw herself as she was seen by others, and unconsciously adapted herself to her rôle. She began to dress with a certain assurance, a certain coquetry, as women dress who are conscious of pleasing. She made and received visits, meeting women on a common ground, renewing old ties, forming new ones. She blossomed. Young girls, seeing her against the background of her romantic story, came to confide their secrets to her. She had kept her own so well. Bereaved women came to her for sympathy. She, too, had been bereaved. Certain laces she gave to a bride were believed to have been bought for her own wedding outfit. Maria never denied the belief. Since Mrs. Freeman had granted George to her, they might easily have been so bought. At last, it seemed to her that they had been so bought.

Fred Carlin's acquiescence, too, secured her acceptance of the myth. He had been the nearest friend George's reticence admitted, and with him just before his death. It hurt her to know that George had spoken to Fred of his financial obligation to her. She protected George by a more positive appropriation of him. The George of her fancy must not seem to have accepted aid from a woman on whom he had no claim.

So, for two years Maria's myth grew, till she had built up for herself a past, never consciously defined in detail, but so real that it came to be as a thing which had actually been lived. Mrs. Freeman's health failed rapidly, and when George had been dead a little more than two years, she came to live with Maria. As George's friend, Fred Carlin visited them often. When Mrs. Freeman began to keep her bed, he went with Maria to carry flowers to George's grave. After the first, they spoke seldom of George. Maria shrank from contrasting the reality of George, as she made him for herself, with the unreality of George as she and Fred had known him.



HE WENT WITH MARIA TO CARRY FLOWERS TO GEORGE'S GRAVE.

They talked rather of Maria's life in the new light the myth of George had given it. Her youth, its sacrifice now justified, became beautiful to her. She recalled only bright moments: her mother's merry spirit; their laughing arguments over cap ribbons; their loving bickerings over quilt pieces. The twelve years now seemed full of incident. They had been lived, not merely lived through.

When Mrs. Freeman died, Fred Carlin left no duties to Maria. For the first time in her life, she saw herself a person to be considered; a woman to be cared for, to be shielded even from her own unselfishness.

Robbed of Mrs. Freeman's insistence, her myth became a thing so merged in herself that she ceased consciously to think of it. She had merely lived as other women lived. Fred Carlin still came to see her, urging no longer the pretext of George's friendship. He pervaded her prim, well-ordered house with his breezy masculinity. He talked to her of his dogs and of his law practise, of his encounters with men, and of his plans for the future. He rallied her on her narrowness of outlook, her lack of humor, her timidity, her anxiety over fly-specks and dimmed door-knobs. He pretended to find her frivolous because she read Mrs. Southworth, and ferocious because she set traps for mice. None of the small happenings of her day was too trivial to interest him. He assumed the right to advise and he gave commands rather than advice.

For some months Maria's tranquillity remained undisturbed. She had always been essentially subjective, existing, to her own thought, in relation to another—her mother, Mrs. Freeman, George. She was slow to see that Fred Carlin saw her objectively, slower still to understand that he was wooing her. His first direct words startled and dismayed her. They showed her her myth as it must seem to him if he knew. She was humiliated, convicted of falsehood. Robbed of its extenuating half-lights, in the glare of open confession, how could her deception be condoned? She realized how utterly she had committed herself. Each day since George's death accused her separately. She put Fred off. She evaded. She made this plea and that to gain time. Fred, having declared himself, remained avowedly the lover, and contented himself to wait. He gave her to understand that he would not take no for an answer. She saw that in time he would have his way, but she clung obstinately to the protection of silence.

A year went round, and Fred felt his vexation at her obstinacy grow into a grievance. George had had his full due of mourning, and Fred was no longer young enough to respect what he felt to be mere sentimentality. He loved Maria honestly and simply, and he wanted the home she could make for him. He could have understood reluctance in a young girl. In a woman of Maria's age it verged on the ridiculous. His friends chaffed him, and more than once only Maria's deprecating helplessness kept him from speaking brusquely to her.

At last there came a time when he was obliged to leave Gordonsville on a business matter. He was to be gone several months. He went to Maria with the news.

"Come now," he said. "We have waited long enough. Let us be married and go together."

Maria shrank back, protesting. Fred's patience snapped.

"This is the last time I shall ask you," he said. "It must be yes or no now. I give you two days in which to make up your mind. If you have been playing with me, say so frankly, and I shall never trouble you again."

When he had left her, Maria went slowly up the stairs to her room. A dreamer always, she was face to face with a reality she could not evade. She played with the temptation of consent and continued silence, and over against this she set her virgin pride in Fred's knowledge that she had loved no man but him. She knew she could not marry him without telling him the truth, and she could not conceive it possible that he would forgive a lie. His own standards of honor were so high. She could conceive him turning from her in scorn, but at any cost she must let him know what had stood between them. Only one agony was spared her. It was not in her nature to see herself as ridiculous. That night was Maria's Gethsemane.

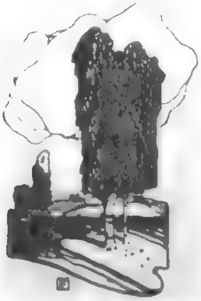
Toward morning she finished the letter to Fred. In her self-abasement she told him merely the bare facts. Truth was all she strove for, yet her very anxiety to condemn herself was an extenuation.

"Other people did not care to hear Mrs. Freeman talk about George," she said. "Kitty Winchester said she was glad to have somebody who understood how she felt about Alec."

These were the only excuses she made.

The letter came to Fred in his office. He laid down his cigar to read it. At the end the man in him bubbled up for a moment in a laugh. He read the letter again, and his eyes were wet.

"The blessed little simpleton!" he said, and went to Maria.



Photograph by Hall, New York.

FRANCIS WILSON AS *MONTAGUE SIBSEY*, WILLIAM LEWERS AS *ARCHER LYDBROOK*, AND MAY ROBSON AS *MRS. MONTAGUE SIBSEY* IN "THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER."

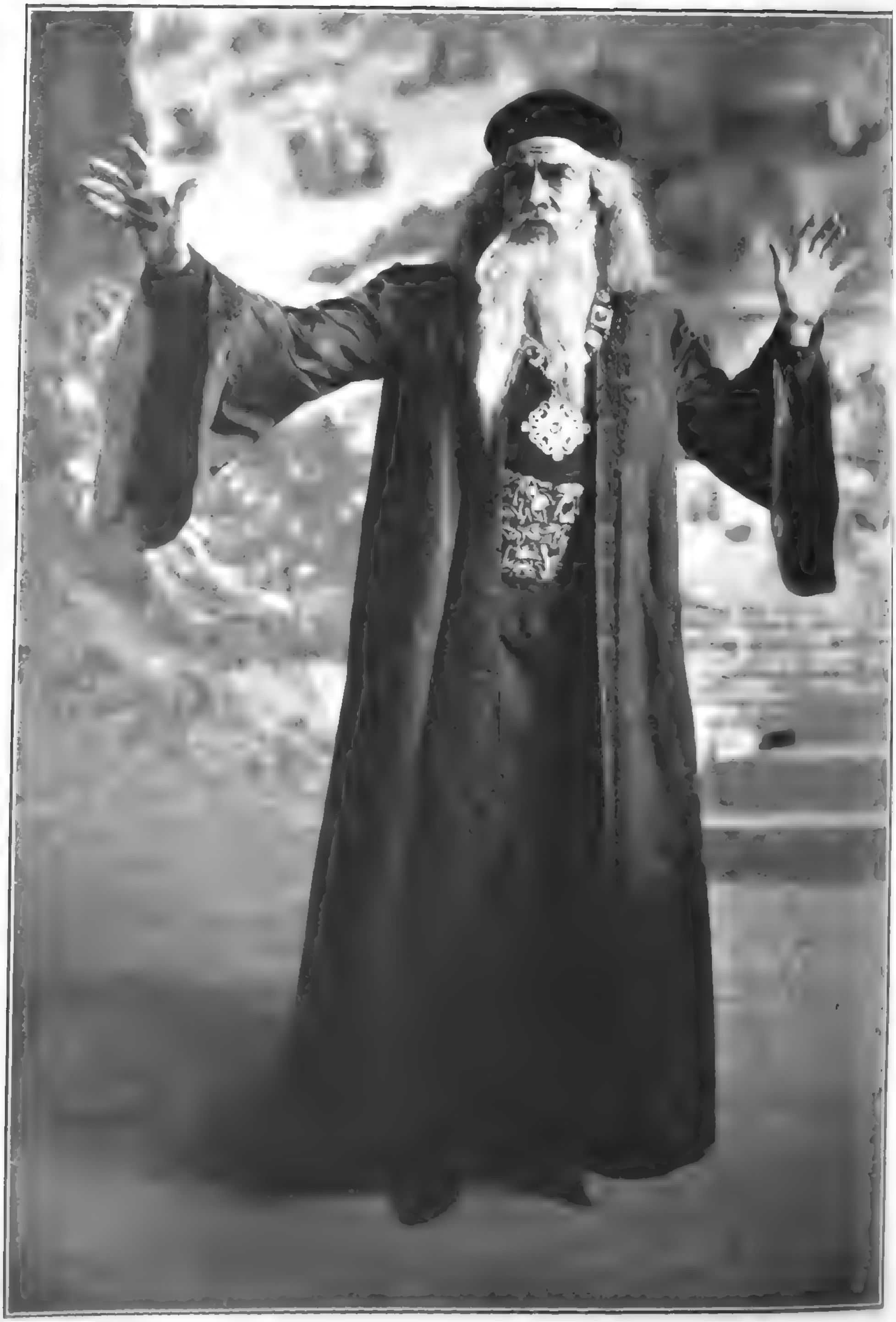
THE PLAYERS

RICHARD MANSFIELD has reached so exalted a position that people struggle for the privilege of buying seats to see him, and the most powerful critic in America feels called upon to declare that he is the worst actor on the stage. Not since Edwin Booth has an American player been so popular an idol, but Booth never had the distinction of being martyred so effectively. Not the humblest of critics ever suggested that he was "our worst actor."

For years Mr. Mansfield has been advancing steadily in public estimation, and surely no one familiar with his long and bitter struggle against public indifference and lack of discriminating taste will envy him the enormous success he has won. Not one man in ten thousand could have triumphed over the disappointments he has known. Yet in the face of defeat he made not a single concession, clinging doggedly to his high artistic standards, grimly determined to give the public the best he had, not so much because he believed that recognition would some day come to him, as because he is a fighting man by nature; and so long as he has breath in his body nothing can make him give up until he has gained his victory.

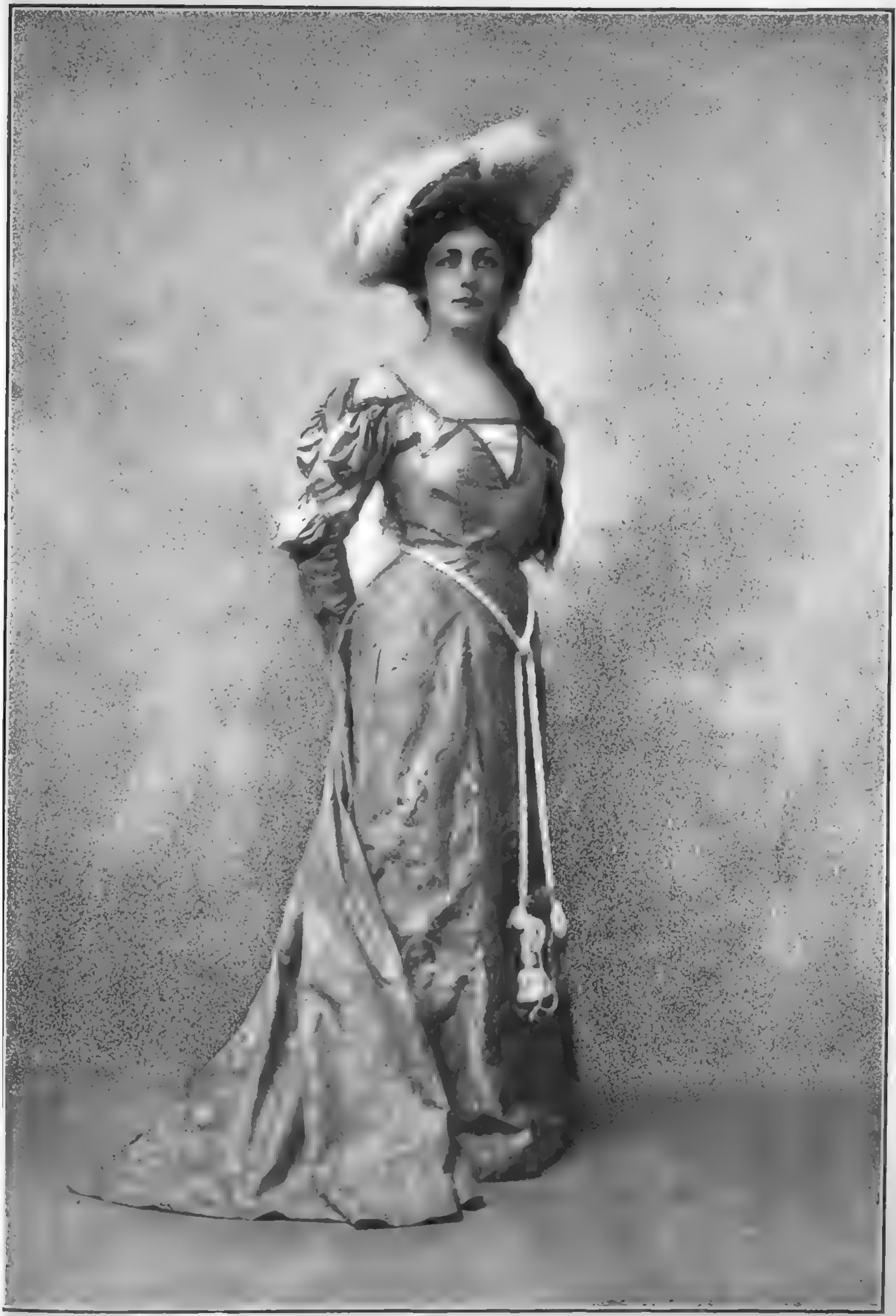
Not only as an actor but as a producing manager did he make the good fight. None other has presented so many fine productions in the face of failure. He looked upon the public as a child. When it refused to recognize his efforts to educate it, he spanked it with intense verbal vigor, and went on toward his goal, certain that he knew what the public should have. This wasn't audacity, but the finest kind of courage.

He was not afraid of losing money; even the bugaboo of starvation could not frighten him. He has known what it is. I have told in this department how he fainted from hunger when he made his first public appearance as an entertainer in London, whither he had gone to study painting. From the time he played *Koko* in "The Mikado"—and I



Photograph by Hall, New York.

J. E. DODSON IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF "THE PRINCE OF INDIA."



Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

EMILY DODD, WHO IS PLAYING IMPORTANT RÔLES WITH ROBERT MANTELL.

Photograph by Bangs, San Francisco.

JANE OAKER AS *TRILBY.*

doubt if there was ever an actor who played it so well—through the period when he was with Minnie Maddern, now Mrs. Fiske, in "Caprice" and "In Spite of All," he has worked harder than any other man on the stage. His first great success was in "A Parisian Romance," which made him a star. His "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" created a sensation, and he added "Prince Karl" to his repertoire to prove that he could play a leading juvenile rôle. In those days he wanted to demonstrate his versatility, in which he is equaled by no living star.

Mr. Mansfield's fortunes were at a low ebb when he produced "Beau Brummel." It brought him a small fortune and started Clyde Fitch on his wonderfully successful career as a playwright. Had Mr. Mansfield been content with mere money-making, he would long ago have become a very rich man. Time and time again he has risked practically all he had on productions when he knew that the chances were against their appealing to the public. And when they failed he relieved his mind in bitter reproaches and returned to tried plays in order to make money enough for new productions.

In these days when George Bernard Shaw is almost a fetish, we are likely to forget that Mr. Mansfield was the first to introduce the brilliant Irishman to the stage of this country. He produced "Arms and the Man," and it was one of the best performances I have ever seen; but it failed. He gave us "The Devil's Disciple," and the public didn't care for it. Now Arnold Daly is to revive the former play, and I am sure it will score, because

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

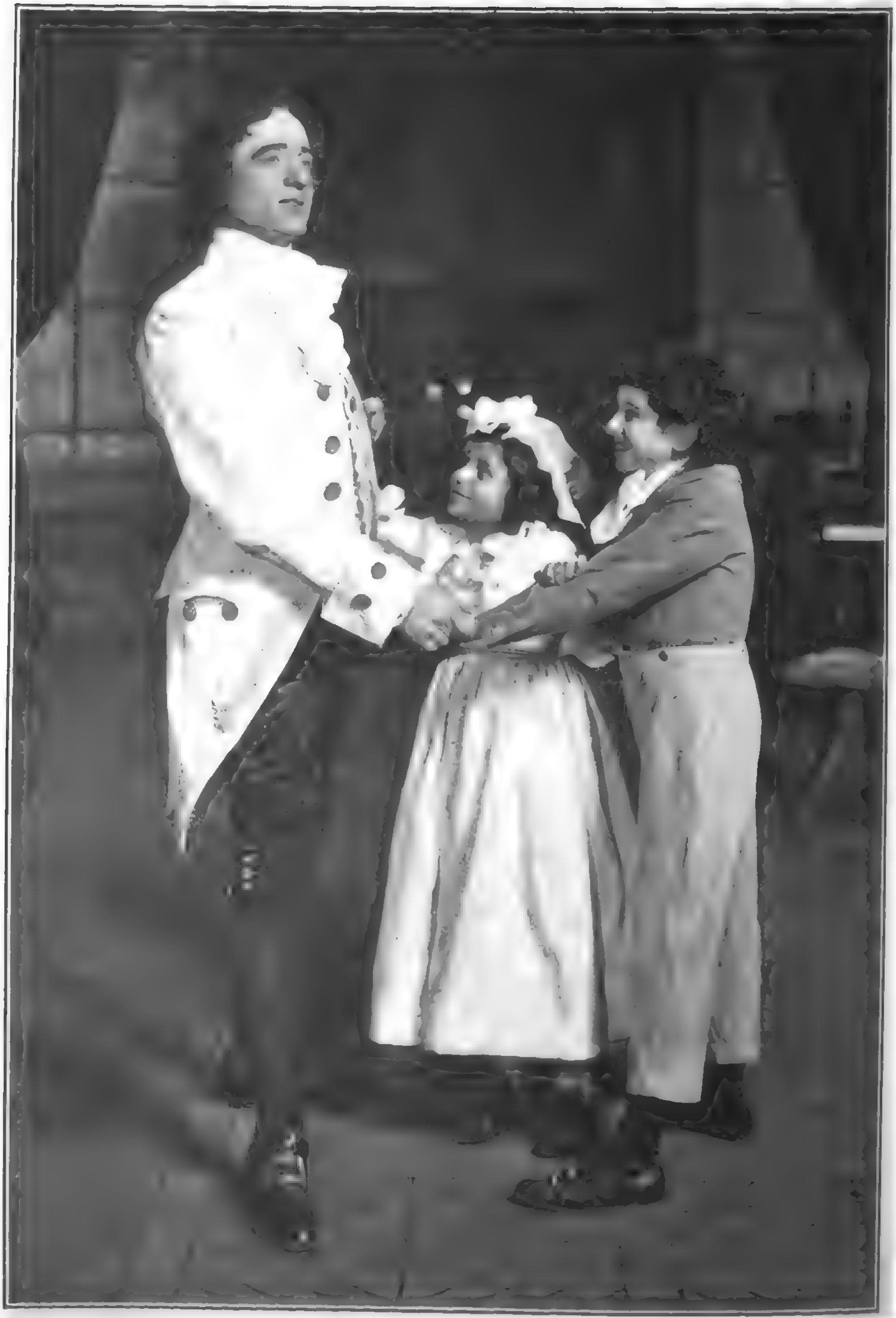
ETHEL GREEN AS *THE BOSTON GIRL* IN "HAPPYLAND."

W. H. CRANE AS *JOHN BREWSTER* AND HILDA SPONG AS *MRS. WESTBROOK* IN "THE AMERICAN LORD."

the public has been sufficiently educated to appreciate Shaw's satire. Mr. Mansfield's failures as a producing manager are a monument to his genius, and yet, as an actor, I think he has failed in only one rôle. His *Julius Cæsar* was a very bad performance.

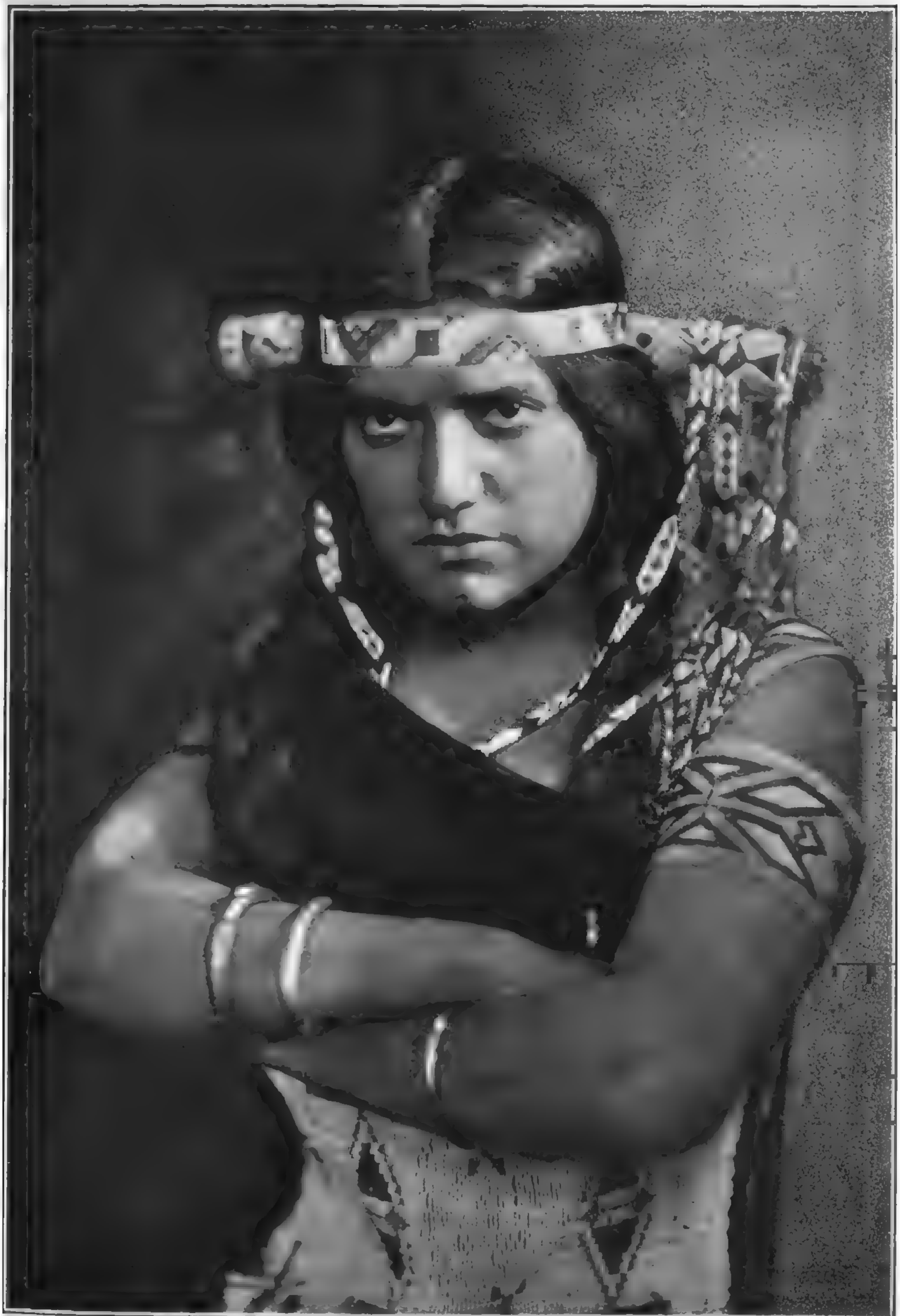
In the mosaic floor of the lobby of the Garrick Theatre in New York is a letter M which is eloquent of Mr. Mansfield's bitterest disappointment. He leased that theatre, gave it the name it now bears, remodeled and redecorated it most artistically, hoping to make it his permanent home, where he could produce plays of real importance in a manner worthy of them and himself. He did his part, but the public turned away indifferently. He lashed it in curtain speeches and in interviews with vitriolic sarcasm. When absolute financial ruin stared him in the face, he gave up the theatre and went forth "on the road," clinging to those plays which were sure of attracting audiences, and making at least one big production each season.

Now he has his public that fairly clamors to see him in anything he cares to present on the stage. This season he gave us, with very great success, "Don Carlos," the Schiller play ill adapted to English audiences. He revived "The Scarlet Letter," which he first played a dozen years ago to empty seats, and the house was sold out two weeks in advance of the performances. Last season he brought



Photograph by White, New York.

HOWARD KYLE AS *MOZART* AND FLOSSIE GREENTHAL AND RICHARD STORY AS *SIGNOR BONDINI'S* CHILDREN IN "THE GREATER LOVE."



Photograph by Hallen, New York.

BIJOU FERNANDEZ AS *LASHOTA* IN "THE REDSKIN."

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Photograph by White, New York.

FRANCIS McGINN AS *SECRETARY STANTON*, BENJAMIN CHAPIN AS *ABRAHAM LINCOLN*, AND DAVID YOUNG AS *GENERAL HOOKER* IN "LINCOLN."

forth "The Misanthrope." It is doubtful if there is any other actor or manager in the country that would have dared to produce these plays, especially the foreign classics, upon which Mr. Mansfield risked large sums of money.

He has won the artistic and financial triumphs deserved by his greatness as an actor, his sincerity as a manager, and his courage as a man. Now when he is nearing the zenith of his career, he announces that he will retire in three years. It is difficult to accept this seriously. He can still play a boy of twenty, as he does in "Old Heidelberg," with the fire and bubbling enthusiasm of youth. His magnificent voice, which so authoritative a musical critic as James Huneker declared is worthy of grand opera, is more sonorously beautiful than ever. He is only forty-nine and in the full vigor of a splendid, robust manhood, and yet he asserts that he is in earnest when he says he will retire in three years. At fifty-four Robert Mantell entered upon his real career as a player of classical rôles. It is not of record that any great star ever retired at the age of fifty-one when his capacities and his fame had reached their highest point.

Having established himself beyond all cavil as an actor and a manager, and having kept a fortune sufficient for his desires, Mr. Mansfield is anxious to retrieve his reputation as a common scold. So far as his flaying of audiences was concerned, he had some justification; and with that contrariety which is so universal in human nature, his victims rather admired him for his attacks upon them. He has been criticized most harshly for his treatment of his players. There is no doubt that he is quick-tempered, and he is absolutely intolerant of stupidity and slothfulness. He cannot comprehend why every actor should not work as hard, study as diligently, and comprehend as quickly as he does himself. Any player who strives half as hard as Mr. Mansfield has little difficulty in getting along with him. The player that drives him frantic is one who has achieved some measure of success without having learned the rudiments of acting and who is smugly content with himself. Back of Mr. Mansfield's irascible temper is a kindly, honest heart, and he has done more toward making good actors than any other man on the stage.

When I saw the crowds filling the theatre during his lenten engagement in New York—

the public that was once so indifferent paid upward of $75,000 to see him in twenty-eight performances—I was reminded of an evening when I sat in Mr. Mansfield's dressing-room nearly twenty years ago. The orchestra was playing the overture, when his valet, a bearded Alsatian, mild and competent, returned from the front of the house where the actor had sent him on an errand.

"Are there many people coming in, John?" asked Mr. Mansfield.

"I just saw one man come in," replied John in his mild, deprecatory voice, "but," he added consolingly, "there'll be more pwesently."

The experiment of making a great historical character the central figure of a drama has usually been unsuccessful. Especially is this true of those who are widely known through the vast amount of literature printed about them. But there are exceptions. After managers had come to the conclusion that no actor could make Napoleon convincing, along came Holbrook Blinn in "The Duchess of Dantzig" and proved that it was possible to give reality to the rôle. Many dramatists and authors have seen the tremendous possibilities in making Abraham Lincoln a stage hero, but, until Benjamin Chapin appeared, their attempts to portray the great man were sorry enough.

Mr. Chapin isn't known as an actor. When he asked for serious consideration for himself and his play, "Lincoln," it was his first appearance as a player and as a dramatist. I found the entertainment one of the most interesting I ever have witnessed. Mr. Chapin isn't a great actor; indeed it may be asserted by experienced players that he is not an actor at all, but an impersonator. Certainly he has much to learn, but for all that he makes *Lincoln* real; he gives one the impression of meeting the great man as he was. The fidelity of the portrayal distracts somewhat from the conviction it should carry. "It is from the brain in, not from the heart out," and yet it is absolutely sincere. That this man, without any stage experience or training, should have succeeded where players of marked ability, who know every trick and device of the stage, have failed, is most remarkable. Mr. Chapin comes very near to giving a great performance, and it is not at all unlikely that he will grow into the rôle and make it one of the famous characterizations of the American stage.

His physical attributes make it easy for him to counterfeit the great emancipator. He has a tall, spare, shambling figure, with hands and feet broadened by following the plow. His nose, forehead, and hair are not unlike Lincoln's, and it is easy enough to add the beard and the necessary lines to his face. Mr. Chapin is the son of a prosperous farmer in northern Ohio. He was brought up among farmer abolitionists, and Lincoln became his hobby when he was a boy. He has devoted nearly half his life to studying his idol. He took special courses in three or four colleges without seeking a degree, and he is probably as well informed in the period of American history covered by the life of Lincoln as any man living. He is familiar with everything ever written about Lincoln; he has talked with every living person who knew Lincoln intimately.

About six years ago Mr. Chapin began giving impersonations of the martyred President, so lifelike that those who had known the great man were amazed and delighted. In the meantime he was writing plays revolving about Lincoln—he has produced some forty in all—and finally evolved the one in which he is now appearing. Mr. Chapin has not learned the art of dramatic construction. There is one good act with real situations in "Lincoln," but for the most part the series of episodes is loosely strung together. If some experienced playwright will do for it what Dion Boucicault did for "Rip Van Winkle," it is not impossible that it may become as famous a character play, although it will be long before any actor can portray the title rôle as well as Mr. Chapin. There is scarcely a line in the play that is without authority. Scores of Lincoln's familiar sayings crop out, and we greet them with the delight we experience on meeting a familiar, unexpected friend. This fidelity to historical accuracy has proved something of a handicap to the action, and yet one would not like to have the aphorisms omitted.

It is the conviction that every gesture, every mannerism, every inflection of the voice copies the real Lincoln, that makes the portrayal so interesting, that gives one the impression of personal intimacy. The grandeur and majesty of Lincoln are beyond Mr. Chapin's power, but I think he does show him as he was in every-day life—a lovable, tender-hearted, humorous, many-sided man, and that is a very great achievement. The other historical characters in the play, *Stanton*, Secretary of

War, played by Francis McGinn; *General Hooker*, played by David R. Young; *Mrs. Lincoln*, played by Maude Granger, are real people.

While *Lincoln* was appearing at one New York theatre, *Mozart* was ambling across the stage of another and not so successfully from an artistic viewpoint; albeit Howard Kyle, who played the rôle, is a sincere and successful actor of long experience. He has a large following throughout the country, although this was his first appearance as a Broadway star. The author, Ivy Ashton Root, made a four-act play founded on episodes in the life of the great composer, but she treated him most unfairly, for in the effort to make him a supremely lovable, pathetic person, she succeeded only in making him a milksop, deserving the misfortunes heaped upon him. She sought to carry the play with sentiment, but it turned out to be sentimentality, which is vastly different—a mawkish, sticky, artificial thing that swiftly cloys. And instead of trying to overcome the mistake of the author, Mr. Kyle emphasizes it. He isn't a poetic figure, and he falls short of the popular conception of the composer of "The Magic Flute." But for all that, there are charming episodes in the play and one excellent act with life and vigor in it. The lines are well written and the subordinate characters are admirably played. Especially fine is that finished and powerful actress, Beverly Sitgreaves, who has the rôle, not historical, by the way, of *La Mandini*, a great prima donna who worships *Mozart*, and whom he loves but casts aside for "The Greater Love"—his music.

"The Embassy Ball," which Augustus Thomas wrote for Lawrence D'Orsay, will add nothing to the actor's reputation, because its chief value lies in brilliant lines, in the writing of which Mr. Thomas long ago proved himself a master. But the plot is so painfully involved by antecedent incidents that it is difficult to understand what it is all about. And the action is painfully slow. Possibly that is because Mr. Thomas wrote the comedy when he was living in Paris. It seems to be true that even the best American cannot write good plays abroad, that is, plays of American life. Foreign residence seems to result in a sort of mental astigmatism on home subjects. Or possibly Mr. Thomas was handicapped by Mr. D'Orsay's limitations. It should be remembered that "The Earl of Pawtucket," in which the pronounced Britisher won marked success, was not written for him. It was the discernment of the late Kirke La Shelle that combined the player and the comedy.

And Mr. D'Orsay doesn't seem as effective now as then. Maybe it is because his pronounced Briticisms have lost their novelty; possibly he has become in a measure Americanized, as one critic suggested. He plays himself, accentuated for stage purposes. He has said that he has devoted his twenty years on the stage to being natural, but sometimes he gives the impression of imitating himself.

George Clarke, as *Senator Bender*, of Oregon, furnishes a large share of the humor in "The Embassy Ball," which was played at Daly's, where Mr. Clarke appeared for many years as one of the great favorites of the famous old stock company. His acting has lost none of its finish and charm.

In the early part of this season managers were of the opinion that the public wanted only serious plays, or at least plays with a serious theme. They were very certain that farce had had its day. They didn't stop to think that there had not been any really good farces presented for ever so long; and several instances seem to disprove their theory. "Mr. Hopkinson," which in England is a keen and brilliant satire, but to us appeals chiefly as a farce, met with great favor.

Francis Wilson bloomed forth in "The Mountain Climber," which is a typical farce, constructed by two Germans who were responsible for "Are You a Mason?" and which is amazingly ingenious in its construction and the rapidity of its action. It is of the familiar type that presents a husband who lies to cover up a gay time in Paris. In this instance he pretends to be a mountain climber, and in order to carry out the illusion he copies accounts of a real Alpine enthusiast's experiences; these the devoted wife of the alleged climber has printed in book form. The authors have invented a series of complications that prove them passed masters of mechanical farce with real laughter-provoking qualities. Moreover, in the English version there is clever characterization.

Of course Mr. Wilson plays his comic self as *Montague Sibsey;* he cannot play anything else. He depends upon his briskness, his eloquent legs, his facial contortions, and his squeaky voice to get his effects; he knows they are certain of appealing to a large number of people. It is a question whether he could restrain himself to legitimate methods, so firmly is he in the grip of the clowning habit. Mr. Wilson has a very excellent company, including May Robson, who appears as her own self instead of the type of eccentric character with extraordinary make-up, for which she is usually cast, and she plays the devoted, ambitious wife with delicate humor.

The craving for farce was further demonstrated by the success of the revival of "Charley's Aunt," which has not been seen on Broadway for thirteen years, although it has been popular with stock companies during that interval. There have been farces much cleverer, less mechanical, and with far brighter lines, but there has not been one in late years that has provoked so much laughter. Seemingly it has lost none of its freshness nor its capacity to provoke mirth. Audiences simply howl over it. Étienne Girardot, who played the title rôle when it was first produced in this country, is still masquerading as *Charley's* "aunt," and he does it as well as he did when the town was talking about his cleverness in the rôle. He is a Frenchman by birth who was educated in England, and he has been on the stage for thirty years. While he has always been recognized as a clever player, "Charley's Aunt" is his one big hit.

This farce probably ranks high among the plays that have made great sums of money. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" comes first, of course, and probably no one would venture to estimate how many millions of dollars the people of this country have paid to see it. And it will keep on making large sums, despite the fact that the Legislature of Kentucky has passed a law forbidding its production in that State. "Rip Van Winkle" has earned upward of $5,000,000, the late Joseph Jefferson, who played the title rôle more than 5,000 times, being the chief beneficiary. "The Old Homestead" has been nearly as profitable, possibly more so, for in the first dozen years that Denman Thompson appeared in it the box-office receipts were about $4,000,000. Another play which is among the great financial successes is "Trilby," which has made nearly $4,000,000.

"Charley's Aunt" holds the record for farces, and, so far as London is concerned, for all stage productions. It had the longest run there ever known—1,466 performances—and it was also played hundreds of times in the provinces. The English earnings amounted to about $2,500,000. The farce was presented in New York in 1893 and it ran for thirty-two weeks, after which it had an enormous success on the road. It has made about $750,000 in this country.

Probably the greatest latter-day money-maker is "The Little Minister," the net profits of which amounted to $500,000 in England, and probably twice that much in America, thanks to the popularity of Maude Adams. J. M. Barrie is the most successful of modern dramatists in England, his plays already having brought him in about $600,000. It should be remembered that "The Little Minister" was his first. But not one of his plays has yielded him so large a sum as "Pygmalion and Galatea" brought W. S. Gilbert—more than $250,000; and Arthur Wing Pinero received almost as much from "Sweet Lavender."

Punch and Judying the United States Court

By THOMAS W. LAWSON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In a series of flash-lights Mr. Lawson presents the court scene—this time a high-court scene. The reader will see, true to life, the "System's" hair-splitting machine in one of its high-speed contests. No one, after reading this article, can fail to understand the difference between the vulgar theft of a five dollar gas-meter and the aristocratic leeching of $4,000,000 of the people's savings. In the February issue the author graphically described the trial of the poor gas-meter thief; taken together with this portrayal of the formal and polite acquiescence in the dishonest annexing of millions, the two pictures might well bear the inscription, "Modern Justice."

THE cuttlefish pursued by its enemies of the finny world ejects an inky fluid which discolors the waters and conceals its whereabouts. The corporation octopus when its villainies are exposed takes on airs of outraged respectability and clouds its guilt by dubbing its assailant a cynic. The gorged tiger sleeping contentedly in the shade is prone to regard as an enemy the hunter who sets out to rid the village of its man-eater. The shark disturbed at its feast turns on the intruder the terrors of its terrible teeth.

A pack of gray wolves masquerading in the sheep's clothing of capitalists, bankers, railroad and trust presidents, financiers, great merchants, and philanthropists have recently been stripped of their fleecy trappings and exposed, while their fangs were yet dripping with the blood of innocent victims. There has been a terrific outcry. The yelps and howls of the discomfited ravagers resound through the land. The vested privileges of all gray wolves who assume woolly disguises the better to prey on lambs have been endangered. Property rights have been attacked, trampled upon. The saintly reputation of American business interests has been endangered. Good Sunday citizens have had their characters besmirched to the scandal of their Sabbath-school scholars.

In these days when piracy has abandoned the nigh seas and hangs out its "Jolly Roger" from a Wall Street office window, it is apt to insist that its virtuous surroundings license its depredations. Among the fraternity of the black flag, whoever points to the skull and cross-bones and dares warn the bystander, becomes an enemy of the guild and is dubbed a blackmailer—or a reformer. As I observed before, it is rash to disturb greed at the kill.

Throughout the country at the moment one hears murmurs that the cry of corruption has been too loud and too high-pitched to represent the real facts of American life. I found the other day in an excellent periodical the following:

> "They are overdoing this exposure business. Things are nothing like as bad as the scores of followers of Lawson in other magazines—weeklies and dailies—are trying to have us believe. When the people's eyes are opened to real conditions, they will calm down and realize that one dishonest financier in a thousand honest ones, one bad Senator in a hundred good ones, one degenerate legislator in a State, one conscienceless judge in a hundred courts, does not mean the country is going to the dogs, but, on the contrary, will bring into clear relief, when the people are educated to understand it, how splendidly the country is running."

When I read this white-is-black, two-and-two-make-five logic I long for some medium more piercing, more potent than mere type, ink, and paper to penetrate the calloused hides of a coxcomb people pickled in intellectual vanity, who are so purblind as to be ignorant of their bondage and so benumbed as to be dead to the drag of the ball and chain on their ankles.

THE WORST NOT YET TOLD

Because I diagnose disease you must not assume that I deny health. I am an optimist, not a pessimist. I believe that most men are, at bottom, honest, just as I believe in the goodness of God. But because some of you are tired of hearing of a malignant growth in the body politic, it does not follow that the growth has been extirpated. The time to stop cutting is not in the middle of the cancer.

The worst has been said, has it? In the carnival of exposure to which the country has been treated in the last twenty-four months, surely all the corruption that ever existed has been unveiled. O optimistic man—what you have seen and heard is no more than the smoke and the roaring of the fires beneath the surface. You cannot think that the Armstrong investigation did more than scratch the epidermis of the insurance scandals. If you do, read the questions propounded by Stuyvesant Fish to President Peabody of the Mutual Life and note the suggestions of crookedness and graft penetrating far into the tissues of the McCurdy institution. Counsel Hughes did wonders within the bounds allowed him, but you do not imagine he had a free rein to delve to depths where the "System" was really threatened? "So far shalt thou go, but no farther" was the ukase of the Higgins-Odell-Ryan-Root-Harriman combine that controls the New York Legislature as the organ grinder controls the monkey on the end of the chain. McCurdy, Hyde, Alexander, and McCall with some of their satellites have fallen, but you well know that these men were no more than the visible instruments of the Wall Street Powers-that-Prey. If one of a hundred clues found during that investigation had been followed past the first knot, there must have been exposed stealings so arrant and so obvious as definitely to endanger the personal liberty of certain of the brightest lights of High Finance. And one real downfall would have brought many others after it.

Definitely, emphatically, I go on record here as stating that what has been made known so far of corruption in finance is in proportion to the whole only as Beacon Hill is to the loftiest peak in the Himalayas. My experience of business and life in the United States has shown me that the rottenness is not confined to "Standard Oil's" trickery, or to the Beef Trust's manipulations, or to the Big Three's Trustees' grafting. Perhaps my readers will recall the bitter fight between ex-President Joseph Ramsay and George Gould for the control of the Wabash Railway last year and something of the hints at huge stealings that were bandied to and fro in connection with the Wabash property. Is it conceivable that the eminent gentlemen—bankers, capitalists, railroad presidents—who so insistently "squeezed" the "Big Three" and their tributary trust companies confined their polite depredations to these concerns? Is it not probable that if the probe were thrust into the administration of certain other great trusts and railroad corporations which these gentlemen direct, analogous conditions would be found therein?

THE FIGHT ONLY BEGUN

Why was so much pressure brought to bear in the New York Legislature to shut off an investigation of the superintendent of banking and of the banks and trust companies of that State? Let my readers imagine some of the big trust company presidents on the rack under the inquisition of a Hughes or an Untermyer, explaining their relations to "Standard Oil" or Ryan or Morgan, the degree of their participation in stock-gambling pools, the character of the securities on which they loan out your savings, the extent of their private fortunes, the operations through which their assets were swelled from a million to ten and fifteen millions within a brief term of years. Suppose we could find out what loans cost some men, and how they are obtained, how banks obtain charters and what they have to pay the authorities for them, etc.—don't you realize that the resultant scandal and destruction of reputations would as far surpass the disclosures of the insurance investigation as an eruption of Vesuvius does a blast in a gravel pit?

Solemnly I warn you, my readers, that the foe is as yet only on your thresholds, that the fight for decency and financial straightness has only begun. Because your sharpshooters have picked off a few ringleaders, don't call the battle won. Don't listen to the enemy within your gates who calls the friendly truth-teller a false witness. In the past two years, it is true, some fetiches have been disturbed. Even in that holy of holies of entrenched privilege, the United States Senate, two representatives of our great business interests have been convicted of felony. Others have had their disguise torn off and their brands exhibited to the nation, but of the remaining senators, how many really represent the citizens whose votes send them there, and how many represent giant corporations participating in national politics to preserve purchased advantages? Old-time senators of the Morgan of Alabama type are fast becoming curiosities among the aggregation of corporation lawyers, boss politicians, and ambitious capitalists.

CHILDREN SACRIFICED TO GREED

As for lower legislatures and courts, let me again call attention to my own State, Massachusetts, wherein the standard of legislative virtue is reputed to be several degrees higher than elsewhere throughout the country. It would, indeed, be unwarrantable to assume that conditions are much better in newer communities. Well, to-day this Legislature is as busy as it ever was in the heyday of Towle and Whitney, when these legislative and ballot-box merchants were at the wheel making record time. For instance, a law to prevent children working overtime in mills and factories was desired by the people throughout the State, particularly by the labor organizations. Rapidly enough it was put through the several stages of enactment, when, as it was about to receive the engrossment vote, four of its supporters mysteriously disappeared at the last minute, and the to-be new law was defeated by one vote. Yes, a single vote would have saved it. This all going on right here as I write this chapter. One of the four was a senator from the manufacturing city of Lowell, whose constituents had demanded the bill. Just before the division, this senator was met frantically rushing out of the Senate Chamber, and when the friends of the bill attempted to stop him, with a great show of excitement he allowed them to read a telegram from his family demanding his instant return on account of sudden sickness. Here you have a measure of basic importance to the people of Massachusetts, so important that the big manufacturers throughout the State who were affected by it did not dare in the earlier stages to use their corruption funds to defeat it. And yet in the face of a thoroughly aroused people, in defiance of the wrath of the new district attorney, who openly proclaimed that he would send to State prison the first dishonest legislator he could catch, such contempt had the few for the wrath of the many that they refused the people's just demands and by secret trickery killed what they feared to oppose openly.

In relating this incident I am betraying no secret, for the story of this brutal deed was told in the press, upon the floor of the Senate in the State House and on the streets of Boston. During the inquiry that followed the slaughter of the law, the supporters of the measure, including numerous labor men, actually heard the accused senator admit with a grin having been seen by the big manufacturer and having himself arranged the trick by which the will of the people was nullified. It was absolutely proved that there was no illness in the senator's family.

And what did the enraged armies of labor and the honest citizens of old Massachusetts do when they found it was impossible legally to trace bribery money to the senator—when evasion and perjury would make it impossible to secure redress in the courts? Return to the Senate Chamber with noosed ropes, as did their law-abiding Philadelphia fellow citizens a few months before? No, indeed! They simply swallowed the insult to their intelligence and their manhood. Oh, yes, there were whimpering protests; but the senator's grin entailed no consequences to his person or his purse; he has not been ostracized by his colleagues nor burned in effigy by his constituents. And in the factories children of tender years continue their growth-stunting, heart-shrinking toil, and the dividends of our great manufacturers are preserved at their accustomed percentage.

WELL-BRED BOSTON

One old-fashioned lamp-post hanging-bee, after the discovery that there was no redress at law, would probably have done more to reform our Massachusetts Legislature than all the sermons that have been preached against bribery since the days when the halls of the State House were trod by real men. But nowadays desperation is a stranger to the minds of the men of Massachusetts. We in Boston are far too well bred to proceed to mere Western extremities. Back Bay would be scandalized at a lynching within its sacred precincts, and State Street would hold up its hands in horror. Think of the benumbing effect of such low brutality on our great capitalists whose philanthropy provides labor for the thousands of workmen throughout our State. They would dislike it. They would write letters of protest to the papers. Some of them might even remove their enterprises to territories whose people had not yet risen against legislative corruption. They might even go to such mad lengths as to stop interference with the people's will. With my mind's eye I can read the severe editorials in the morning papers. And rather than precipitate the disapproval of Back Bay and the condemnation of our great capitalists, together with the reproach of the severely virtuous Boston editorial writers, it is perhaps better for citizens of Massachusetts to bear with the lesser evil of having thousands of their children turned into beasts, for, after all, ours is a prolific population and our birth-rate is very high.

DUMB, DRIVEN CATTLE

We are told that American legislatures enact laws in deference to well-defined public opinion, and that the will of the majority rules. Yet I have presented an instance here in which a legislature shamelessly rode roughshod over the people's will, and a senator insolently defied the fathers and mothers of his home town. How dare public servants thus fly in the face of the public? Because they know what dumb-driven cattle the majority of our people are when the "System" is at the driving end of the reins and prosperity rules. It is not so long ago that the chapters of my story were published wherein I narrated the State-House performances of Henry M. Whitney. I can still hear the murmur that arose after the appearance of that accusatory passage and the oft-repeated verdict, "Either Lawson will go to prison for libel or Whitney will never dare show his face in public places."

My good readers, I have not been sued for libel or for anything else because of the charges I made against Henry M. Whitney. But five months ago—a year after the publication of my charges—Henry M. Whitney was nominated by the Democratic Party of Massachusetts for the second highest office in its gift, and fell only 1,942 votes short of being elected. He was given 180,096 votes.

That is one reason why the Lowell senator grinned when he admitted conniving at the defeat of the child labor law. There could be no unpleasant consequences. He relied on the facile forgetfulness, the brute indifference of his constituents, the American people.

DENUNCIATION CONSIDERED A JOKE

Is it any wonder that the bribers at the State House openly ply their trade? Is one to be surprised at the statement made to me within a few days by one of the great Massachusetts law-enforcing officers that, "The juries of the courts held in Boston are bought as surely and as safely as whisky in the no-license State of Maine"? This is a fact known to a majority of the prominent members of the Massachusetts bar.

My readers may obtain a glimpse of present conditions throughout the country from the following newspaper heading concerning a speech delivered April 2d to the Massachusetts Legislature by the highest law officer of Boston, District Attorney Moran, in all probability the next Governor of Massachusetts. I say "the present conditions throughout the country," for what is done in the State of Massachusetts is done plus in all other States in the Union.

MORAN IN SENSATIONAL SPEECH ASTOUNDS LEGISLATURE

District Attorney Names Secretary of Senator Lodge in Transaction Which He Desires to Probe.

In a remarkable speech before the Legislative Committee on Counties in the State House to-day John B. Moran made most sensational and serious charges. He was speaking on his bill providing for two additional assistant district attorneys, a clerk, and a stenographer.

He asserts that his war on graft demands this assistance. He charged that one John G. Bestgen, of No. 101 Tremont Street, paid to Robert G. Proctor, private secretary to Henry Cabot Lodge, United States Senator from Massachusetts, $200, for which no public accounting was made as provided by law.

The legislators were astounded by the boldness and emphasis of Mr. Moran's remarks.

Mr. Bestgen was seeking the appointment as consul at Soligen, Germany. Mr. Moran quoted Thomas Talbot, chairman of the Republican State Committee, as saying that this money was not received by the committee.

CALLS DRAPER GUILTY

Mr. Moran declared that Acting Mayor Draper was guilty of an indictable offense in securing his election as chairman of the Board of Aldermen.

Mr. Moran charged that for twenty years the district attorney's office had suppressed evidence in favor of defendants which might have secured their acquittal.

Mr. Moran charged that a South Boston lawyer got all the business of the Superior Criminal Court under his predecessor.

Mr. Moran charged that his predecessor in office unjustly challenged jurymen who appeared to be too strong-minded to suit the Government.

Mr. Moran charged that graft in Suffolk County had been rampant for years, and that the former district attorney had not taken any action to suppress it.

Mr. Moran declared that there would be indictments of at least three persons in connection with the Charles Street Jail escapes.

Times change. If five years ago so stern a denunciation as Boston's fearless district attorney delivered had been made before a Massachusetts legislative assembly, if five years ago the district attorney of Boston had so stigmatized the petit and grand juries of old Suffolk County, surely the nation would have rung with his burning words, and the sacred codfish, shriveled to a cinder, must have floated off upon their echoes. But today, when the "System's" public-opinion molders throughout the country are noisily arguing that exposure is being overdone, Mr. Moran's trenchant and terrible phrases of warning merely evoked the legislative grin and were handed around as a good joke.

TESTIMONY REFUSED

In the February, 1906, instalment of my story I said:

> There probably never was an easier suit to win, if it had been handled "winnably." An examination of William Rockefeller's books, and the Bay State stockholders would presently have been discussing the division of the three to six millions Rogers and Rockefeller would have been ordered to disgorge. William Rockefeller waited patiently on American soil for "Pepp" and his nimble fee-gatherers to net him and his interesting books. Then he decided that his health required that he should go to Europe. After he was safely out of the jurisdiction of the American courts, "Pepp" discovered that he needed both Mr. Rockefeller and his books. He explained it in his "O-Lord-I-cannot-conceive-why-such-unrighteousness-should-be-allowed-to-annoy-me" manner, and the court gave him an extension in the hope that William Rockefeller might on some sleep-walking expedition wander back and thereby put a crimp in the plot. There was no possibility of such a happening, as all the tribe of Rockefeller proceed according to "the rules," asleep or awake, and if there had been the Master of "Standard Oil" would have provided for it in the layout of his farce.
>
> The whole case, with Rogers answering almost every question with "I cannot remember anything but my name" and Rockefeller and his books anchored in Europe, swung on the point of what the trade was which Rogers entered into with the Bay State when he accepted the trusteeship. As I had negotiated this trade for the Bay State, I had a very clear recollection of what it amounted to, and published the details in my story while the suit was being tried. In addition, I requested on behalf of the sandbagged Bay State stockholders that I be allowed to win the suit by testifying, but all to no avail. "Pepp" had no intention of having his case disarranged. The Bay State stockholders must therefore content themselves with the knowledge that what is their loss is somebody's gain, in whole or in part, unless, indeed, justice—I should have said good luck—gets a new two-shoulders-and-a-hip clinch on the successful schemers by presenting the facts I have given of "Pepp's" relationship to the court and others before some tribunal of competent jurisdiction—in which event there may be a tip-over of recent proceedings.

"STANDARD OIL'S" POOR MEMORY

At the time this was written, the taking of the testimony in the suit of "'Pepp,' Receiver, vs. Rogers and Rockefeller," which had been in progress two years, had ended, and the lawyers were preparing to bring the secretly taken testimony before the United States Circuit Court in Boston.

It will aid my readers' understanding of what follows to tack back with me and bring the situation alongside. Broad-axed it was:

In 1896 I had, as agent of the Bay State Company, turned over to Rogers and Rockefeller the various assets of that corporation to be held by Rogers in trust until such time as the Bay State could redeem them. By one of his familiar "I-want-it-so-I'll-take-it" operations, Rogers had turned over his trust to Whitney's New England Gas & Coke Company, shanghaing in the process twelve millions of life-insurance and other trust funds through the Central Trust Company, one of the craft of the Big Three insurance pirates. By this manipulation Rogers and Rockefeller had actually annexed $4,000,000 that belonged to the much-looted Bay State stockholders; and "Pepp" sued for it. There were but four persons who had first-hand possession of the facts about, and legal knowledge of, this transaction—Rogers, Rogers's lawyer, William Rockefeller, who had all the books and papers, and myself. For two years testimony was secretly taken before a referee. Rogers's testimony was one unbroken chain of "I don't remember," "I can't recollect," etc.; his lawyer's testimony was almost as long a string of dittos; William Rockefeller skipped to Europe with all the

"*Punch and Judying the United States Court*" is continued on page 65 of the *Advertising Section*.

Grandfeythers Both

By EDITH RICKERT

Author of "Folly," "The Reaper," etc.

Illustrations by Emilie Benson Knipe

YOU will scarcely believe that both grandfathers lived in the same house—the Reverend Arthur Cowlett, M.A., vicar of Bream Magna, and old Tom Brain, woodman (and reputed poacher) in the ancient and royal Forest of Dean.

The awkward situation had come about through young Arthur, the vicar's only son, a youth of unconquerable ineptitude in all matters save sport alone. As chosen companion to old Tom in his more or less lawful pursuits, he had shown favor to Minnie Brain's bird-like eyes and evanescent dimples, and without undue consideration had married her out of hand, trusting to his father and Providence for support. The vicar indeed cast him off, but went so far as to pay a pittance of rent for him in the old deserted turnpike house on the Flaxley road, and to grant him starvation wages for the duty of living; but young Arthur presently wearied of dimples and fishing and gave up the ghost.

The vicar mourned him sufficiently, though they had nothing in common beyond a strong conviction in the merits of down-stream fishing, and a certain skill in the manufacture of flies; and then, being by this time bereaved of his wife, a canon's daughter, to whose high-mindedness the son's disgrace had been largely due, he reflected upon his pressing need of a housekeeper and walked up to the turnpike house.

An old man, dripping tobacco from the corners of his mouth, saw the clerical figure advancing along the road, and retreated hastily to the back garden, before the vicar with an authoritative tap of the stick brought the Widow Cowlett to the door, with her young son hanging about her skirts.

For all her amazement, she was affable, though she afterward confessed to her father that it did give her a turn to see the vicar filling up the doorway; and throughout the interview she could not get over the oddness of their sitting together by the same fire. Still, as she lacked pretension and he a housekeeper, they were getting on very well, when she pulled up short with: "There's feyther now. I'd forgot all about him."

There could be no doubt that here was a stumbling-block to negotiations. Perhaps the workhouse was the best place for old Tom Brain; but it was unseemly for the vicar to say so.

He pondered heavily, tripling his double chin in his palm; but Minnie Cowlett was quick of wit and she pictured material advantages to the small boy who hid behind her chair in fear of his unknown grandfather.

"Well, sir," says she, "he's still good for a bit of gardening, pruning, and the like."

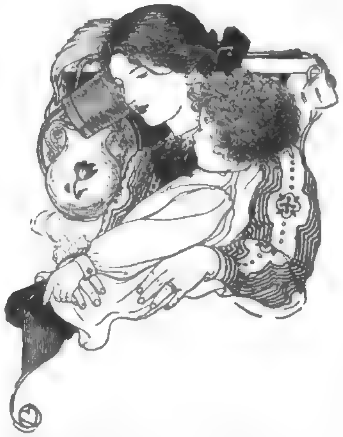
"How does it come that he hasn't a pension as Crown woodman?" asked the vicar, adding: "I forget."

"Why, it's he began late-like, sir, and he reached the age limit before his forty years was up," she explained.

"Huh," commented her father-in-law, "unfortunate—very!"

"Yes," she confessed, "he always were a bit unfortunate-like—feyther. But then—if you was to allow him that bit o' work—I'd see to it that he was looked after, and didn't trouble you none."

The vicar turned his small pale eyes upon her with admiration, for he thought he perceived her drift. There was plenty of spare room at the rectory. To be sure, there were legends about old Tom's frisky youth; but the woman looked clean and thrifty and was well spoken of in the village, except for a trifle of aloofness since her marriage to the vicar's son. . . . Hah, urgent matters require swift decisions!


THE WIDOW COWLETT WITH HER YOUNG SON.

"Very good," said he. "I'll leave you to make arrangements and you may come when you like."

With that he clapped his hands and made inarticulate noises to divert and attract the child, who, however, stared at him as from a covert, with unrelieved gloom.

Well, of course the village talked as villages must do; but the plan worked well enough. It required some careful manipulation on the part of the Widow Cowlett and a little blindness on the part of the vicar—nothing more.

For instance, it happened somehow that the grass on the front lawn under the study windows was always cut and rolled in the early morning before the vicar's known hour of rising; and the good man lying comfortably in bed, although he may have heard the clank and click of this labor, had no need to ask questions.

The flower-beds in front were arranged by invisible fingers according to the ideas on gardening that the vicar let drop to his daughter-in-law; but the vegetable patch behind the trellis was, by tacit arrangement, never encroached upon by the clerical step. And further, as the vicar munched in silent appreciation the artichokes and broad-beans that were famous through the countryside, so he accepted likewise without comment the occasional hare and the frequent dish of fine trout not of his own catching, although he was not overmodest, as fishermen go, in regard to his own baskets. In short, here was a clear case where a line must be drawn; and it was drawn with care by the entire household.

But now I find that my statement will not hold. Little Arthur Thomas Cowlett — named, you will observe, impartially but with a due care for precedence—little Artie had no regard whatever for lines, although he was daily whisked up by his mother in a series of efforts to make him toe the mark.

Mornings he assisted Grandfeyther Brain, and was assiduous among the lettuces and young onions, pricked his fingers over gooseberries, and raked dead leaves with a will. Afternoons, usually about tea-time, when the vicar had had his nap and his walk, he was carefully introduced into the study to say his letters to Grandfeyther Cowlett. On these occasions his mud-caked boots were replaced by little felt slippers, he was stiffened into a crackling pinafore and freshly cautioned on the use of his handkerchief.

Notwithstanding all the manners that were pressed upon him and induced into him, little Artie had a way of his own. Picture him standing on the hearth-rug, back to the fire, legs apart, attention concentrated on turning the spaniel into a sentry on duty.

Says the vicar: "Well, my little man, what have you been up to, to-day?"

With commendable promptness, Artie begins: "G'an'feyther B'ain"—and stops at the severe maternal eye cast upon him. He has learned not to ask openly, "What you lookin' like that at me for, muvver?" but he sniffs loudly in scorn of these underground proceedings.

His mother, mistaking the cause of the sound, makes a pantomime prompting to good manners; then Artie loses patience: "I can't be blowing my nose all the time, muvver! 'Sides——"

Oh, dear, dear! There is nothing for the poor woman to do but to make a great clatter on the tea-tray and leave the vicar to his dignified solitude.

Borne away to the kitchen amid severe animadversions on his moral character, young Artie grows tearful and sullen, and refuses alike tea and comfort until on Grandfeyther Brain's knee he has heard again the tale of the ass and the lion's skin.

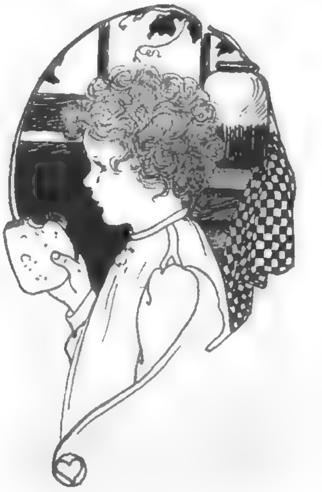
But his misfortunes came not from the one side alone. Many a morning as he wrestled by the old man's side with the tough soil, and carted off loads of stones and rubbish in his little wheelbarrow, he was moved to tell of his finer hours in the vicar's study.

"G'an'feyther Towlett said," he would begin; but then the other granddad would be suddenly removed several feet down the garden path. Artie would follow him up. "G'an'feyther Towl——"

But granddad would interrupt crossly and order Artie to make off with "that there load o' stones."

However, when Artie came back he would remember: "G'an'feyther Tow——"

At this, granddad would be stricken with sudden deafness and begin to hum: "Yield not to temptation——"



LITTLE ARTHUR THOMAS COWLETT.

Artie was short of patience. He would shake the old man's arm, with obstinate murmur: "I wanted to tell you about G'an'feyther T——"

Then perhaps a roar would deafen and blind him. It was only granddad, stooping with the sudden war-cry, "HOLD THE FORT," quavering into —"for I am coming."

If Artie was not discouraged by this, granddad would seize him by a bunch of pinafore and propel him gently into the kitchen, where he swallowed his woes with a thick slice of bread and butter; but—I am bound to say—resumed the discussion on the morrow.

You will readily perceive that by no kind of pleasant glossing could this state of affairs be described as comfortable. There came a day when Artie was nearly four that he talked straight talk to his mother. Possibly the sight of his first trousers, upon which she was sewing, had roused in him some new sense of manliness.

"Mother," he said abruptly, "why do G'an'feyther Towlett and G'an'feyther B'ain never speak to 'nother?"

She shrank a little under the arrow of his words, and tried to put him off with a futile "H'sh—h'sh—h'sh!"

"Why should I *h'sh* when I want to know?"

"You wouldn't understand it, Artie—not if I was to tell you," she said at last.

"Don't they like each other?"

"Oh, yes. Don't go on asking silly questions."

"But——"

"Or I shall say you're a naughty boy."

"But every time I say the one's name to the other——"

"Be quiet," she said severely, "or you sha'n't wear your new trousies to-morrow!"

This silenced him, for he knew that she never threatened in vain; and the morrow was his birthday and to be signalized both by promotion to trousers and by a tremendous all-day fishing excursion with Grandfeyther Brain.

He was silenced, but he thought so much about the matter that when he was in the vicar's study he could not tell a *P* from a *B*, and absent-mindedly insisted that *W* had a long tail.

At last, the vicar was driven to ask what was the matter.

"To-morrow's my birfday."

"Ah!"

"Yes, an' I got some trousies!"

"Tut, tut now!"

"Yes, an' I'm goin' fishin' wiv——"

"Indeed?"

"Wiv G'an'feyther B'ain!"

Artie knew well enough that there was something unnatural about the silence that followed, but he showed tact, observing only: "He's the biggest trout you ever saw. Harry Chew told all about him yesterday——"

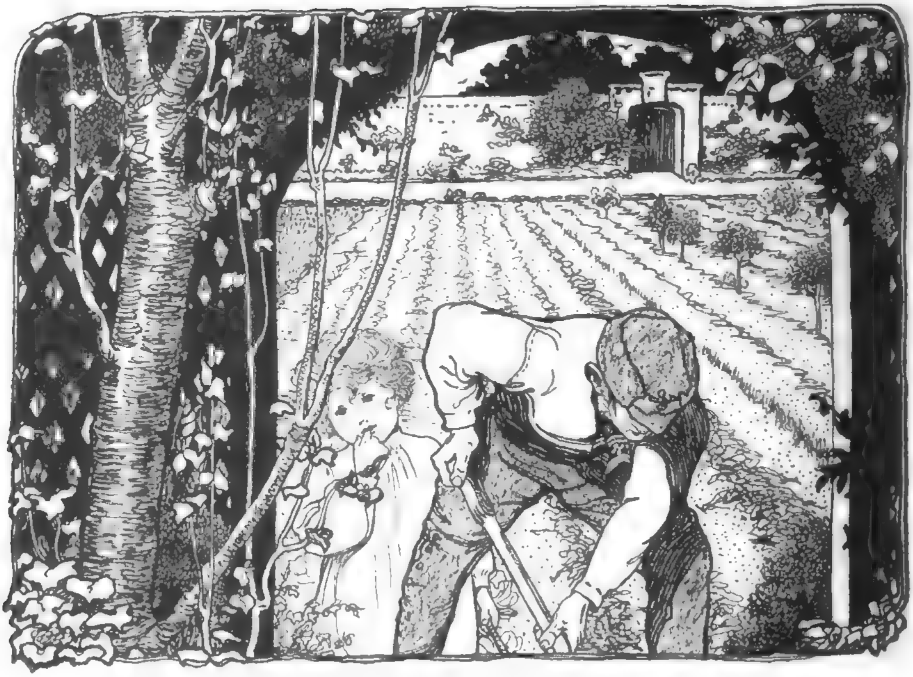
"Him? Who?"

"Why, the trout, I said. An' he said he weighed six pounds or 'leven, an' he didn't get him, but we shall."

"H'm," said the vicar, and walked to the window to look for weather signs.

Artie thought himself dismissed, and without reluctance began to sidle away from the obnoxious letters.

But Grandfather Cowlett turned with cruel



MORNINGS HE ASSISTED GRANDFEYTHER BRAIN AND WAS ASSIDUOUS AMONG THE LETTUCES AND YOUNG ONIONS.

suddenness: "That's all a tale, Artie. Don't believe it. There's no such thing. Who ever heard of a six-pound trout hereabouts?"

"There is! There is!" insisted Artie. "Harry saw him——"

"Nonsense! Where then?"

"I'll ask—" And Artie flashed out of the room before he could be stopped.

The vicar, left alone, went to a drawer of his secretary and absently took out a brown leather book which glittered with a myriad of tropical-looking insects.

At the sound of Artie's returning footsteps, he hastily thrust it back, and even redder of face than usual, took to strolling about the room with his hands in his pockets.

"G'an'feyther B'ain says— Oh!"

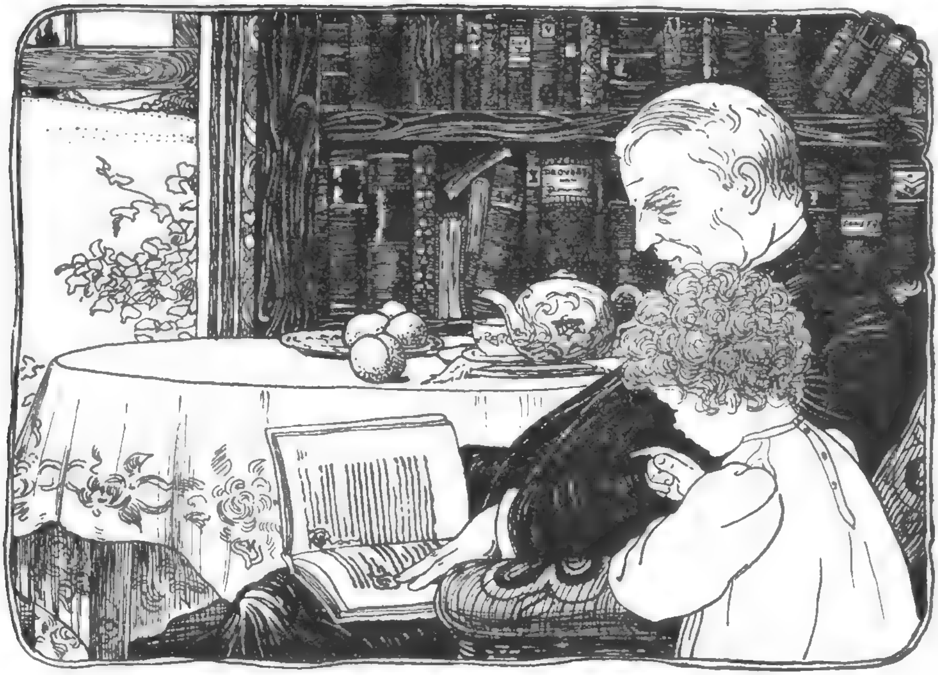
He stopped at the vicar's upraised hand and hushed: "Arthur, I beg of you to enter the study more quietly."

This gave Artie time to bethink himself and to change the form of his sentence. "It was in the Lydd he saw it—in the big pool below the Scowles——"

"H'm—well—run away now, and ask mother to bring in my tea."

The morrow was a fine September morning worthy of midsummer. Old Brain was about his duties earlier than usual; and yet he had scarcely finished rooting up a few spreading Michaelmas daisies that threatened to usurp a whole flower-bed before Artie rushed out upon him in the long-coveted and long-denied "trousies." He flew at the old man with the savage embrace of a glee that passes bounds, and fairly toppled him over on the dewy grass. And while they two laughed and tumbled together, they were silenced by the sudden squeak of a window, and looked up in time to see a pudgy white hand disappearing from between the curtains of the vicar's bedroom. Artie stared frankly, but granddad caught his hand and stole away with him to the kitchen, where the fishing-tackle and lunch-basket occupied the table. It was not many minutes thereafter that the old man sneaked and the little boy strutted away along the grassy Roman road that leads to the Scowles.

Not long had they been gone before the vicar in a mighty haste rang for his breakfast, and, with an air that forbade all questions, ordered straightway lunch and fishing-tackle. The third fisherman was scarce half an hour behind the other two on the same Roman road, and, unaware of their presence as they were of his, took up his post some twenty



AFTERNOONS HE WAS CAREFULLY INTRODUCED INTO THE STUDY TO SAY HIS LETTERS TO GRANDFEYTHER COWLETT.

yards down-stream, well screened by a projection of the bank and a willow trunk.

As you will see, everything depended upon the character of the trout—well, in the first place, upon his existence, and in the second, upon his unusual cerebral power. . . . If Providence had not created just such a hero —an Ajax, an Achilles—in the Lydd, I should have had no tale to tell.

All that morning the choice ecclesiastical flies bobbed down the current without attaching anything more important than two small roach, only worth throwing back again. The Great Trout and all his lesser brethren remained matters of faith alone.

Once or twice the vicar fancied he heard a hum of voices, and turned his face irritably up-stream; but each time he decided that the sound must be the murmur of the Lydd.

The sun rose higher and his disgust increased with the hunger in him. He reeled in and with a sigh had just laid his expensive new rod by the side of his expensive new landing net when—

When two shrill excited cries and a great splashing up-stream broke upon his ear; and with a sinking of the diaphragm, he divined that the Ajax was no myth, but somebody else's capture.

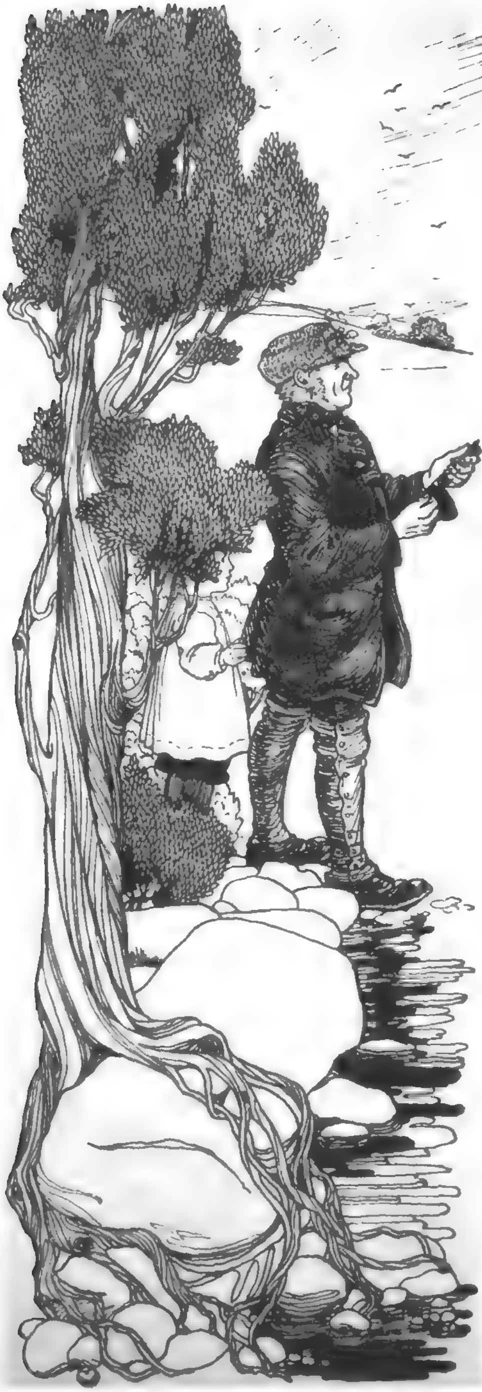
They were familiar, too—the voices; and neither was Harry Chew's. And with a crackling of bushes in addition to thumps and splashes, they were drawing near. For a second, the vicar meditated flight; then realizing that his agile days were over, he stood his ground to confront old Tom Brain and their joint grandchild.

The old man came tumbling through the bushes at the end of a taut line and a swaying rod. The speed of Achilles was terrific, and was equaled only by his strength. He was swimming in a beeline for the Severn—the Bristol Channel—the Atlantic Ocean—America. But old Tom Brain's facial muscles said that he would follow him to China, if need be.

Without stopping in his headlong course even to pick up Artie, whom he had inadvertently knocked into a scrub holly, he glanced at the vicar in a dazed way, and yelled, "Head him off—my net's broke!"

Artie lay, pricked and mournful, while the fat old man, net in hand, outstripped the lean one in a race to a certain shallow that both knew well, and, having arrived, waded to his clerical knees, awaiting the onset.

Ajax-Achilles came on with a glorious rush —scented danger, and turning at right angles



HIS BIRTHDAY WAS SIGNALIZED BY A TREMENDOUS ALL-DAY FISHING EXCURSION WITH GRANDFEYTHER BRAIN.

to his trail, made for a deep spot whither clerical legs might not penetrate.

"Head him off! Head him off!" shrieked Brain. "Dalled, if ye beant an ass!"

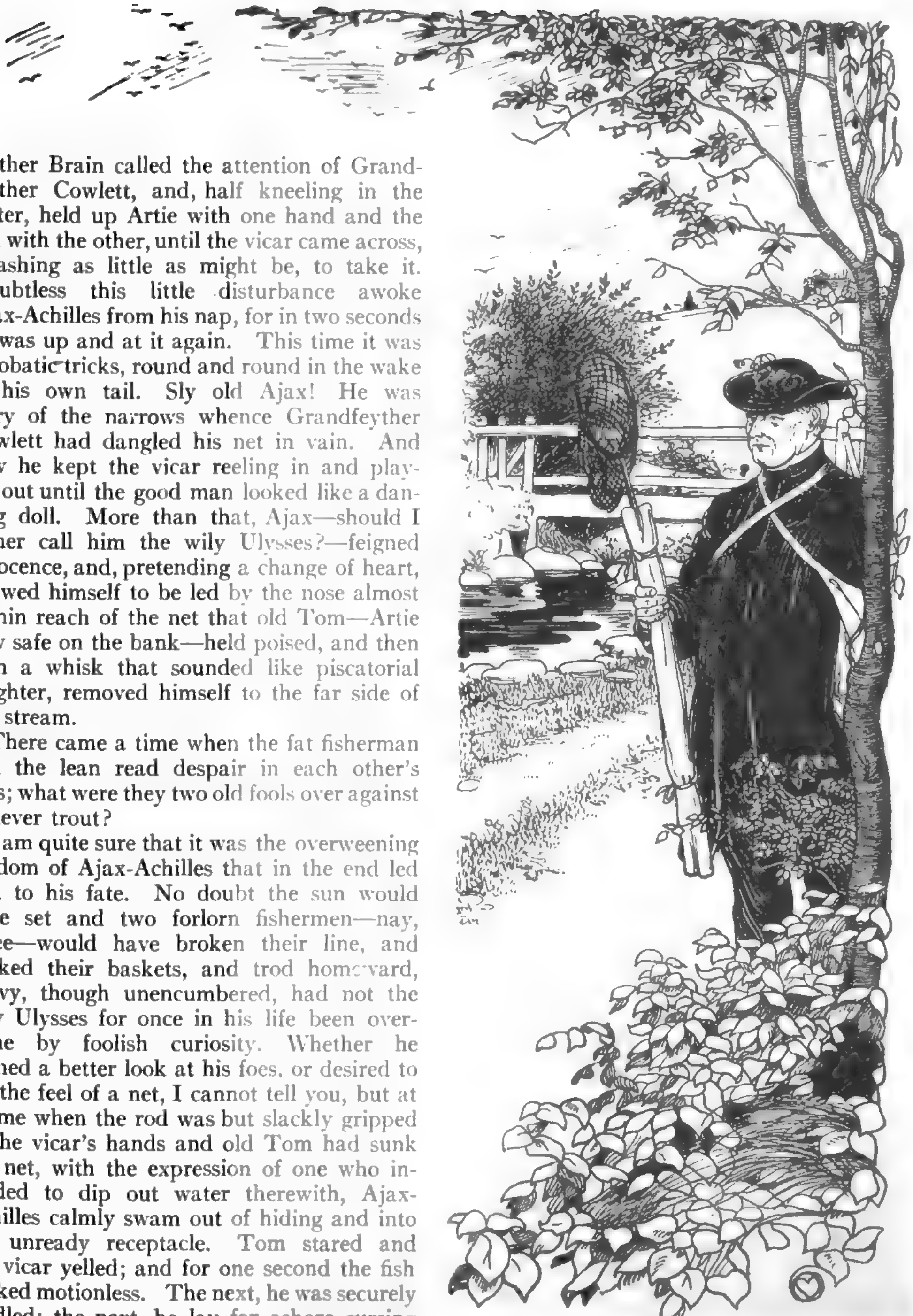
I am sure that if the ecclesiastical ears had taken in this language, the clerical legs would have been rooted to the spot. But I am afraid that the vicar was far too excited to heed anything but the necessity for capturing Ajax-Achilles. He floundered backward and forward in a series of little rushes with tempting displays of net, all the while that Ajax-Achilles was playing an elaborate game of hide-and-seek, and laughing in his sleeve, no doubt, at the ways of clergymen, until in the end old Tom lost patience and came after, cautiously reeling in, step by step. But even as he would have clapped the rod into the vicar's hand with a command more pointed than polite, with a *screel* of the reel like a hoarse laugh Ajax-Achilles was away again, and by his suddenness fairly knocked both old men off their foothold so that they rolled together in the shallows.

They were up again in a manner highly creditable to their age, Tom playing out with all his heart, and the vicar puffing to a bend in the bank which Ajax must pass.

But oh, the wily Achilles! Not he! The vicar sat on the point and dripped, intent on the stream, and old Tom vainly sidled and waited, all eye and ear, while forlorn Artie on the shore took off his shoes and stockings, and rolling the precious "trousies" as high as they would go, broke all express commands and began cautiously to feel his way out to him that held the rod. The line slackened and curled a little on the water; Ajax-Achilles had dropped quietly to the bottom and was apparently taking a nap. And when old Tom had reeled in again as much as he dared, the two fishermen waited again without moving an eyelid; and Artie, having arrived in more or less safety, clutched granddad's coat-tail and hung on, disregarded—a statue too.

Well, from all appearances, the three might have been there to-day in the same expectant attitudes had not Artie grown a bit dizzy in the swift current and lost his footing on the slippery stones.

With a suppressed howl of rage, Grand-



THE THIRD FISHERMAN WAS SCARCE HALF AN HOUR BEHIND THE OTHER TWO ON THE SAME ROMAN ROAD.

feyther Brain called the attention of Grandfeyther Cowlett, and, half kneeling in the water, held up Artie with one hand and the rod with the other, until the vicar came across, splashing as little as might be, to take it. Doubtless this little disturbance awoke Ajax-Achilles from his nap, for in two seconds he was up and at it again. This time it was acrobatic tricks, round and round in the wake of his own tail. Sly old Ajax! He was wary of the narrows whence Grandfeyther Cowlett had dangled his net in vain. And now he kept the vicar reeling in and playing out until the good man looked like a dancing doll. More than that, Ajax—should I rather call him the wily Ulysses?—feigned innocence, and, pretending a change of heart, allowed himself to be led by the nose almost within reach of the net that old Tom—Artie now safe on the bank—held poised, and then with a whisk that sounded like piscatorial laughter, removed himself to the far side of the stream.

There came a time when the fat fisherman and the lean read despair in each other's eyes; what were they two old fools over against a clever trout?

I am quite sure that it was the overweening wisdom of Ajax-Achilles that in the end led him to his fate. No doubt the sun would have set and two forlorn fishermen—nay, three—would have broken their line, and packed their baskets, and trod homeward, heavy, though unencumbered, had not the wily Ulysses for once in his life been overcome by foolish curiosity. Whether he wished a better look at his foes, or desired to try the feel of a net, I cannot tell you, but at a time when the rod was but slackly gripped in the vicar's hands and old Tom had sunk the net, with the expression of one who intended to dip out water therewith, Ajax-Achilles calmly swam out of hiding and into the unready receptacle. Tom stared and the vicar yelled; and for one second the fish basked motionless. The next, he was securely cradled; the next, he lay far ashore cursing his folly in a manner quite unphilosophical.

The three, very wet, stood looking down upon him.

"Dalled, if he beant over four pound,"

says Tom; and the vicar sighs and draws his hand across his forehead.

They bore him home in procession on a litter of green rushes—home along the Roman road—with an emotion too deep for words. And this was the last public function of Ajax-Achilles-Ulysses.

Alone after tea, the vicar, thinking over the triumph of that day, found it impossible to contain himself within the four walls of his study. Pipe in hand, he descended to the kitchen and interrupted the tale of the ass and the lion's skin.

There was consternation at his approach, but he benignly waved his hand as a sign that the tale should go on, and accepted the fleckless chair that his daughter-in-law dusted for him as she set it out.

I have always supposed that he found a little time for reflection as he sat listening to the old tale and staring into the fire; and perhaps the gist of his meditation was that occasionally the lion's skin may take the form of surplice and stole; but that in life—anyway in fishing—one may be as much a donkey as another.

But whatever he thought, his first act after the tale was significant: he silently held out his tobacco-pouch for the filling of old Tom's clay pipe. And when they had puffed together awhile in no small peace and content—Artie watching them with sleepy wonder from his mother's shoulder—they presently agreed that Ajax-Achilles-Ulysses was worthy of being his own monument, and should stand in a glass case midway down the hall (happy compromise this!) to the admiration of all men and the envy of generations to come. After this they rehearsed the glories of that day, and both discovered that a man is much like another man, even when one is a vicar. Artie summed up the situation when he was carried off to bed with a drowsy murmur of "G'an'feythers bofe."

The Heritage

By ARTHUR STRINGER

WE saw her soft body weighed down
With its splendor of raiment, and spake:
"These things shall she wear as a crown,
These wear, for her purity's sake!"

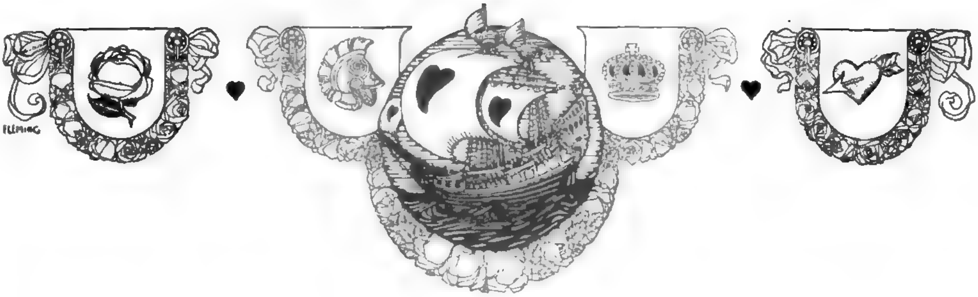
In crimson we robed her and white;
Fine linen we brought her and gold;
We sheltered her heart from the night;
We muffled her breast from the cold.

For a softness and beauty denied
The dust of our emptier days;
We crept to her then in our pride,
And a mockery met our gaze.

For with all the white raiment she wore,
With all the soft life she might live,
She cried through her roses once more:
"Is *this* . . . *this* the most you can give?

"Since I wait, being a woman once born,
For the solace of anguish and fears;
Demanding my birthright, to mourn,
And my gift, of great sorrow, and tears!"

Little Stories of Real Life



Woman Prepares—Man Proposes

By Anne O'Hagan

SHE looked at herself with critical, unillusioned morning eyes and turned from the mirror with lips down-curved in deep discouragement.

"And I thought I looked so well last night," she bemoaned herself softly. "Vain imbecile! I'm a pasty-faced, drab, uninteresting creature with as much intelligent animation as a flour dumpling. I look thirty-five if I look a day."

Her lack-luster eyes, having relentlessly spied out her own imperfections, now took note of the shortcomings of her surroundings. It requires a supernal genius to make a combination bedchamber and living-room attractive before the chambermaid's morning rounds, but Theodosia was in no mood to make allowances. She stared at the ashes on the hearth; the grate was rusty, the andirons dull. She stared at the Kelim rug and the pillows piled in the corner, waiting the moment when the cot bed should become again a luxurious divan—and she shuddered.

"It's a hideous way to live," she declared with a vehemence that almost brought the color into her pale cheeks. "Squalid! An honest tenement would be better."

The pale green frock she had worn last night, stretched upon a hanger and swinging from the chandelier with a horrible suggestiveness of suicide or a second-hand clothing shop, occupied the middle foreground of her picture. She snatched it down vindictively.

"Awful color!" she declared. "Poor, cheap rag! It needs a Hebe to wear green, and I—I—dared to wear it!" She tried to laugh the mirthless laugh of the stage, but a sound more like a sob was lost in the slamming of the closet door upon the offending garment.

She pulled the curtains wide at her windows, but only the thick, gray haze of an unseasonably warm, cheerless winter day struck against the glass panes.

"Air? It's a greasy steam from all the million gloomy, cheap restaurants in the city," she declared.

The dull roar and rumble that is the city's breath was punctuated this morning by the constant shrill of sirens from the boats plying the fog-shrouded rivers and bay. She put her hands against her ears to shut out the sound.

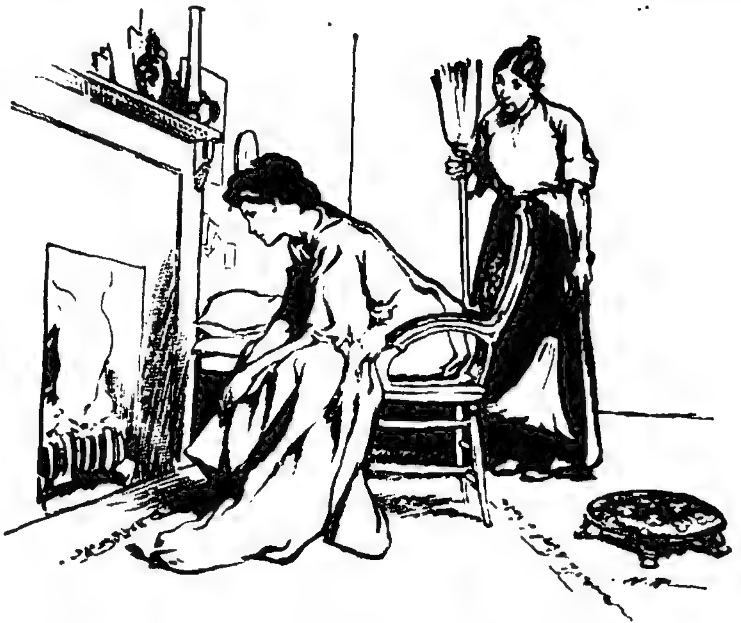
"And I have to bear this all my life," she told herself. "Only it will be worse as I grow older. All my life—dinginess and ugliness, poverty and makeshifts, loneliness, labor—and never any love, never any love."

Having thus reached the core of her misery, she sat down in front of the desolate hearth and stared at the ashes. For once she was not even subconsciously aware of the symbolism of the situation.

"I tried and I failed," she told herself. "It was indecent to try. Every Puritan of my ancestors would rise in his grave to denounce a descendant who would deliberately try to make a man propose to her, who would fling herself at a man's head. But I did it. I tried—and he didn't propose. That's the most disgraceful thing of all. And yet he wanted to marry me five years ago when I wasn't half as worth while as I am now. Vain, ambitious little fool! With as much idea of the relative values of things as that doll there." She looked with marked disfavor at the Japanese doll on the table, whose red dress was a dinner menu. She roused herself from her reveries long enough to throw the toy among the ashes.

"I don't want anything to remind me of last night," she observed. Then she went forlornly back to her contemplation of her own state.

"What on earth was it I wanted then, I wonder? Surely I expected to marry some time—I was a perfectly normal girl at twenty-two. And there he was"—her face broke into April tenderness — "kind and gay and modest and manly. And adoring me—for he did, he did! Did I imagine there were going to be dozens like that, I wonder? For that wouldn't do for Theodosia, Theodosia who was going to run the gamut of human experiences outside love and matrimony before settling down to those humdrum matters! That was it. Freedom had gone to my head. I was maudlin with it." She paused and balanced the poker thoughtfully in her outstretched hand.


SHE SAT DOWN . . . AND STARED AT THE ASHES.

"Well, and now he comes back from his bridge-laying and road-making down there in Bogota—it was when he got that appointment that he asked me, fool that I was, to marry him! And I've learned my lesson. I know that the vast range of human experience I anticipated narrows down to a fairly constant anxiety about the rent, a gloomy foreboding about old age, a heavy loneliness, and a lot of noisy, unsatisfactory companionships. Oh, I've learned my lesson. And I've learned that I missed him like mad! Why, when I heard he was coming home my heart gave such a leap as it never gave before in all its silly life. And I made up my mind to try, in every possible way, to get him back, since no wise woman had managed to get him meanwhile. Oh, I did my prettiest tricks for the gentleman! I wore my best clothes all the time, on the chance of meeting him. I wore my best air when we did meet. I dread to count what I've squandered on the masseuse and the manicure in these last two months. And it can never be calculated how much—vital force, I think they call it—I've spent in being charming in his presence. Result—Harry Mason covers my glove with idiotic kisses, and he barely notices me. Last night even, when I'd bought the green dress on purpose! I begged Araminta to put me next to him at table. 'Why, I didn't know you particularly liked John Hazelton,' she said—the purblind woman—'he isn't interested in any of the things the rest of us are.' How I hate studio dinners! I wish I knew people who had real houses. I'd almost live in—Newark—for a real house. And I was as brilliant and as charming as I could be. And if Harry Mason hadn't been on my right to laugh at my jokes with that great stupid roar of his, they would have made about as much impression as the snowflake on the river!"

Nora, entering in red-armed energy with mops and dusters and all the paraphernalia of cleanliness, cried with ready, Celtic sympathy:

"Sure, Miss More, dear, ye're lukin' bad the marnin'. Wouldn't ye be feelin' yersilf?"

"Oh, I'm well enough, Nora, thank you," replied Theodosia drearily.

"It's a nasthy day—enough to mek a body down in the mouth. But sure ye, wid yer beaux an' yer frien's an' yer flowers an' yer fine doin's can't know what it is to be sad nor sorry, miss. Will ye be afther kapin' these roses anny longer?"

"No, throw them away." Theodosia blushed a little to recall that she had sent the flowers to herself with the card of one of her old callers on the afternoon John Hazelton had come to tea. But he hadn't seemed particularly excited over the evidence of her popularity—and he hadn't mentioned coming again.

"I'll be clanin' yer silver things to-day," called Nora from the dressing-table. "I'd hev done it last week only thim Hinckleys movin' in an' all——"

"It's all right, Nora."

"A bit of the polisher'd do yer andirons no harm."

"No," agreed Theodosia listlessly. She had approached the closet and was staring at her wardrobe.

"Oh, what difference does it make what I wear?" she demanded in sudden impatience, to Nora's bewilderment. She drew on a raincoat, awkward and ancient in cut and greeny-gray in color—a thing that enveloped her shapelessly and accentuated all the pallor and the shadows of her face. She pinned a soft, half-formless round hat on her dark hair, and finding her oldest gloves and an elderly umbrella, she marched down-stairs and out into the foggy, oozy streets.

"Air?" she said scornfully again. "Stew! Broth of the fiend's own making." And pleased with this happy fancy she went on to her work, which, that day, was instructing the young ladies in Miss Greyerson's exclusive school in certain details of water-color painting.

It was between four and five of the dismal afternoon that she found herself walking down Fifth Avenue. She was grimly, defiantly conscious that her appearance fitted her rather for Seventh, but it assorted with her dreary mood to flaunt the outward and visible signs of failure in the face of the world. She had acquired two bundles on her peregrinations and these she carried conspicuously, albeit forlornly. A shoe lace, unfastened and flapping in the mud of the crossings and the slime of the sidewalks, gave the final touch of dinginess, of shabbiness to her make-up. She was aware of it, but she scarcely cared. She recognized it as the hall-mark that vouched for the genuineness of her misery.

From the rise of the Murray Hill region she was staring down the street to the spot where, out of the thick mist, the great prow of the Flatiron Building was dimly bulked. She had no eyes for the passers-by.

"Theodosia!" cried one of them in evident surprise and somewhat dubious gladness. Theodosia's gray eyes, recalled from the gloom of the farther vista, met John Hazelton's blue ones. Awkwardly she dropped a parcel. The color flooded her face. The feminine heart within her cried: "Oh, to be caught in this plight—by him, by him!"

Meantime John was picking up the bundle, oblivious of the mud.

"Your shoe's untied," he observed. "Put it up on that step there, please, and I'll fasten it."

"It's so muddy," objected Theodosia. John laughed.

"Mud won't be fatal. And you might trip on the string. Theodosia, are you one of those foolish women who wear low shoes all the winter?" The inquiry was sternly made after the tying of Theodosia's laces had acquainted him with the intimacies of her footgear.

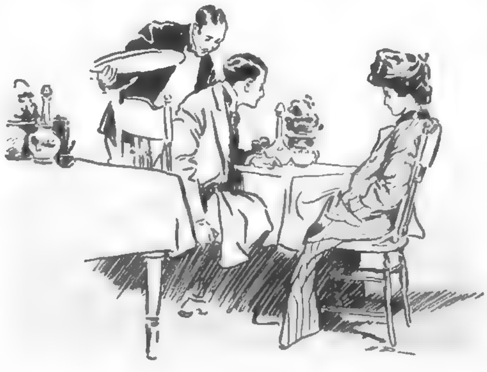
"I—I don't know. I dressed quickly this morning," mumbled Theodosia aloud. To herself she was wailing: "You look like the office scrubwoman!"

John turned back and was walking downtown with her. He was moved to deliver a pedantic, masculine lecture on the care of the health.

"Perhaps you're right," agreed Theodosia meekly. She could not think of any verbal rocket to fire in answer to his mere common sense. Besides, she liked the sound of his voice so that she scarcely wanted to interrupt him.

"Of course, I'm right," answered John. Then he marked that she shivered a little. He was a modest youth and it did not occur to him that the passer-by who jostled him against her was responsible for that shiver.

"See here, Theo," he said, falling into the nomenclature of five years before, "you're cold. Your lips are blue. Are you warmly enough dressed? Have you anything on under that thin coat—a—a jersey or anything? Of course not! Well, madam, you're coming in here to have some tea and then we're going to take you home in a cab." He was for dragging her into a hotel whose portals were guarded by the most imposing of blue liveries.


"BEG PARDON, SIR, THE TEA."

"Mercy, no!" cried Theodosia with returning vigor. "I'm—I'm not fit——"

"Fit? Nonsense!" Mr. Hazelton marched

her past the blue images of elegant respectability. Theodosia's muddy shoes clattered obediently across the hall and into the big, quiet, mellowly lighted dining-room.

"Just as I suspected," said John severely as he helped her out of her wrap. "You ought to wear something under it. That's a cotton shirt-waist."

"And a second-day one, and a bargain-sale one at that!" Theodosia's despairing recollection told her. Aloud she murmured something about dressing in a hurry. Then her murmurs fell away and she sat and stared at the ends of her interlaced fingers. It was no proper use, she knew, to make of the heaven-sent minutes; she ought to be training the artillery of her charms upon him. But the consciousness of failures past foredoomed her to failure to-day. She simply couldn't make the futile effort. If all her weapons, her pretty clothes and her pretty wit, had failed to remind him that he was once in love with her, was it likely that this scrubwoman effect could achieve that result? What was the use?

Meantime John stared at her with a certain shy pleasure. He noted her pale cheeks, her down-curved lips, the deeply shadowed, tired eyes, the weariness and listlessness of her bearing.

"Theodosia," he said after the scrutiny, "I almost believe that, after all, you need to be looked after as much as you did five years ago." His voice was a little uneven with—was it a hope?—and he bent toward her. Theodosia leaned limply back in her chair, and her wide eyes turned to him with rather piteous inquiry.

"I do, upon my word." He gained in emphasis. "Whenever I've seen you before, you've been so—so complete, so efficient—oh, I don't know. All polished and finished and sparkling, cared for and admired and courted. But to-day——"

"Johnny," cried Theodosia, lapsing into the inappropriate diminutive of long before, "Johnny, if you mean, if you mean——"

"That I want to be the one to take care of you? I do, exactly, Theodosia. I never stopped."

"Well, for Heaven's sake, say it," cried Theodosia with the most unjust impatience. "Oh, if you knew how I've worked to hear you say it!"

"Beg pardon, sir, the tea." The waiter, placing the tea equipage, sundered two shamelessly clasped hands and interposed muffins between two shamelessly clinging pairs of eyes.

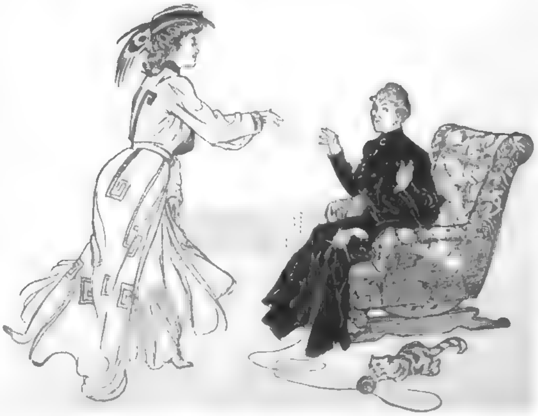
"Why can't the lower classes do their love-makin' somewhere besides in restaurants?" he demanded later with ponderous indignation of his *confrère* at the next table. Then more curiously: "What's he sayin' to her now?"

"He's only tellin' her to drink her tea while it's hot—if you call that love-makin'," replied the other, carefully adjusting the knives at the table back of Theodosia's.

Philury Jane, Deaconess

By Winifred Arnold

YE don't mean to say that this is Maranthy Ann Peck that my eyes is a-gazin' upon? Land o' liberty, Maranthy, I shouldn't never 'a' knowed ye! Why, anybody could eeny most call ye good-lookin'. It's that new way o' fixin' your hair, hain't it—all frizzed up so sorter fixy like? An' yet, goodness knows I hadn't orter uphold ye in sech sinful pride—though reelly I s'pose it all depends on how ye done it. Was it hairpins, Maranthy? Braidin' an' tongs bein' specially spoke against, I s'pose hairpins is the only reel Scripteral manner o' crimpin' the hair.



I SHOULDN'T NEVER 'A' KNOWED YE!

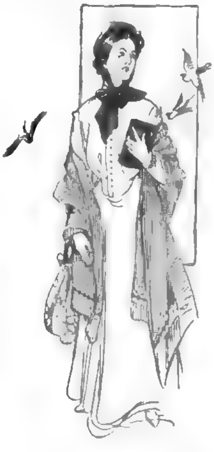
Howsumever, it doos look enough sight better than when you wore it all slicked down an' plastered flat to your head as if the old cat had licked it. That is, of course, unless you're layin' out to be a deaconess like Philury Jane Stubbs. Sakes alive, Maranthy, what be I a-sayin'? Mis' Deacon Pelatiah Stubbs, I mean, she that was a Mosher. Now, did ye ever hear tell of a clearer case o' the workin's o' Providence than that was—though 'twas also the workin' o' Philury Jane Mosher, goodness knows. It's when folks puts their shoulders to the wheel an' works hand in hand with Providence that they git their prayers answered fastest—you mark my words.

Yes, o' course, livin' way off outer the world up there to Brockton, ye couldn't be expected to 'a' hearn tell about it—but bein' as I was in to the fore part o' the commencement, as ye might say, I can give ye all the peticklers.

It all begun about three years ago when Elder Moses Simpkins come around here the first time a-holding of revival meetin's. It was a great work that Elder Simpkins did in this here sinful town o' Sonet, I tell ye. There was a dretful lot o' young converts that year—as many as six or seven at least—an' Philury Jane Mosher, she was the worldliest one of all. She wore breastpins an' bead chains an' had several different red and blue basque waists, an' crimped her hair both with tongs *an'* braids, and even went to the lengths sumtimes o' stickin' ribbon bows on to it—though I wouldn't want to say that for sure. I never reelly seen her do it, but there is them that sez they has, an' sticks to it.

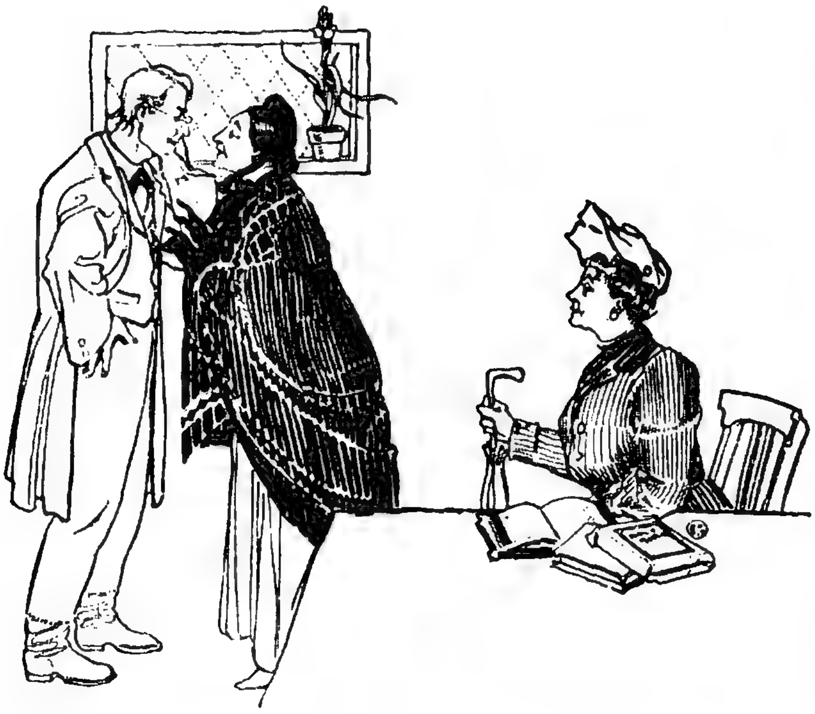
Wal, howsumever that is, ye know how it alwuz goes, them that's the wust beforehand turns right around 'nd takes the front seat for heaven, once they git headed that way; an' so it was with Philury Jane. Off went her glass breastpins an' her bead chains, off went her red an' blue basque waists (she replaced 'em immejitly by brown an' black ones, o' course. I wouldn't want nobody to think I'd label Philury Jane), an' as to braids an' tongs, she slicked her hair down flatter'n yours was, if anything, such was her zeal for the meetin'-house.

Then she bought a package o' Di'mond Dyes an' dyed all her basque waists black, an' they do say that she throwed her bead chains an' breastpins into the mill-pond, but I can't reelly swear to that. Still, nothin' could look primmer'n Philury Jane from that time on, an' when Elder Simpkins come back next year, ye wouldn't 'a' known her for the same person. I went up with her after meetin' to shake hands an' he had to settle his spec's good an' hard before he recognized her at all, though she yelled out several times that she was Philury Jane Mosher. Some folks is deef as posts, but Elder Moses Simpkins is deefer than a hull rail fence. I sometimes think that's why he has such luck evangelizing—nobody can't never break up his meetin's a-sassin' back.


NOTHIN' COULD LOOK PRIMMER'N PHILURY JANE.

Wal, he stood 'n' looked Philury Jane over an' then he nodded real majestic three or four times an' smiled down at her most approvin' like. "Yes, yes, Sister Mosher," says he. "The meetin'-house has marked you for its own. Be yew a-doin' deaconess work?" says he. Philury Jane turned red as a beet an' was so flabbergasted she couldn't speak, so I hastened to explain that 'twas tailoress work she was doin' at seventy-five cents a day an' board, but that anyway all the deacons in our meetin'-house was old enough to be her pa, not to say gran'pa, an' was all married besides, so there wasn't no chanst for Philury Jane; but o' course he never hearn a word. "Yes, yes," sez he. "These here young converts is jest what we need for deaconesses," sez he, "an' he smiled even sweeter at Philury Jane. But by this time she'd found her tongue. "Oh," says she, real distrested, "had I orter be a deaconess, Elder Simpkins? There ain't no chanst here in Sonet. The deacons is all took." A word or two evidently pierced his ear-drums, for he looked sorter grieved like an' says: "The number o' deacons don't make no difference. There's plenty o' chanst right here in Sonet. All yew've got to do is to look." We both on us yelled out to know who the "Chanst" was, for we'd run over all the deacons hastily in our minds an' there wa'n't one at liberty, so to speak, but jest then he turned away to shake hands with Brother Cottle an' Brother Seth Jenkins, who'd driv' all the way down from Titicut to hear him, an' that was the last word we could get with him.

A more downcast mortal than Philury Jane I never see in my born days. She busted right out a-cryin', an' I had to yank her out through the vestry an' start off for home with her straightaway. I was afraid she was a-spottin' my new plaid shawl, too, but there, that jest shows how it pays to buy the best that's goin'. I paid two dollars an' a quarter to Himie Bennett's for that plaid shawl an' it never showed a stain. An' I talked to that girl good; I p'inted out that there wa'n't no deacons lying round loose in Sonet nor in all Freetown as far as I knew; I told her if 'twas her dooty the Lord would p'int the way; I argufied up hill an' down dale, as ye might say, an' it did chirk her up first rate. Philury Jane never was one o' these here weepin'-willer kind, an' I wa'n't a mite surprised when she come round to my house the next mornin' with firm determination seated on to her for'ed, as the poet says. "If Providence by the mouth of Elder Simpkins hez set me a stent, Mis' Bassett," sez she, "that stent I'm a-goin' to tackle, an' though bein' a deaconess in this town is the toughest stent I ever come up against, a deaconess I'm goin' to be," sez she.


"HAD I ORTER BE A DEACONESS, ELDER SIMPKINS?"

I was the one that was beat this time, I will confess. "How under the canopy be ye a-goin' to do it, Philury Mosher?" sez I. "Wal," sez she, pinnin' her shawl round her shoulders with a big black safety-pin, "fust I'm a-goin' to canvass this town. I know full well there hain't no deacons in the market here," sez she, "but I'm a-goin' visitin' around all this week to see if I can hear of any in any neighborin' village that hain't already bespoke," an' with that off she started.

Friday arternoon she dropped in agin, but she didn't hev anythin' encouragin' to relate. Joe John Peck's wife, she that was a Brightman, thought that mebbe her cousin up in New Hampshire had wrote her about a deacon up there that was a widower, but that was six months or so ago, an' probably he'd been snapped up in the meantime, and anyway, New Hampshire was a dretful long ways off an' unhandy to git at, besides not being anybody there that she knew when she got there.

But Philury Jane Mosher ain't goin' to be downed by no small shakes, I can tell ye, an' her dander was up. The next week, she said, she was a-plannin' to go clear down to Freetown to visit Matildy Withers, she that was a Cornell, an' see for herself how the land lay over there. So down she went. But Freetown seemed to be more discouragin' than Sonet if anythin'. I'd never sensed before jest how popular deacons is in the matrimony bureaus, an' the deaconesses was all middlin' young an' real hale an' hearty, an' no vacancies to be heard of. But Philury jest shet her teeth an' started right out the next week for Titicut an' from there to Dighton.

I do b'leeve there wouldn't 'a' been a square mile o' the State left that Philury hadn't looked over ef sunthin' hadn't 'a' happened. A Mis' Deacon Skinner over Fairhaven way up an' died dretful sudden an' unexpected. I couldn't help feelin' as if Philury was to blame, though she'd never laid eyes on the woman—but there, dooty is dooty, an' every one orter chase her up tight an' grip hard on to her apron strings. So as soon as I heard of it, I sent word to Philury Jane to come right home from Dighton; so she did, hotfoot, I tell ye, an' posted right off to hire out for the deacon's housekeeper.

But while she was a-gittin' back from Dighton, in steps Mis' Onias Page, she that was fust a Crockett, an' then a Thurston, an' then a Fisher, an' then a Page. She took the job o' consolin' the mournin' relick at two dollars a week, an' an excellent hand she was at it, too, hevin' hed so much experience. To him that's had shall be given, is specially true in the matter o' ketchin' husbands. The more ye've got rid of, the crazier all the men seem to be to hev ye try it on them.

Still Philury wa'n't dismayed. She begun visitin' Mis' Page reel stiddy, spendin' the day an' stayin' to tea an' all, but o' course Mis' Page had the inside track, there ain't no denying that, so finally Philury Jane jest up an' told her how 'twuz an' ast her as a sister in the meetin'-house to remove herself from twixt her an' her Dooty. (That was Deacon Skinner, ye understand. I dunno as ye can alwuz foller these highfalutin figgers o' speech that I use.)

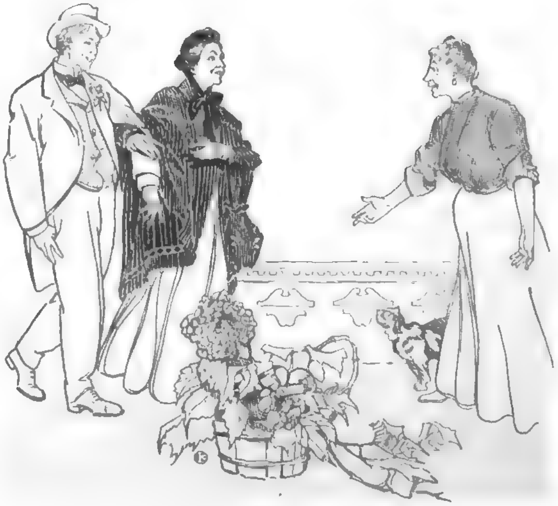
But Mis' Page, she hed full as much spiritooal pride as the next one, I tell ye, an' if there was a chanst to be a deaconess, she wa'n't a-goin' to let that high office slip through her fingers, I tell ye, an' so she told Philury Jane; an' to save any accidents a-happenin' before the week was out, she'd led Deacon Skinner by the halter, as they say in these here s'ciety columns, an' had a notice put in the paper an' then cut it out an' sent it to Philury Jane.

But land o' Goshen, ef she'd knowed Philury Jane Mosher as well as I do, she'd 'a' thought long an' hard afore she sot herself in the way o' that gal, backed by both Providence an' Dooty. (This Dooty don't mean Deacon Skinner. It's not any human person this time.) Less'n a week from that day, Deacon Skinner was upset offen a load of hay an' instantly killed, an' though nobody objected to the widder's wearin' her usual crape veil to the funeril (though it had grown pretty rusty lookin' by this time), still they all agreed that she'd been Mis' Skinner such a short time that 'twa'n't reelly right to take away the title o' Mis' Deacon from his dead an' gone relick an' give it to somebody that hed been Mis' Page only the week before, so she only got to be the Widder Skinner for all her pains.

Wal, now, there was Philury Jane's chanst at last, though land! I dunno as I should 'a' known it myself. That's the diffrunce in folks; some on em' knows a chanst ez fur off as they kin see her comin', an' others hain't no idee who 'tis till her back hair is jest a disappearin' around the corner for good. Philury Jane, now, she alwuz hez her spy-glass out, an' chansts don't need to wear no labels for her.

While she was over a-visitin' Mis' Page, she fell in with Pelatiah Stubbs, a sandy-haired, youngish-sorter chap that clerked it for Deacon Skinner in his grocery store. She didn't have no thoughts o' him, o' course, her mind bein' soarin' on sech a high spiritooal flight, an' her eyes sot firmly on to the deacon, but Pelatiah he got reel sweet on her afore she'd been over there more'n half a dozen times. He wa'n't even a perfessor when she fust come, but he knew that was clear agin him, so he experienced religion an' jined the Church short off, an' it helped him with Philury Jane so't she let him tackle up an' carry her home in the grocery waggin several times, an' I b'leeve that on one o' these trips he ez much ez popped the question. At any rate, she knew full well that she could have him, so what do ye b'leeve she did? She sent for him to fetch her over to the funeril an' then she insisted on stayin' a fortnight an' comfortin' the mournin' relick. The Widder Skinner was mad enough to bite, but they'd been such friends that she couldn't very well refuse, so there Philury stayed.

Pelatiah Stubbs, he had about $800 saved up, an' he told Philury Jane that if she'd marry him he'd buy a white cottage house with green blinds jest around the corner from the store. Now any ordinary woman would 'a' jumped at sech a chanst as that afore ye could say Jack Robinson, but not so Philury. In the arternoon, arter the funeril, she took Pelatiah into the fore-room (the store was closed, o' course, outer respect), an' she talked to him till he promised that ef she wanted him to he'd give that hull $800 clean out to the meetin'-house the next Sunday, 'ceptin' what he needed to buy up the deacon's grocery business. He was clean daft about Philury, ye can see that easy enough.


"PHILURY JANE MOSHER! WAL, I AM BEAT!"

She never said a word more to him, but the next day, right arter breakfast, she put on her bunnit an' shawl an' started out to canvass that meetin'-house, beginnin' with the minister's family an' the deacons' an' so down along, an' she told 'em all about Pelatiah's money an' how he was goin' to give it smack out to the meetin'-house arter buyin' up the grocery business, an' then she'd ask 'em if they didn't think 'twas only right to elect him to fill Deacon Skinner's place. Philury's an awful good talker, the kind that can make black look reel whitish like, an' o' course she had a dretful good p'int in his bein' in the grocery business. It doos seem to be the most orthodox kinder trade for deacons, some way.

Wal, anyway, however she managed it, the long an' short of it was this: At the end o' that fortnight, Deacon Skinner's old grocery waggin that was, driv up to my front gate an' out steps Pelatiah Stubbs an' hands out Philury Jane with sech a flourish that I suspicioned sunthin' right away an' I got to the door afore she did. "Philury Jane Mosher!" sez I, "wal, I am beat! Be yew a-goin' to take Pelatiah Stubbs an' give up bein' a deaconess arter all?" "No, indeed, Mis' Bassett," sez she, smilin' as perky as ye please. "I've took Pelatiah Stubbs an' we're on our weddin' journey to Attleboro this minute, but he was elected deacon over to his meetin'-house yestiddy arternoon " sez she. "So it's the Deaconess Philury Jane Stubbs that's a-standin' on your door stun this minnit."

I ain't usually no hand to be surprised, but I eeny most keeled over this time. "Come in this minnit," sez I, "an' tell me all about it. Come in, Deacon Stubbs," I hollered, but they wouldn't stay, even for dinner. Philury said she'd got to git over to Attleboro where Elder Simpkins was a-holdin' revival meetin's; she wanted to show him that she'd done her dooty an' got her deacon arter all, if she did hev to see to the makin' of him herself, as ye might say.

Wal, she an' Pelatiah they're a-livin' over the store still, for land only knows when he'll git together enough money agin to buy a house, but mercy sakes, Philury, she don't care. She's President o' the Dorcas Society, an' teaches a class in Sunday-school, an' she makes everybody call her Deaconess Stubbs or else Mis' Deacon, an' she's as happy as a clam at high water.

Her last idee she got outen a ***Zion's Trumpet*** that she takes; it's a sign tacked on to the side door where ye go to the up-stairs part, an' it says:

DEACONESS HOME
PHILURY JANE STUBBS

In the Atelier

By JAMES E. RICHARDSON

I THOUGHT that love was such a little thing!
That one might keep it alway at his side,
Scabbarded like a sword, at peace to bide
Its need in times of dearth and clamoring.
I had it there, but unremembering
I put it off one day, that I might glide
A freer hand across the work that cried
One consummating touch. It rose. Took wing.

And now 'tis gone. There lie the broken rames
Of what with toil and care and crooning song
I sweated over, strong in sweet belief,
In dauntless hope. Oh, leave me! Low the flames
Are flickering. . . . This life is not so long,
A biding while within the house of grief!

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree."

At a political meeting the speakers and the audience were much annoyed and disturbed by a man who constantly called out: "Mr. Henry! Henry, Henry, Henry! I call for Mr. Henry!" After several interruptions of this kind during each speech, a young man ascended the platform, and began an eloquent and impassioned speech in which he handled the issues of the day with easy familiarity. He was in the midst of a glowing period when suddenly the old cry echoed through the hall: "Mr. Henry! Henry, Henry, Henry! I call for Mr. Henry!" With a word to the speaker, the chairman stepped to the front of the platform and remarked that it would oblige the audience very much if the gentleman in the rear of the hall would refrain from any further calls for Mr. Henry, as that gentleman was then addressing the meeting.

"Mr. Henry? Is that Mr. Henry?" came in astonished tones from the rear. "Thunder! that can't be him. Why, that's the young man that asked me to call for Mr. Henry."

* * *

There is a story told about a famous New York surgeon. It runs that when the doctor was young in practise he had as a patient a certain Mr. Darlie, of Woonsocket, R. I., whom he treated successfully for a painful tumor on the neck. One day the doctor called on Mr. Darlie after a long interval, and despite the patient's assurance that his general health was greatly improved, the surgeon advised an immediate operation.

"But dinna ye tell me yoursel' an operation wasna neecessary?" demanded the patient. "I'm feeling better than I ha'e twa year gone, and wha' d'ye want to cut me up noo for?"

"Well," confessed the young surgeon with some embarrassment, "you see I need the money."

"Oh," said Mr. Darlie, much relieved, "if it's the siller ye're after, a' richt! I was afeard ye war overanxious for the experience."

* * *

An impecunious Irishman, who was touring the country mostly by the brake-beam route, was one day enjoying the luxury of a ride on a farmer's wagon. As they rode on side by side, the Irishman noticed a handsome old house by the roadside that was apparently unoccupied and spoke of it to the farmer.

"That house," said the farmer, "is haunted; nobody will stay in it."

"Sure, I don't believe in ha'nts," said the Irishman.

"Well, that house is yours if you will sleep in it one night. There is a standing offer to that effect."

"The house is mine," said the Irishman. "Take me to the man that wants to give it away."

At dark the Irishman walked to the house, opened the front door with the key he had received from the owner, and went up-stairs where he found a room prepared for his reception. Removing his clothes he went to bed, and, as he was tired from his day's journey, was soon fast asleep. During the night he was awakened by shrieks, groans, the rattling of chains, and other unearthly noises. At the foot of his bed he saw a fearsome figure all in white pointing an accusing finger at him. With one frightened bound he was beside his clothes and, gathering an armful, fled down the stairs, out the door, and down the road as fast as he could go. Urged on by his fright he ran until weary nature refused to carry him any farther. Dropping on a log by the roadside he breathed a sigh of relief, and then gasped for breath. He heard a hollow cough near him, and his heart sank as he turned and saw the ghost sitting beside him at the other end of the log.

"That was a great run we had," said the ghost.

"You're right!" gasped Pat. "And as soon as I get me breath, we'll have another one."

❧

He was a sad-faced American tourist, and as he seated himself in a London restaurant he was immediately attended by an obsequious waiter.

"I want two eggs," said the American, "one fried on one side and one on the other."

"'Ow is that, sir?" asked the astounded waiter.

"Two eggs—one fried on one side and one on the other."

"Very well, sir."

The waiter was gone several minutes and when he returned his face was a study.

"Would you please repeat your horder, sir?"

"I said very distinctly, two eggs—one fried on one side and one on the other."

Oppressive silence and then a dazed, "Very well, sir."

This time the waiter was gone longer and when he returned he said anxiously:

"Would it be awsking too much, sir, to 'ave you repeat your horder, sir? I cawn't think I 'ave it right, sir, y'know."

"Two eggs," said the American, sadly and patiently; "one fried on one side and one on the other."

More oppressive silence and another fainter, "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone still longer. When he returned his collar was unbuttoned, his hair disheveled, and his face scratched and bleeding. Leaning over the waiting patron he whispered beseechingly:

"Would you mind tyking boiled heggs, sir? I've 'ad some woids with the cook."

❧

A lady recently presented her husband with twins, and his pride and joy knew no bounds. He called in friends and servants to view and admire his treasures, and lastly came old John, the coachman, who had been in the family for years. John looked the youngsters over carefully, shook his head with a puzzled expression, and went away without a word. The disappointed father was very angry, and his wrath was appeased only when John appeared the next day and asked to view the babies again. After much deliberation he soberly pointed to one of them and said, to the parents' amazement:

"I'd kape this wan."

❧

She walked into a branch bank on upper Broadway and pushed a check through the paying teller's window.

"You will have to be identified," said he. "I don't know you, madam."

"You don't, eh?" said the woman, with fire in her eye. "Aren't you the father of the Smith family that has a flat in the Pileremin apartments?"

"Y-e-s."

"Well, I am the red-headed janitress that your wife's always complaining about. When you left home this morning I heard you say: 'Emily, if our children get fighting with that old fury in the basement, don't quarrel with her. Wait till I get home and let me talk to her.' Now, if you think you can get the best of an argument with——"

"Here's your money, madam," said the paying teller, and she took it and went.

❧

Dr. Sawyer, of Williston Seminary at Easthampton, Mass., was discussing the early education of the older generation. "It was not such as people get now," he said, "but I am not ashamed of it. When I think of it I am always reminded of an epitaph I once saw in a desolate little town. It devoted two lines to the virtues of the good woman buried there, concluding with this line:

"'She averaged well for this vicinity.'"

❧

In the early mining days of southern Oregon the miners would congregate upon Sunday at one of the principal saloons in Jacksonville and make wagers on all sorts of local athletic sports, the principal source of amusement being foot-racing. There was an express messenger named Beekman, who for years had held the local championship, and the boys had for a long time considered him invincible. One day after the miners had all made a very large clean-up, a stranger dropped into the saloon and after participating in a few rounds of drinks calmly remarked that he could beat any man in Jackson

County in a foot-race. He promptly secured bets aggregating several thousand dollars, the distance was measured off, and the miners not only bet all the money they could rake, scrape, and borrow on Beekman, but bet their claims, horses, saddles, and all of the grub they had.

The race was run and Beekman lost by a nose. A miners' meeting was held on the spot and it was decided that Beekman had "thrown" the race. The miners gathered clubs and rocks and chased him out of town and about three miles up Jackson Creek. As the foot-racer was going through the timber, getting out of civilization as fast as he could, he encountered a large grizzly bear; the bear was hungry and started to run after Beekman. It chased him not only to the town, but down the principal street, and past the group of miners, who were still justly indignant over the result of the race. As Beekman, almost exhausted from his exciting race, passed the group, with the bear snapping at his heels at every step, he yelled to the crowd: "Maybe you fools think I'm throwing *this* race—but I ain't."

❧

A man, accompanied by his wife, visited a merchant tailor to order a suit of clothes. The couple differed as to the material and the manner of making, and the wife lost her temper.

"Oh, well," she said, turning away, "please yourself; I suppose you are the one who will wear the clothes."

"Well," observed the husband meekly, "I didn't suppose you'd want to wear the coat and waistcoat."

❧

The savory odor of a boiling ham reached the nostrils of an Irishman as he lay on his death-bed, and, in spite of his condition, the thought of the unaccustomed delicacy made his mouth water. Calling his wife to his bedside he said appealingly: "Bridget, acushla, the ham do smell moighty foine. Couldn't ye lit me have jist wan taste of it?"

"It's sorrowful I am, Moike," replied the stricken woman, wiping the tears from her eyes. "I couldn't spare a rag of it, for there's no too much of it, an' ye know, darlin', I'm savin' it for the wake."

❧

In a village on the eastern coast of Massachusetts it is the custom for the minister to read in church the requests of members for the prayers of the congregation on special occasions. One Sunday the regular minister had exchanged pulpits with a clergyman from the interior of the State to whom the custom was new. The deacon, at the usual time in the service, ascended the pulpit stairs and gave the minister the written requests for prayers, explaining what was to be done with them. A few minutes later the congregation was puzzled and not a little amused to hear in a slow and deliberate voice: "A man going to see his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safe return." The notice was: "A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safe return."

❧

The wife of a Gordon Highlander received an invitation to visit him at the barracks in Scotland, and took with her their six-year-old daughter. When they arrived the husband was on sentry duty, so could not be approached. The child eyed her daddy with a rather sorrowful but amazed expression as he passed up and down the square shouldering his rifle and wearing a kilt. She had never before seen him thus arrayed. Presently, with a solemn look on her face, the child loudly exclaimed:

"Mammy, when daddy finds the man who stole his breeks will he give me that little frock?"

❧

An Omaha man was taking an automobile trip through the ranching section of the State, and to save time took a short cut over a bad stretch of road, full of jolts and bumps. During the afternoon his machine broke down, and, as the monkey wrench was missing from his tool kit, he started on foot for the nearest ranch house to borrow one. On arriving he found the farmer repairing his fence.

"Have you a monkey wrench about here that I can use?" he asked.

"Ay tank not," replied the farmer. "Yonson in nax saction ha kape cattle ranch, Svenson down har ha kape sheep ranch. Faller bane big fool to make monkey ranch in dese place."

❧

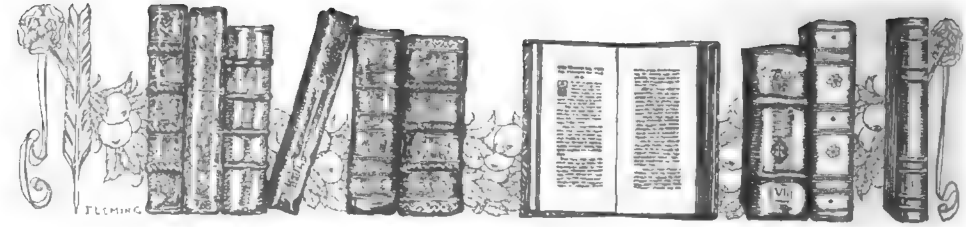
A simple-hearted, ingenuous young German, by name Louis Schultz, living in Hoboken, became engaged after a brief acquaintance to a young maiden whose reputation as a coquette was well known. One of Louis's friends on meeting him one day said:

"You don't mean to tell me that you are going to marry Minnie Blancke?"

"Sure," replied Louis, "for vy not?"

"Why, she's been engaged to every young man in Hoboken."

"Vell," slowly answered Louis, "Hoboken ain't such a big place."



A Row of Books

"FISHERS OF MEN"

THE stories told by Mr. S. R. Crockett are invariably eventful and romantic. They are full of action; the passions have their sway in them; the heroes they celebrate are brave and handsome, the heroines beautiful in person and gifted with distinguished conversational powers. Time and again in the Crockett tales have we been gladdened by the sprightly pleasantries and chaffings directed by the heroine upon the hero—and this although it is plain that she loves him dearly. Mr. Crockett establishes his stories indifferently in times that are gone by and in the present time; the glamour of vanished romantic periods is in some of them, nor does he fail to extract abundant glamour and romance from this day.

His latest book, "Fishers of Men" (D. Appleton & Co.), is a contemporaneous tale. It tells of Kid McGhie, whose father was so unhappy through matrimony that he offered to take off himself and the boy with a horse-pistol, and whose mother was Mad Mag McGhie, a tempestuous and dangerous woman, often drunk and often in jail. Of course there is Scotch in the story; it is in them all—an unfailing element and delight.

But this book, after all, is not just like the other Crockett stories. More than any of the others that we recall it is dreadful, "thrilling," provocative of goose-flesh. The reader will have a full sense of this when he comes to "Knifer" Jackson, who was Mad Mag's second husband. Jackson was broad, with long arms, like the more massive of the apes. He had "an upper lip which stuck out like the ram of an ironclad," and his special weakness was homicide. He made Mad Mag stand about—something that the ministers, the police, and the Salvation Army people had not been able to do. As the story awfully says: "Whence had this man this power and authority? Even the devils obeyed him, trembling."

He was a thief, and he brought up the Kid to that stirring profession. One time Mad Mag in her husband's absence, feeling herself called upon to punish the Kid, had tied a cord about the boy's wrists and so suspended him from a pulley fixed in the ceiling. The Knifer came home and found the Kid hanging in this painful manner. He was angry and proceeded to show it. "With one slash of the weapon from which he got his name he cut down the Kid. Then quite coolly, but with the wicks of his mouth drawn far down, and his lips making a mere crack in cast metal, he bade his wife to prepare for what he had promised her. Then Mad Mag clung about the Knifer's knees, crying, 'Oh, dinna kill me! Oh, dinna, dinna! I was only pretendin'. Dinna kill me, Knifer!' She was sobbing and crying with the wild abandon of such women, kissing the Knifer's boots, tearing her hair, knocking her head on the floor, when the door softly opened," giving entrance to Mr. Molesay, the slum missionary, one of the fishers of men.

We should like to go on with the Kid's experiences, but we do not consider it necessary. From so much we are satisfied that plenty will be understood. Mr. Crockett takes with him into the Edinburgh slums all his undoubted powers. The terror and the pathos are here in full measure. We shall not be at all surprised if we find reviewers calling Knifer Jackson a new Bill Sikes. We do not care to flatter our author too highly, but in reading his historical romances, so full and fluent and glittering, we found it easy to consider him a more captivating historian than Mr. Charles Major. Now he makes us shudder, and we must acknowledge his versatility.

"CAROLINA LEE"

THE heroine of Lilian Bell's story of "Carolina Lee" (L. C. Page & Co., Boston) was as temerarious as Ajax in defying the heavenly powers. She was shockingly rebellious at the age of fifteen, when her father died. The story says that "a steel-blue light seemed to blaze from the girl's eyes as she raised her tiny hand and shook it at her Creator." There is a certain famous saving sense that does not seem to be possessed invariably by the Christian Science historians. We wonder what heaven thought of this antic, or if it took notice of it. Mrs. Winchester, a relation, was painfully affected. She burst into tears. These failed to soften the child. The story says: "Carolina viewed her without sympathy. 'I am so little,' she said suddenly. 'It is a brave thing for God to put His great strength against mine, isn't it? Listen to me, Cousin Lois, I am done with religion from now on. I will never say another prayer as long as I live. The worst has happened to me which could happen. Nothing more counts.'"

Carolina was an heiress. She was beautiful. She continued to rage at heaven. Punishment was visited upon her, one punishment after another. She lost her money. Her health suffered. Her beauty began to be impaired. She was thrown from her horse and her leg was broken. It was a bad break. The most skilful doctors in New York said that she would always have to go on crutches. She was desperate. There were times when "she relapsed into such a savage state that she tore her hair and bit her own tender flesh."

It was when she was at this pass that Christian Science was made known to her. Rosemary Goddard came to see her. Rosemary had had her own troubles. Christian Science had dispelled them. Carolina said to Rosemary: "My hip is broken. Can that be cured?" Said Rosemary: "Most certainly. You won't even limp." In the sweeping away of her fortune Carolina had lost Guildford, the ancestral home of the Lees in the South. Said Carolina: "But what do I want to get well for? I have lost Guildford!" Rosemary assured her that this could be recovered. Said Carolina: "Do you mean to tell me that there is the—that Christian Science teaches that there is any remote possibility of my getting Guildford back?" Rosemary made an affirmative answer. Rosemary's mother also assured Carolina upon this point. Said Mrs. Goddard: "Guildford is not lost to you. It will be restored to you. We do not know the way, nor must we make laws nor dictate means. But God is even now preparing the broad highway which shall lead your feet straight to the gates of Guildford."

It all came true. The broken hip was mended at once. There was no need of crutches. Guildford was restored. Carolina went there and proved many more marvels of Christian Science. They are all narrated with the same directness and downrightness that will be remarked in the examples that we have afforded. Here is something that Mrs. Goddard said to Carolina concerning Christian Science. It may be found at page 97. Said Mrs. Goddard: "Christian Science is like a large crystal bowl full of the pure water of life. Left alone, it simply sparkles in the sunlight of God's smile. But if you bring to it the alkali of ignorance and the acid of prejudice, this clear water becomes the vehicle of a most energetic boiling and fizzing. But when it has assimilated the two foreign ingredients the residue sinks to the bottom harmlessly, the water clarifies itself by its reflected power, and the crystal bowl resumes its placid, sparkling aspect."

An interesting explanation and a queer story. We will add that Carolina, having recovered her health, her beauty, and her ancestral home, was happily married to Moultrie La Grange.

"UNDER THE ARCH"

WHEN it comes to novels, we like to be cheered rather than depressed. The desire may be unworthy, but it is rooted in us, and we were just a little frightened when we came to Lady Henry Somerset's "Under the Arch" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). As we read we found that we need not have been frightened at all. This is a good tale, a work of fairly skilful art, and not a preachment. The heroine is indeed a mission worker, but she falls interestingly in love, and she is lovely. The hero, a socialist, is held well in hand and will irk nobody. The mission work hardly appears; the socialism is a mere casual splash of quite moderate color. The main theme is romantic love, unreasonable, unmeditated, with complications—the sort that we know and the kind that interests us.

We may glance briefly at the scheme. Eric Errington set out to marry Elizabeth Maynell. Their love affair was charming. Eric was disappointed in the inheritance that came to him from his uncle, and sadly threw Elizabeth over. She sorrowed, but remained healthy. Eric had to love somebody. He selected Lady Cliffe, whose husband was off at the war in South Africa. Lady Cliffe and Elizabeth were dear friends. In time they came to compare notes about Eric. Eric's chances with the married lady were most uncertain. They were uncertain after her husband was killed and when she was a widow. She was vacillating. She led the unfortunate Eric a rare dance. He was not a profound and extreme villain, but doubtless he deserved his medicine. He needed to marry somebody who was rich and beautiful. His pockets needed to be filled and his affectionate nature to be satisfied. Fate was against him. He was constrained to remain a bachelor. Elizabeth married the socialist. Presumably he was deserving, and certainly he was lucky. There is some good character-drawing in the story, and some effective narrative. In places we asked questions, but we were not much troubled.

"THE OTHER MR. BARCLAY"

Henry Irving Dodge's story of "The Other Mr. Barclay" (Consolidated Retail Booksellers) is vigorously and sharply told and makes interesting reading. John Barclay here was at first a ruthless speculator and afterward a good man. It was when his conscience became active that he got to be the other Mr. Barclay. He was thoroughly bad at first. He wrecked the company of which he was president and was wrecked himself in turn. Quite interestingly, it was a young and lovely female who wrecked him. She did it strictly in the Wall Street manner, standing at the ticker with plenty of cash and booming the stock which he wanted to go down.

From Wall Street the scene changes to Cosburg, a small place in the country. In Cosburg we are taken to a "donation party," a charitable form of social entertainment designed in this case to be pecuniarily beneficial to a mortgaged and suffering church. The party is great fun, and the reader will be glad to be present. Not in Wall Street alone is the Wall Street fever manifest. It raged at the donation party,.where there was an auction of fancy articles made by the ladies, and where Barclay paid $200 for a basket contributed by the lovely person who ran the curio counter. We hate to betray the secrets of an author, but for the life of us we cannot help making it known that Kate Randolph, who "donated" the basket and administered the curio booth, was the same who, a short time before, had stood at the ticker with a reticule full of cash and broken the conscienceless Barclay up in business.

Nor was this the limit and measure in Cosburg of the fever that gives to Wall Street its peculiar distinction. Far from it. When the donation party was over, the Cosburgers made a pool to buy a certain stock which promised to go up. It did go up, but the benefit of its rise eluded the unhappy Cosburgers. The reason we need not explain; some secrets, at any rate, we are determined to respect; but it may properly be understood that there was the dickens of a row in Cosburg when the pool went wrong and when several thousand dollars of good Cosburg money sped off on strange, unreasonable wings.

It so happened that our friend Barclay, who was behaving pretty well at this time, was the head of the pool. The disaster was not his fault, but it might as well have been, so far as the general opinion in Cosburg was concerned. The minister, who was himself secretly in the pool, attacked him in an address in church. We repeat that we shall not rehearse all of this story, but we will say that we were made glad when Barclay, defying all church convention, stood boldly up and "sassed" the minister back. The minister flattered himself that he was going to be Kate Randolph's husband. Of course no such arch hypocrite was destined to attain to that felicity. We shall not say whom she did marry.

What we feel may properly be made known further is that Barclay set up as a storekeeper, that he issued shares of his business to reimburse the losers by the pool, that the shares became valuable, that the Cosburgers took to speculating in them, that the speculation grew to be desperate, and that Wall Street itself never had a hotter time. We will add that Barclay in the tempest and the crisis, though he could have squeezed his enemies dreadfully, and though he was nearly mad with the desire to do that same, nobly refrained from doing it. He ruled his spirit, and was consequently greater than if he had taken in the village. The minister was exposed and humiliated. Kate Randolph did the right thing. We repeat, a good and readable story.

"CHATWIT THE MAN-TALK BIRD"

The story called "Chatwit the Man-Talk Bird," by Philip Verrill Mighels (Harper & Brothers), is all about a magpie. He was born and lived in Nevada. Certain denizens of the wild were his enemies; certain others, his friends. There is a tabulated list of them, containing such names as Knottle the weasel and Jawwid the snake. When Chatwit was a young bird, not yet able to save himself by flight, Johnny Stone, a boy distinguished for his freckles and for his gratuitous interferences with all sorts of helpless creatures that deserved to be let alone, came along with a gun, captured our tender magpie, took him home, and imprisoned him in a slatted box. It was during his compulsory sojourn with Johnny that Chatwit learned man-talk. He learned it quickly and well, after the manner of magpies, and once, when a blow-snake threatened to devour him, he called out "Johnny, get your gun!" so lustily that Johnny came running with the specified and efficient weapon and blew the snake to pieces. Our magpie passed several months in galling though instructive captivity; then, in the glorious spring-time, a frisky calf kicked the slats off the box, and Chatwit sped forth into the wonders of his natural world. He had his joys and his sorrows, which the story relates. He married happily, and his grief was accordingly the greater when a murderous weasel stole upon the family nest and made him a widower. He pecked out the weasel's eye, but revenge is not everything, and right bitterly did he mourn his loss. He flew afar, the story says, "with hatred for the wild in all his meditations, and sorrow immeasurable throbbing in his heart." The reader will grieve for him, and will be grateful for the contrivings and the beauties of the tale, whether he believes it or not.

"SIR WALTER SCOTT"

Andrew Lang's life of Sir Walter Scott (Charles Scribner's Sons) is in Mr. Lang's agreeable manner and is an interesting book to read. The author's opinion of his subject is well known; it is a distinctly good opinion, and is shared by many of us. Any critic delivering opinions so voluminously as the case is with Mr. Lang is bound now and then to say something which some of his readers will consider to be queer; and we found ourselves thinking it queer when Mr. Lang made us acquainted with his belief that it would have been an agreeable substitution if Scott had written eighteen more Waverley novels (at the rate of two a year) instead of "The Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion" and some other of the poems. Personally we are glad that this was not done. We are well satisfied to have the moon dance on Monan's rill and to be made aware of all the splendid panorama that the poems afford. We know that there are earnest people who do not care for poetry which is not composed of metaphysics. They want Browning or nothing. Again, it has been very handsomely argued that poetry is what is beautiful, that what is merely eloquent is not beautiful and not poetry, that Shelley consequently is a poet, and further consequently that Byron is not. Still again, there are those to whose particular souls only Walt Whitman is satisfactory, and this for the reason that he alone has sung truly and unequivocally the democratic idea. We are glad that he sang it, whatever it is in poetry. We are glad that Shelley was a poet, having beauty, and we are glad that Browning sang and gave occasion for more schools than Mr. Carnegie has founded libraries. We are glad that our heart, if not inevitably our understanding, can take them all in; and we are distinctly glad of "The Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion," even though the additional eighteen Waverley novels needed to be sacrificed.

"CURAYL"

The heroine of Una L. Silberrad's story of "Curayl" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) was a beautiful and serious lady who married for money. One day a strikingly eloquent and forcible young minister preached in the old church at Curayl. He took for his text, "Thou, Lord, art merciful; Thou rewardest every man according to his works," and he preached the law of consequences. When the service was over our heroine, whose charming name was Beatrice Curayl, met him under the yew-trees in the dusky churchyard and asked him what his opinion might be of a woman who had married for money for the purpose of keeping up an ancient estate and name. He replied, in effect, that he did not think much of such a business, but that, inasmuch as she really was married, she ought to stick to her bargain. His sermon had touched upon the point; she had done something and she ought to take the consequences.

So the story starts, and through the difficulties of the problem so established it proceeds. Typhus fever breaks out in a squalid quarter of Curayl, and Beatrice and the minister spend some weeks together, living in the same cottage, and nursing the sick. Of course they fall in love, and not of course, but very properly, they make no acknowledgment of it. Beatrice sticks to her husband, an abominable person, whom the reader will be bound to hate. He also courts consequences, and gets them. He strikes his wife; the next day he is thrown from a cab and killed. His widow refuses to touch the money that he leaves behind him. Happily, as we must think, this makes no enduring difficulty. The minister is rich. At the risk of revealing more than we should, we will say that he is not really a minister. He had a fair excuse, but he was in fact no more than a masquerader when he preached in the Curayl church. Of this deception he also, of course, had to take the consequences. We are glad that they were not serious—not nearly so serious as the lovely Beatrice. A story readable enough, but just a little queer in spots.

"SAINTS IN SOCIETY"

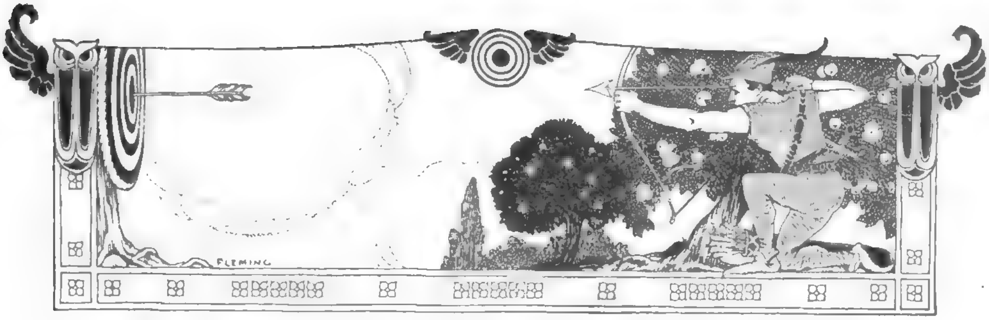
The story called "Saints in Society," by Margaret Baillie-Saunders (G. P. Putnam's Sons), tells of a London printer who rose to an exalted place in the world, and of his wife, a pronounced daughter of the lower classes, who came to be a very fine lady. Mark Hading started out as a reformer, a helper of his fellow men. His head was like Napoleon's, his face resembled Dante's. His oratory held the multitudes spellbound. He got into Parliament and grew rich. He bought newspapers and attained to great power. He was made a baronet. When he had established himself, he went back on the masses. His wife rose with him, but her nature was not spoiled by her elevation. She was lovely and kind. She established asylums and missions. She was the handsomest lady at the Queen's reception. It was generally remarked that she looked quite like the Empress of Austria. Hading was not able to support the grandeur that descended upon him. He flattened tragically out. His nerves went to wreck. He was discovered one morning dead in the library of his magnificent house, a tumbler smelling of laudanum at his elbow He was lamented handsomely and formally in the newspapers, as so great a man was bound to be. His wife, whom his neglect had long since discharged of any obligations of tenderness toward him, was now free to confer happiness upon Sir Samuel Crawshay, an aristocrat and a good man, and in due time she married him. It is our opinion that the story, generally quite worthy and readable, would be improved if the astonishing interchange of insults between the Lady Veronica Vade and Mrs. Vannerheim, beginning at page 288, were to be cut out.

"GUMPTION"

Life is regarded through the spectacles of common sense in the book entitled "Gumption," by Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston), in which is set forth the autobiography of a country editor. There is here no lack of candor nor of a corresponding homely, home-made manner of speech that balks at no compounds or neologisms. At page 12 we read that "father's clothes were button-full"; at page 51, that "Boston supported seven daily more-or-less newspapers"; again at page 162 we learn that "Colonel Carrott's wife was one of those jelly-made waddlers, fattened on fudge and fashion." "Gumption" is to be commended to friends of rugged humor and hard sense, especially to such as, living west of Buffalo, love to hear the praises of the Middle West.

"THE ETERNAL SPRING"

Clever stories seem to be coming in plenty at this season. The reader will suffer no disappointment in Neith Boyce's novel entitled "The Eternal Spring" (Fox, Duffield & Co.). Some excellent and highly sensitive impressions of Italy are afforded here. There is good love-making of a polite and not too passionate sort. The dialogue is abundant and spirited, and is conducted in a natural manner by well-bred people. A wholly agreeable story, and a story told with no little ingenuity and skill.



STRAIGHT TALK

By "EVERYBODY'S" READERS

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your name unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or any one selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

TOO FLIPPANT

WE are certainly fallen upon a time of reckless iconoclasm, and the man who whacks the biggest hole in reputations, institutions, and generally accepted notions is the man in the middle of the stage with the lime-light on him. Therefore I am not surprised to find, in this universal Donnybrook Fair, that the shillalah has fallen upon the venerable pate of the Christian church. I have read, with some attention, the smart lick given this generally respected institution by Eugene Wood in the April EVERYBODY'S, and consider its flippant, funny tone to be entirely undeserved by the occasions which arouse the author's withering scorn. The church has committed many and egregious errors, and has fallen far short of the high calling to which Christ called it, but I fail to see in the recent earnest gatherings in the interest of comity any ground for the bitter criticism which Mr. Wood pours out upon it. If sincerity of motive should be the criterion for judging the actions of an individual or an institution, can any one deny the right of the Inter-Church Conference to claim an honorable place in the annals of Christian activity? This is a move in the right direction, and instead of lambasting the clergy as musty and narrow, it would better become the critic to suggest in what practical way the deplorable but very evident fact of divisive Protestantism may be changed and a united church take its place.

I suspect that the clever critic has by his very cleverness betrayed himself as one not thoroughly familiar with the progressive, sympathetic, twentieth-century Protestant church. I am afraid that the well-meaning but blundering pastor who invited him to church before he was well settled failed in his efforts, and that no other clergyman succeeded either. Let Mr. Wood acquaint himself more intimately with the church and clergy which he asperses, and he will speedily learn that in all the denominations an increasing number of men and women are striving to bring in that same day of social righteousness that he is working for. S. B.

West Winfield, N. Y.

❧

"EVERYBODY'S" AND INGERSOLL

I HAVE just finished reading Mr. Wood's "The Gathering of the Churches" in the April issue of your magazine, and it has interested me so greatly that I hasten to congratulate you upon the fearlessness you have exhibited in printing an article which, I venture to predict, will within the next three weeks form the subject of texts to be preached upon in forty per cent. of the Protestant churches of the United States, with the exception of the Episcopal churches, where there is a general understanding that politics and other current topics are to be let severely alone.

In printing this you must have foreseen that it may have a very bad effect upon your subscription list, as undoubtedly many an orthodox preacher and layman will henceforth class your periodical with the works of Tom Paine or the writings of Bob Ingersoll, while our friend C. G. B., of Scribner, Neb., who writes a letter produced in the April issue, treating upon the revival question, will at the very least censor the April number *à la russe*, as he did the March number. And while upon this question, permit me to say a word concerning the so-called revival. In my younger days I lived in a New Jersey village, and went through several small revivals and a big one, where probably thirty to forty per cent. of the population came forward to the mourners' bench and professed conversion. As I look upon that revival now (I was one of the converts, by the way), I see it in the light of a religious orgy; we were carried off our feet by the delirium and excitement; we were as certainly intoxicated as if we had been drinking, though, of course, to a different degree and in a different manner. I will venture to say that of the hundreds of so-called converts, not five per cent., no, not two per cent. stuck to the professions made at that time. My subsequent observations convince me that this is always the case, there never being an exception. I cannot but believe that these seasons of revival are a detriment to the cause of true religion.

Mind, I am neither an agnostic nor a freethinker; I am a church-member and regular church attendant. I try to live up to the Golden Rule, though at times, I must honestly confess, it is a hard thing to do. I find the longer I live and the more I ponder upon these things, the less the orthodox creeds mean to me. I guess I really belong to Mr. Wood's "Big Church."

Cleveland, O. H. A. V.

⁂

PRESERVED THE REVIVAL

In glancing over the article on "The Old-Time Revival," by Eugene Wood, in the March Everybody's, I experienced the same feeling of shock that is expressed by C. G. B., of Nebraska, in "Straight Talk" for April. But I got well over it in the next half-hour. What at first glance seemed the work of a scoffer proved to be quite the reverse. As I read farther into the story I failed to find the sting that comes from sneers. It wasn't there. Mr. Wood is not a "scoffer." I doubt if C. G. B. read the whole article, or if he did he was so blinded by his first impression that he failed to find the real spirit running through it.

Mr. Wood has done a service to this and succeeding generations. The old-time revival is passing. It was valuable—it is worth preserving. He has preserved it to us and our children as few writers could—with the heart left in it.

It was more than genius and tact that gave Eugene Wood the power to write that story just as he did. I haven't the honor of his acquaintance, except through his delightful pictures of wholesome real life, but I will venture the assertion that he loves the religion of Christ as truly and deeply as any of us. I wish Mr. C. G. B. would read "The Old-Time Revival" again and look for the love that pervades it. P. P. L.

Bradford, Pa.

⁂

FRANK AT LEAST

Thus far I'm much pleased with Everybody's, and hope to be still more pleased with it in the future. If I find that there is cause to complain, I'll take the liberty of letting you know. Perhaps I could tell you to-day that the article on the church conferences did not strike me as overly fair, but it was frank, and that is something to be thankful for. We don't all see things alike, and the only thing of importance to us is that we keep on seeing and seeking to find out not what things seem, but what they really are. J. H. J.

Minnesota Lake, Minn.

⁂

ONE TRUE RELIGION

The article by Eugene Wood on "The Gathering of the Churches," published in April Everybody's with your high commendation, must prove painful reading to thousands of your subscribers who are orthodox Christians and still simple enough to accept the Bible as God's word. The article in question is an assault upon the Christian religion and its claims, and is all the more dangerous because it is treacherously made by a professed friend.

Christianity is not one religion out of many, as Mr. Wood would have us believe, but it is the only true religion. It is not now, never was, and never will be tolerant of any other religion as a rival. The Lord Himself designed that it should triumph and become the universal or world religion. He commanded His disciples to "Go and make disciples of all the nations," to "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." He said concerning Himself: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father *but by me*." His disciples also, in fulfilment of the commission He gave them, went forth and preached the Gospel, preached it in the face of great opposition, suffering stripes and imprisonment and even death itself, in violent and cruel form, because they preached Christianity as an exclusive religion.

It is a new doctrine that Buddhists, Mohammedans, and Confucians, Jews, and adherents of the "Big Church" are all on the way to salvation.

It is not true, therefore, that if people are merely agreed on the moral law and are endeavoring honestly to keep it they are in the way of salvation; for in the present fallen condition of mankind, no law has been given, or can be given, which could give life. "For by grace ye are saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." The truth of God, as expressed in the Scriptures, should be held sacred. It must and will separate those who receive it from those who receive it not. As to the remark of Dr. Crapsey, quoted with so evident delight by Mr. Wood, that we are standing by the death-bed of a great religion—if thereby is intended the Christian religion—it is only necessary to set over against it the promise of the Savior, "On this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." C. H. L.

⁂

"THEY'VE BEEN THAR"

I READ C. G. B.'s letter in the April EVERYBODY'S; then, fearing I had overlooked any spirit of scoffing in "The Old-Time Revival," I carefully reread Mr. Wood's article.

Now, C. G. B., I am a Christian and an Endeavorer, and, I believe, as keen as the average believer in scenting the spirit of sacrilege, but frankly, I think you made the mistake of throwing away the kernel and keeping the shell when you tore out "The Old-Time Revival."

In my opinion, Mr. Wood has done more in that one article to prepare thousands of sin-hardened hearts for the reception of the great revival spirit abroad in our land than any one writer of the day.

Why? Because he clothed profound and vital truths in language which the "wayfaring man" *could* and *would* read.

But, as Jacob Riis once said (in substance): "Some people can behold a beautiful picture which uplifts their souls with its beauty, while others can only see the fly-speck on the frame."

I say, God bless Eugene Wood and John Conacher. To use a Western expression, "they've been thar," and have reproduced what they saw for the edification of their fellow men, and may God use it to His Glory. L. B. B.

Camp Verde, Yavapai Co., Arizona.

⁂

A TENDER SPOT

I HAVE enjoyed reading Mr. Wood's articles in EVERYBODY'S, but he stuck his pen in a tender spot when he wrote on "The Old-Time Revival" and "The Gathering of the Churches." I do not believe in the revival system. I think the "old-time revival" has had its day; but I draw the line when a man caricatures its songs and prayers. Mr. Wood's last two articles make one suspect that he belongs to the "amen corner" of Elbert Hubbard's flock. He talks very much like the "pastor" of that flock. I believe EVERYBODY'S is rendering a great service to humanity by its exposure of graft and fraud in high places. I hope for large results also from its constructive work. But Mr. Wood sees too much in cooperation. It will not bring the millennium. If we could usher it in at once throughout the world, the kingdom of God would still be a long way off. "The kingdom of God is within you." Men are made free and pure and happy from within, and not by a just distribution of the products of the earth and of human labor. R. L. P.

Somerset, Pa.

⁂

MISLEADING

IN an article by Mr. Eugene Wood in the April number of your magazine I am quoted as having said that the idea of God is not necessary to religion (p. 464).

This statement is likely to convey a misleading impression of my views. What I did say was that religion of a high type has existed devoid of the ideal of a personal God. I cited as instances the religion originally preached by Gotama Buddha (in distinction from later "Buddhism") and the religious convictions of Spinoza, the philosopher. I hold that the faith in a supreme spiritual or ethical principle is essential to religion, and that religion is incomplete without faith in a personal God. My own faith is in the religion of Jesus Christ.

JOSEPH A. LEIGHTON.

Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y.

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CONFERENCES CONFUSED

THE brave, unmammonized spirit of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE suits me to a *t*, but it strikes me that the assignment of eight pages of your great April issue to Eugene Wood, on "The Gathering of the Churches," was a great waste of valuable space. When a man undertakes to write up a great convention, he ought to be sure before he begins that he has at least a vague notion of its real purposes. But Mr. Wood vainly imagines the Inter-Church Conference on Federation and the New York State Conference of Religion at Rochester to have been prompted by "apparently the same underlying purpose." There is where he went astray. The Carnegie Hall meeting had a practical purpose. It was not called to resolve that "we are standing by the death-bed of a great religion," and then go home. Its members were not there to decide whether or not Tom Paine was a low or a high churchman, nor to debate the proposition that the heathen's idol is as good a representation of God as the Christian's ideal. No; it was a conference on the practical task of *federation*, of removing the causes, if you please, of the denominational competition which Mr. Wood so flippantly satirizes. Has not a large body of intelligent and practical men a right to set itself to such a task without being abused for not doing a lot of irrelevant things? The Rochester Conference had no such purpose. It was, as its name implies, a conference, a talk, on a *general* subject—religion. That the Inter-Church Conference did not invite

Roman Catholics or Unitarians is no more to be wondered at than that a convention of brickmasons should not invite carpenters and joiners. A general congress of religions can be held, as was seen in Chicago in 1893, but that was not the business of the Inter-Church Conference. It was willing that other men should meet and talk about the brotherhood of man and cuss dogmatics till they were black in the face, without producing any other result than the gloomy premonition that "we are standing by the deathbed of a great religion." The Carnegie Hall meeting was made up of practical, everyday men who, while granting and trying to correct the defects of both, are not yet convinced that either the Church or the nation has gone to the "demnition bow-wows." C. T.

Manchester, N. H.

❧

THE INK OF THE SCORNFUL

I WANT to make an emphatic protest against the publication in as good a magazine as EVERYBODY'S of such stuff as Eugene Wood is inflicting on a long-suffering people through your pages. When you allowed him to wound Christian feeling and exhibit his contemptuous scorn for genuine Christian experience by caricaturing the men and methods which God used in laying the foundations of righteousness, without which there would be no hope of stability or progress in this nation, I was astonished and thought that such a bad break would not be repeated.

But when, in the April number, you turn him loose again that he may add insult to injury by holding up to ridicule two dignified assemblies of earnest Christian men, I am moved to speak.

I scarcely know whether I am more surprised or pained at your standing sponsor for this flippant scoffer. The lengthy and labored apology with which you introduce the article, and in which you seem to dismiss lightly, as merely formal, all differences of pagan, Protestant, and Romanist, does not do you credit.

Are we expected to believe that the Christian church and ministry of our generation have failed to avail themselves of the light which floods the choice souls who edit and write for magazines, and are still sitting (and are sitting still) in the dense darkness?

I am moved more to sorrow than to anger by these articles, as I have read, defended, and advertised EVERYBODY'S from the first. But if the publication of such matter is to be your settled policy, I can no longer allow the magazine to come into my home. And I assure you that I am not alone in this resolution. The Christian church does not object to honest criticism from sober-minded men; but "smart" space writers who sit in the seat of the scornful and dip their pens in the gall of their own self-conceit are hardly competent to instruct the Christian community.

Sawtelle, Cal. A. E. J.

NO MORE "EVERYBODY'S"

AFTER the publication of Eugene Wood's screed in the March EVERYBODY'S it is hardly worth while to ask a minister to subscribe. It is not an uncommon thing for a secular publication to send a fool to report proceedings of religious bodies, but to unite blackguardism with flippancy is rather too much. I, for one, shall buy no more EVERYBODY'S. J. B. T.

Dover, Del.

❧

BEST THING IN THE BOOK

DID C. G. B. never sit somewhere between the seat of the scornful and the mourners' bench, that he should suspect Mr. Wood of scoffing in his revival article? A caricature may be said to mock; a photograph, never.

Why, I almost wept, maybe I did, a little, as I read, so thrilled was I with the old-time joy well mixed with awe. Every quavering ejaculation started a ghost from the past. The memories of youth are sacred. Mr. Wood brings them back to me like the scent of the snowdrop. His characters—I have another name for every one. I saw no sign of scoffing at the evident sincerity of those dear people.

And is it wicked to smile, sometimes through tears, at their exaggerated expression of conviction? I see now an old man, who, when he prayed, shook his head so rapidly that his white hair and beard were a mist, and his features lost their outlines. With some this added to, with others it detracted from, the solemnity of his pleading, but none could doubt his earnestness.

Personally, I think C. G. B. removed the finest thing in the book. Who knows but in the library copy it might have touched the tenderest spot in some old sinner's heart, or waked a youthful mind to thinking?

Mr. Wood is good. Heaven send us more of him, likewise the ability to understand. E. W.

Waukegan, Ill.

❧

A GUILTY NATION

THE main consequence with me of reading such writings as Mr. Russell's, Mr. Lawson's, and Mr. Steffens's is astonishment at their perfect ignoring of what seems to me the obvious, undeniable, and cardinal import of the facts with which they deal.

They all recognize a condition that involves a general and mortal danger, and there is a constant cry for reform; but none of them has seemingly essayed exact location of the evil to be corrected.

The fact mainly of importance here is that the people cannot be acquitted in any degree of the evil against which the reformers cry; that no betterment can ever be effected by the people, of the people, or for the people so long as they proceed only against an evil allegedly extraneous to themselves, and under an assumption of the incorruptible integrity that it seems to be the fashion to attribute to them

The Christian nefariousness of Rockefeller, the modern buccaneering of Morgan, the infamies of Equitable and Mutual insurance, the prevalence of grafters, all the heinousness which is the subject of current denunciation, are eruptions—mere symptoms—of a disease pervading the moral system of the populace; an endemic, not an epidemic.

But the arch knaves exclusively are assailed, while their constituencies are extolled as the great American people, the immaculate vehicle of all regenerative influence. We have, in reality, an exactly representative finance, an exactly representative commerce, and exactly representative governments, national, state, and municipal. That is just what's the matter with us.

A cure, to be effectual, must be a cure of the body represented rather than of the representative.

Chicago, Ill. H. V.

❧

LOCAL DISCOLOR

An instance of local discolor makes me write to you personally. In the February number of your magazine appeared an illustrated short story, the plot of which centers in the meteorological observatory of Manila.

In this story we find an "Irish padre" with a brogue or lingo never heard on land or sea. Dr. Douglas Hyde congratulated America for suppressing the monstrosity once known as the "stage Irishman," but in this romance of the far away we have Dr. Hyde's monstrosity *redivivus*. The pictures, or rather caricatures, in illustration of the observatory are about as true to local color as the printed page. The aforesaid "Irish padre," with the impossible brogue, who certainly differs from the "cosmopolitan Jesuit," is a repulsive figure, clothed by the artist not in the garb used by the Jesuits in the Philippines, but in a soutane, such as French ecclesiastics wear; and the whole drawing suggests not pictures of Manila, but the grotesque cartoons in the anticlerical sheets of Paris.

We wonder that copy such as this, which is *offensive* to a large class of readers, and is not redeemed by any cleverness, should be accepted and actually paid for by the shrewd business men that finance the magazine. This is what I wished to call your attention to. To say the least, the article was vulgar. D. C. Y.

St. Louis, Mo.

❧

COOPERATION IN THE UNITED STATES

Mr. Russell's initial article on the "Soldiers of the Common Good" is interesting and inspiring. It is marred, however, by superficiality as regards the cooperative movement in the United States.

I think Mr. Russell would have modified his statements had he considered the following array of facts:

In Minnesota are 900 cooperative creamery and cheese factory companies.

Iowa follows with 600 more.

Wisconsin is a good third, not to speak of other States which are falling into line.

In the Mississippi Valley may be found scores of successful elevator companies.

In eastern Washington may be found a "line" of well-organized and successful elevators, all cooperative.

In California are more than sixty Rochdale stores, owning their own wholesale store (in San Francisco) and a weekly paper.

Washington is now credited with thirty Rochdale societies.

Kansas also claims thirty.

The Cooperating Merchants Company, of Chicago and Toledo, is a cooperative organization of retail storekeepers, 452 in number. Of these, fifteen or eighteen are cooperative retail companies.

The Merchants Company is a Rochdale company with the equal-ownership feature as planned and advocated by the Right Relationship League.

Ann Arbor, Mich. H. A. H.

❧

THANKS TO "THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE"

There are many readers of Everybody's Magazine who can scarcely agree with the sentiment expressed recently by a writer in "Straight Talk" to the effect that the little red schoolhouse, of whatever color, "is a delusion and a snare."

These little schoolhouses, scattered over the country, and their all-round self-sacrificing teachers have been, and are, very important factors in making this country what it is to-day, and have been largely instrumental in bringing about the improved condition of things that makes a change for the better in school methods possible, as well as desirable.

But it can scarcely be expected that the change will be made with, or on account of, the hope that the new plan will cost less money. The log-cabins and the sod-shanties have not been supplanted by the modern farm-residences because the latter are less expensive than the former. The sickle and the cradle have not given place to the modern reaper because the reaper costs fewer dollars than the sickle or the cradle. It is not alone, or even principally, a question of dollars. It is a question of efficiency.

The modern American citizen, even though he lives outside the city limits, wants his children to have the best education obtainable. He dislikes to send them to the city to get it, for he cannot consent to deprive his home of their daily presence, or to remove them from the daily home influence during the important period of character forming, even for the sake of the culture of the city school.

He sees that by bringing together the pupils of a number of the districts it will be possible to organize a school that shall have all the important advantages of the city schools, and at the same time be free from some of the most serious dangers to which children in the city are exposed. He is beginning to see that all this may be accomplished with a reasonable expenditure of time and effort and money, and when he sees it clearly the little rural district school will certainly be displaced by the large, centralized rural school.

But this change will not be brought about because the little red schoolhouse "is a delusion and a snare," but because it has done its work so well that it has developed a desire for education that it cannot satisfy. For this it should ever be held in grateful, loving remembrance.

Alvordton, Ohio. W. L. F.

WOMEN THE BEST TEACHERS

R. A. J. M., in his letter published in the February "Straight Talk," commending the article on "A School for Boys," asks why our schoolteachers are women, who are not able to mete out punishment in a wholesome manner. He seems to think that is the reason corporal punishment is being put aside in our public schools. It is not, however, because the majority of the teachers are women that permission to use corporal punishment is denied, but because the judgment of leading educators is against it.

He also says that weak women are not the proper educators for boys.

The men we have in our public schools are, nine cases out of ten, not the men who have made or are making a success in life. They are either those who have tried other vocations and, failing, have taken up teaching, or else they are very young men who are using this means as a stepping-stone, and, expecting soon to leave the ranks, are not deeply devoted to their work. We do not find the most masterful, manly men in the schoolroom as under teachers.

It is the noble woman who is the conscientious worker, devoting her time, her interest, often her life, to this work; and it is only such a worker that can make the man of the boy. It is through her efforts that the good traits which are in both the "bad" and the "good" boy are brought out.

Even were conditions such that men of the right sort were attracted to the schoolroom, what man could have the cheeriness and patience with the boy that a woman has?

"Make an effeminate boy of him"— *Nonsense!*

Clifton, Kan. G. H. H.

THE HIRED GIRL'S STAMP

Your article, "The Hired Girl's Stamp," in the December "Procession," is not quite complete and is partly misleading. The writer undoubtedly is referring to the "People's Insurance Law" of the German Government, according to which every employee, male or female, single or married, earning less than 2,000 marks per year, has to have a little blank book, wherein is pasted every week a stamp worth from four to nine cents according to wages earned. The stamp is not a *gift* of the employer; he is compelled by law to furnish it, but may deduct *half* its value from the wages to be paid. With servant girls, however, this is very seldom done. When a girl is quitting work in order to be married the Government redeems her stamps, giving her half their face value, the amount she is supposed herself to have paid. She may, however, continue the insurance on her own account, in which case she, like every one else insured this way, will, in case of *permanent* inability to work, or at the age of seventy, receive from the Government a small yearly endowment. In a similar compulsory manner provision is made for *temporary* inability to work owing to disease or accident.

Aschersleben, Germany. G. V.

A TONIC TALE

I want to congratulate you on your enterprise and good sense in furnishing us with a story like "The Spoilers." It revives one's interest in magazines when one comes across something like this story once in a while. And the trouble is, this happens too seldom. In "The Spoilers" I believe we have the nearest approach to the great American novel we hear so much about and see so little of. It certainly reflects our modern life better, more clearly, and with more incisive meaning than anything that has been published since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" served its purpose for its day.

I hope Everybody's will give us more stories like this one, as refreshing as a tonic after a day's work, and rescue the reading world from the literary slop that is served to us by near-sighted editors of weakling magazines.

An Admirer of "Everybody's."

New York.

With "Everybody's" Publishers

LET THEM BE NAMELESS

SCATTERED all over the country, in almost every town, there are men who call themselves "brokers"—sometimes "Bankers & Brokers." They are well-groomed fellows, maintaining handsome suites of offices. They make a point of giving their place of business a prosperous and substantial look. Any man entering their offices would at once assume: Here are men who conduct their business on sound business lines; here are men who are making money; their methods must be good; their judgment must be sound; their advice must be worth having. In some instances this assumption is justified. But for the most part it isn't. For the most part these men are thieves. Often their victims find this out all too sorrowfully and certainly. But often, again, the victim does not know he has been robbed; he thinks that he has merely had hard luck.

Most business men have a touch of the gambling instinct. All business is a gamble—in the best sense of the word. We call the instinct imagination. We look ahead and imagine what conditions will be next week, next year, and then we take chances. Call it gamble for short. Well, these business men make money on their own business and once in a while they take a flyer in the market. They gamble in some other fellow's business. They say, "The steel business or the copper business is going to improve; we'll buy some of the stock." They go to one of those prosperous-looking offices and put down their money. Now, at best, they are taking big chances. The rule is that the fellow nearest a good thing knows most about it, but occasionally a little of it gets away from him, and on such occasions, if the broker man is honest, the business men may make a little money—from which they forthwith separate themselves in some more or less innocent folly on the principle that they are spending "found money." But what if the broker man is not honest? What if he has a game rigged up where he can't lose and the business man can't win?

What would you think of him? What would you think of his "patrons"? We have hunted a long while for a name for such so-called brokers. There is not a name in the dictionary that quite fits. We canvassed vulture and spider and jackal and snake and confidence-man and leech and pirate and hyena and thief, but discarded each one. Finally we settled on shark, but it is not adequate. A shark has no conscience, no mercy, no pity; he is sleek and cold and cruel—but he is no hypocrite. He does not advertise his "honor," and he is not supposed to have any humanity. He is a fish. After all, there is no name contemptible enough to apply to these bucket-shop blanks; but they go on doing business, perhaps right in your town. How can you know them for what they are? That is what Mr. Teague is going to explain to you in the series we are beginning in this number. If you occasionally take a flyer, for your own good read what he has to say. Even if you do not gamble in stocks, you will be interested to know how the crooked bucket-shop game is worked. Read what Mr. Teague has to say.

AMERICAN CITIES IN PENCIL

THE pictures of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, by Vernon Howe Bailey, which were published last year, proved to be very popular. We received so many letters from our readers asking if we were "going West," that we decided to continue the series. The San Francisco pictures in this issue are specially notable, as they were drawn just a few days before the terrible calamity. Pictures of southern California and New Orleans, as well as of Tacoma and other Western cities, will appear during the next twelve months.

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN

SEVERAL times the statement has crept into print that the German nation transacts much of its national business with one wise eye bent on the mistakes of these United States, and that by constantly watching our mental and moral convulsions, the Germans are able to avoid many political and financial pitfalls. The following item, clipped from a prominent Berlin newspaper, bears out this theory.

Lebensversicherungsgesellschaften

Frenzied Finance. The Crime of Amalgamated, by Thomas W. Lawson. (6 sh.) London, William Heinemann. Das ſpannend geſchriebene Buch gewährt einen überraſchenden Einblick in die Korruption der nordamerikaniſchen Unternehmerwelt, die erſt vor kurzem durch die Enthüllungen über die Lebensverſicherungsgeſellſchaften arg blosgeſtellt worden iſt. Ob dieſe Enthüllungen an den dortigen Zuſtänden etwas ändern werden?

In its original typographical garb this looks formidable enough to be either a proposal of marriage or a declaration of war, but a liberal translation robs it of much of its terror.

LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANIES

"Frenzied Finance. The Crime of Amalgamated, by Thomas W. Lawson. (6 sh.) London, William Heinemann. This book, written in a thrilling style, affords a surprising insight into the corruption of that business world of North America that was recently so severely exposed in the revelations of the life-insurance companies.

"Will these exposures change anything of the situation there?"

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

DRAMMEN, March 28, 1906.

TO THE PUBLISHERS OF EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE: It occurred to me that it might interest you to hear how your magazine was first brought to our notice. While traveling last summer, we met a gentleman from Montana who afterward sent us some photos from his mother's home in Sweden. One of them was taken in the reading-room, and on the table were several books and magazines, but only one showed the title plainly enough to be deciphered. We could just make out that the letters were "Everybody's" and never having heard of this magazine, I wrote to a friend in America, asking her to kindly send me a sample copy. When she heard that we found it the best magazine we had ever had—we have tried several—she has continued sending it every month—and in fact we should be very sorry if we should be deprived of the pleasure of reading its many interesting articles and stories. This evening we were surprised by seeing an extract of Mr. Lawson's articles printed in our local paper—taken, however, from the well-known Danish paper *Politiken.*

Yours truly,
MISS ANNA HVISTENDAHL,
Drammen, Norway.

"FRENZIED FINANCE" FOR BOOK-LOVERS

OF booklovers there are many types: One cares not a whit whether the cover be black or red, so the reading be good. Another seems positively to prize musty covers and yellowed paper—so keen is he after some precious first edition. Another's pleasure in poem or history is doubled by the beauty of soft vellum and skilful tooling. Truly, the value of no worthy thought may be increased by beauty of binding; yet there is after all a certain fitness in clothing fine thoughts in artistic dress. It seemed to us that among the thousands who have read "Frenzied Finance" in its neat, plain covers there must be many of this last-named class of booklovers, who would agree with us in thinking Mr. Lawson's work worthy a more beautiful binding, and whose pleasure in the reading would be greater for finer paper and richer illustrations. Accordingly, we have prepared an edition of "Frenzied Finance" (including Mr. Lawson's discussion of the insurance companies), limited to 1,000 numbered copies, printed in the large, bold type dear to lovers of artistic books, on stout, opaque paper, and bound in Japanese vellum back and corners, with French hand-made sides of robin's-egg blue. Each copy is signed by Mr. Lawson in autograph, and the illustrations are nine photogravures based upon the best portraits obtainable of frenzied financiers.

We invite subscriptions for this Limited Autograph-Portrait Edition at $10 a copy. Subscriptions will be filled in the order in which they are received.

Frenzied Finance

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cause sooner or later those friends of mine who are anchored in Bay State Gas have got to have it out with him, and if he is all right I'd like to go at him in a different way."

That brought Mr. Rogers down.

"I am not going into business with him just yet," he replied, "but he is anxious to have me give him a hand in his fight to get to the Senate, and"—in the most innocent way imaginable he lifted his upper eyelids just a trifle, which action on the part of the master of "Standard Oil" invariably brings to mind Bret Harte's lines on the heathen Chinee—"Lawson, we really must get that Bay State mess cleaned up some time, and I am beginning to think it can't be cleaned up without Addicks's friendly cooperation."

Mr. Rogers's voice dwelt on the "friendly" just a fraction of a second longer than on any of the other words, and it made the picture an easy one to focus. I saw why Addicks and "Standard Oil's" guiding spirit had come together and I found myself wondering—"Will Rogers really be able to unhook Addicks's watch without rattling the chain or stopping the hands, or when he finally takes stock of his capture, will he not find that while he was busy removing it the Delaware magnate had occupied himself extracting double its value in gold from the filling of Rogers's teeth?" I determined to watch them sharply.

From time to time one or the other would approach me with some "feeler" for an all-round clean-up of the Bay State affair, but I fought shy of them all by simply dodging instead of openly opposing.

In the meantime my proclamations began to have the desired effect. New England Gas & Coke began to totter. Suddenly the whole structure collapsed and went into the hands of a receiver. Then gas history began to make rapidly. One of the Kidder-Peabody crowd secured the receivership. Once more the papers teemed with gas. All Boston talked of the scandal. Editorial sermons appeared daily about the real wickedness of Addicks and "Standard Oil." So often were the changes rung on Widows and Orphans, Civic Righteousness and the Law, that there actually came to be a scarcity of upper case W's, O's, C's, R's, and L's in the type fonts of the daily and weekly press. It was at this juncture that the smug men of finance sniffed blood and got out their psalm-books and skinning knives for a raid.

AN APOLOGY TO MY READERS

At this juncture I find I cannot at present carry any further the chapter begun in the body of the magazine. I sincerely deplore the necessity that compels me to ask the forbearance of my readers, but there is nothing else for it, as will appear from the facts that follow. To present, in lieu of the completed narrative I had promised, a set of excuses is most repugnant to me, for I detest the word "excuse" as much as I revere the word "results." However, the most forthright are often enmeshed by complications, and I grieve to find myself no exception to the common law. *My excuses:*

Since the completion of the December instalment of my story I have been arrested on a charge of criminal libel. The complainant is Barron, of the Boston "News Bureau." This man is of the opinion that I should be punished for painting the picture of him the November issue of the magazine contained. The matter is now before the Grand Jury of Boston, to be acted on at once, I believe. The penalty, should I be convicted, is fine or imprisonment. My attorneys tell me it constitutes a discourtesy—if not actual contempt of court—for me to treat further of this affair while it is under judicial cognizance. My feeling of respect for our American judicial institutions is as strong as my contempt for the frenzied financiers who attempt so frequently to misuse them. For the moment, therefore, I bow to the restriction. That is excuse No. 1.

Before passing on to the more potent reasons, may I call my readers' attention to the fact that after nineteen months of "Frenzied Finance," during which I have set forth with all the force and clearness of which I am capable specifications of the cruelest and most abhorrent crime of modern times; after I have pointed to scores of living men of world-wide power as malefactors and given details in multiplicity of their infractions of both civil and moral law, the one offense with which I am charged is that of painting the portrait of a most commonplace individual, who urges that I have no right, even though he were all I represented him, to hold up to the world his physical appearance and characteristics. Since complaint in this case was filed, rumors have become well defined that the "Standard Oil," insurance and other grafters of the "System" have boasted that they would spend unlimited money and effort to get revenge right here, because this was an opportunity to get at me criminally without rendering themselves liable to be hauled into court to defend the damnable iniquities with which I had charged them. This case is something like that of the man who charged a band of cutthroats with a series of murders, and in giving the details of their crimes swore that before sallying forth upon a particular expedition the captain and his lieutenants had brutally kicked the humpbacked cook. By way of defense the band triumphantly exhibited the cook in court and showed him to be a straight-backed dwarf.

The final chapter of "Frenzied Finance" is to describe the smug men of Finance. One of the smuggest of all such is Receiver Pepper of the Bay State Gas Company. During the past two years this smug person, with that natural antipathy all men of his type have for men of my mold, has been suing me in the courts for the sum of $2,421,696.29. In this suit he has charged and recharged in the courts and through the press and elsewhere with extreme viciousness that I have looted the Bay State Company and done a variety of other wrongful deeds of a like nature. He promised that when the case came to trial I should be shown up in a light many shades darker than that in which I have been exhibiting Rogers, Addicks, and others of the gang. The counsel of Receiver Pepper in Boston is Barron's counsel, and Barron's "News Bureau" is the organ Pepper has used to spread abroad his calumnies.

I have said but little about this case heretofore for two reasons: First, I desired to see if, at the last moment, Pepper would not beat the same kind of a retreat as had the only other interest that has attacked me in connection with "Frenzied Finance." My readers may recall a suit for $275,000 begun about this time last year and accompanied by all manner of vile charges. After less than one hour in court the plaintiff begged to be allowed to drop the suit, to which I assented upon payment of my attorneys' fees and expenses of $11,000. Secondly, I had been warned by my counsel, as in the Barron case, against treating of this affair while it was pending in the courts.

Among the items in the specifications of Pepper's suit was a sum of $363,000 held by my former partner and carried upon an ordinary commission-broker's account for the Bay State Company, which he stood ready to pay upon being allowed a few thousand dollars offset. The balance of the two million odd was made up of the stuff Pepper claimed I had looted. The trial of this case was set for the time this chapter should go to press. Just as I had finished the three pages in the body of the magazine, negotiations for a settlement were begun and I agreed to finish the instalment in time for the advertising section, which goes to press two weeks later. Just as I had anticipated, Pepper and his counsel agreed to settle upon exactly the terms I knew they must finally accept—the payment of the amount my partner held belonging to the Bay State Company, less an offset of $13,000, altogether $350,000. All the other charges have gone a-glimmering. This settlement had to be ratified by the courts of three States—Massachusetts, Delaware, and Pennsylvania—in Massachusetts by two different courts—and so much legal red tape was wound and unwound that the two weeks were fully taken up by the time the judges had all signified their approval. Only yesterday, the last record day for copy, was the ban lifted, and then it was too late to do more than pen this expression of regret. The details of the affair belong to the story and will be set forth therein.

I trust my readers will realize my predicament and sympathize with me, at least to the extent of granting me their patience until next month. I formally agree, in the February number, to make up for this lapse by an instalment of vital interest, and in the March issue to begin the exposition of that section of my message which I have so longed to get to, and which, once declared, will make plain all my motives, my interests, and my desires—my Remedy.

Frenzied Finance

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and that it had come easier than we expected. Difficult as we knew it was for Addicks to play fair, none of us could see how it would be possible for him to get in his usual trickery this time.

I notified him by wire it was a trade, and for him to carry out his part forthwith.

At once Addicks resigned the presidency of the Bay State. Allee was elected in his place to the astonishment and wonderment of Financialdom. We immediately began to lay our market pipes, and Bay State stock commenced to move upward. I afterward recalled that Addicks called me on the telephone the day after Allee's election and asked the significant question:

"Tom, when do you begin to buy in the market for the syndicate? And of course you will take all you can get?"

There was a few days' delay, due, I supposed, to the lawyers whipping the plans into shape, and then Addicks called me on the wire:

"Tom, the board is now in session, and we have just passed all the votes and issued the 500,000 shares, and everything is now ready. The senator wants to know if there is anything more you want done before the directors adjourn?"

I told him to have his stenographer dictate the minutes of the meeting over the wire to mine, and to send me certified copies by first mail. He did, and we felt we were now on a fair road to the end.

For the next two days the stock was very active, and watching the market closely preparatory to beginning my campaign, I was surprised and puzzled by the amount that came from one particular source. I had not begun to buy, because I had taken the precaution to have one of Addicks's trusted directors with whom, without his knowledge, I was in close touch, watch every move, and this man was to report to me what actually occurred at the meeting. I anxiously awaited his report. Not hearing from him I tried to get him to come to Boston.

It seemed as though after the adjournment of that meeting all the directors had disappeared from the face of the earth, but on the third day I received a mysterious telephone call from Washington, and when I got on the wire I found it was the missing director.

"I must talk quick," he said. "We are all here on a get-out-of-sight visit in charge of Allee and two of Addicks's men, and we are watched as closely as though we were prisoners. It has been the hardest kind of work for me to slip out and get to this wire. After the meeting the other day, and after Addicks had you on the 'phone, and after the votes had been passed selling the stock and doing the other things, just as he told you over the wire and just as the stenographer dictated —for there was no monkey work in that matter—he had Allee put through some new votes by which the company bought from him all his right and title in the Consumers' and Beacon and paid him 1,500,000 shares, $75,000,000 par value, for them, and the entire bunch of stock was issued to him before we left the room. There was so much of it that he took it by the bookful, and there was a whole stack of books without a certificate taken out. Allee and he had it all cut and dried, and they have been at work signing the certificates, day and night, since your first interview with him. None of the rest of us got a piece of the deal, but I understand Addicks says he will do the right thing as soon as he gets rid of the stuff. You understand the Consumers' and Beacon were out of existence years ago, and are not worth the paper they are printed on. I don't pretend to see the game, but it looks as though he had got this load of stock into his hands to land on to your people in the market, and then give you the laugh on the whole trade, for Allee says he has no intention of losing the company, and that he made him sign his resignation before he was elected."

I dropped the wire, and I looked myself over. Stunning as was the information, I had to laugh—I just had to. Here I was beginning to believe Addicks had turned saint, and just while I was patting his shoulder-blades where the wings should be growing, he doubles me up with a kick of a cloven hoof.

Truly this was the most daring move I had ever heard of since stocks were invented for the parting of everyday people from their savings. I knew the Consumers' and Beacon had been extinct for at least ten or fifteen years. They actually did not exist, for they had been wiped out in one or two law decisions, and had been twice—I was sure once, but thought twice—sold by Addicks to the Bay State Company. I knew that any one who sold them to another, representing them as worth even $100, could be arrested for swindling, and yet Addicks had actually used these names as a means of further robbing the Bay State stockholders and loading them up with another 1,500,000 shares of stock, which he was to use in playing us double and making impossible the carrying out of the plans I had been so long in working out. It was really a huge joke, but nevertheless I had a stunning realization of my narrow escape. His game was clear enough. As soon as we began to buy stock in the market and the price advanced, he was to stand by and sell, sell, sell to us until we should own all the Bay State stock we thought there was in existence. Then the trick would be discovered, and Addicks would claim I had been his partner in it and had helped him rig it, and no power on earth could make Rogers and the rest of them believe I had not. It was indeed a narrow escape.

As I sat back and began to thrash out the new complication, it came over me with sickening force that this latest treachery of Addicks's had fatally skewed my plans for the rescue of Bay State. Though we might all agree that the Delaware gas Mogul had merely followed his natural instincts and proved over again what we all knew of him, still he was the key to a situation, and if he could not be turned it probably meant that the lock would have to be broken. However, deep-sea trawlers must abide by the result of their hauls, and I went at once to Mr. Rogers with the devil-faced skate I found in place of the prize haddock he expected I was to turn in as my find. I shall pass over my own feelings as I laid before him how we had been tricked. Mr. Rogers listened. He had got far beyond the explosive stage over Addicks, and he simply said, with one of the ugly droops of the outer corners of his eyelids:

"I'll talk with Kidder-Peabody and see what can be done without Addicks."

Shortly afterward he notified me that they thought they saw their way out, so that every interest but Addicks would be taken care of as we had mapped out, and that later they would lay it before me. Mr. Rogers assured me my status had in no way changed, but I could plainly see from his way of putting it that, while they knew I was not to blame for the break of this important link, I had "lost face" in consequence. After this, history began to make record time. First, Addicks, after a few days' wait, called me up on the wire, and in his smoothest "How-you-and-I-do-pull-together" voice said:

"Tom, are you not a bit slow getting things started?"

"No," I answered, "I'm off on schedule time."

"Why, what are you doing?" he asked.

"Just seeing you don't get rid of a dollar of that $75,000,000 of stock you stole the other day," I said in a voice I tried to make sound as calmly matter of fact as though I were a boy saying to the corner grocer, "Please put down that scoopful of sand. Mother says it settles in the cups and bothers the hired girl when she washes 'em."

"What in the world do you mean, Tom, by that?" came back in a tone of grieved expostulation.

"Only this: J. Edward, you are a contemptible, lying thief, and the day you played that trick you can mark as your finish. That's all."

"Hold on, Tom, just one minute. At first I thought you were playing one of your jokes, but if you are in earnest all I can say is you are doing me a base wrong and making a fool of yourself at the same time, for I tell you I have done just what you asked me to and nothing more, and I have the records of everything done and can show them to you and Rogers or any one else, attested under oath by Frank Allee and every director. You certainly owe it to me to tell me what you are talking about."

"I have in my hand right now, Addicks," I replied, "a copy of your proceedings the other day, and it shows that after you had got through doing what you agreed, you passed other votes by which you stole 1,500,000 shares, and more than that, I have absolute evidence that you are selling this very stock."

My last word had only time to run off the wire when there came sliding back without a hitch or change of inflection:

"Tom, you must be crazy. I pledge you my sacred word, and I swear before God this is the first I have ever heard of such a thing!"

A normal human "critter" would have stopped here, overcome by the enormity of my accusation, if untrue, or because it was the proper place to end up, if it were false. Not so with this man.

"Tom, think of it," he continued, "if such a thing were true, the only way you could possibly know of it would be by one of the directors telling. Now, name the director, and I will have some things to say."

He had reached my limit. I jumped a string of words back at him of the nature specially treated of in the telephone company's rules, and shut off. I have never seen Addicks since.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE ADVENT OF HOLIER-THAN-THOU PEPPER

SHORTLY after, the market action of Massachusetts Gas told of new currents under the surface, and suddenly Financialdom was electrified by the news of application for a receiver for the Bay State Company, and with it went those legless and headless rumors—which we of the frenzied finance world know are more powerful than their more normally formed brothers that can be traced by family resemblance back to their fathers or mothers—that this time the receiver would be of the purple and so beyond the interference of ordinary mortals.

Preliminary to this, the Boston bondholders had given public notice that they had trusted their interests to the hands of Kidder-Peabody, and that they proposed to foreclose and buy in the Boston companies for the Massachusetts Gas.

With these announcements everything in the Boston Bay State Gas world got as busy as the side of a hill down which has tumbled a circus train carrying a full menagerie. The air was full of bleats and roars, the trees and bushes loaded with fur, and the ground covered with gore and raw meat. Then, as after a circus wreck, there was a general stock-taking, sizing up, and straightening out. Bay State stock- and bondholders made frantic efforts to protect their own by securing a receiver from among themselves. Addicks joined them in a last hope, but in all the moves, winding in and out through the different courts, the Massachusetts Legislature, and the stock exchanges, the master hand of Boston's sanctified banking-house, Kidder-Peabody, gripped the wheel. Early it became evident to all that the dice this time were not only loaded, but loaded with that lightning-quick adjusting weight, quicksilver. The entire game was played in the most approved frenzied finance fashion. Seemingly in a most natural way, all the vital legal proceedings landed in the Philadelphia Federal Court. Just who shunted them in that direction, no one could say at that time, although later, when in the Massachusetts Supreme Court Kidder-Peabody's lawyers were put upon the stand, it developed that in the various court proceedings the plaintiffs upon one side and the defendants upon the other were no more than Kidder-Peabody dummies set up only to be knocked down, this notwithstanding it is a serious offense for a lawyer to practise such deception upon the courts.

Finally, after much quibbling and bickering, report and denial, it was announced that George Wharton Pepper, a lawyer, of Philadelphia, had been appointed to the receivership of Bay State Gas.

Every walk of life has its smug men—men whose manner and make-up suggest that their morning prayers are surely patterned after those of the bank-president who because he could not get Congress to engrave the Ten Commandments on the backs of all ten-thousand-dollar bank-notes for the enlightenment of the poor and lowly masses, subsequently looted the coffers of his institution of a cool three million and escaped with it to Canada in the pre-extradition period. Each morning this man knelt at his window and, with bent head and clasped hands, prayed: "O Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast vouchsafed this day Thy glorious sun whose light and warmth are so beneficial to my present condition of health, while at the same time aiding those farmers on whose crops we now hold mortgages. I thank Thee for the dispensation of night which with Thy heavenly kindness Thou observest I require for rest and sleep. For such worldly success as Thy guidance has so far enabled me to achieve, I again declare to Thee my indebtedness, and I pray that Thou wilt enlighten those who oppose my work in Thy service as to Thy kindly interest in my concerns. Extend to those sinners among my fellow citizens whom we both know so well Thy mercy in the measure of their deserts.

and enable me to show them such tolerance as it is Thy righteous will they should have at my hands. Grant that I may not forget, O Lord, in intercourse with my fellows, that though Thou hast exalted me, all men are made in Thy image and likeness, and that I may accord to all subordinates and inferiors such consideration as the due working of Thy economic laws renders wise."

My readers may imagine that the attitude of mind suggested in such a petition is far too grotesque to be true to life, but no exaggeration can do justice to the pharisaical complacence of the smug man of finance. The tradition of his wisdom pervades his institution. He does business amid the plaudits of an army of fawning underlings. He has lived in an atmosphere of hot, sanctified, and continually expanding air until he believes his success is divinely ordained. He exudes piety and patronage; bill-boards himself, as McCurdy did, a missionary; bewails that the stories of his genius circulated by his own press agents do less than justice to his powers—but he never fails to apportion all juicy plums to himself and directors and all losses to the bank, to the tune of a constantly increasing salary, and persuaded of his own virtues, has been known to confuse his own and the Lord's interests with the bank's.

As I write I recall my first impression of George Wharton Pepper. I was seated in my own office when I read from the ticker, "Judge Dallas, of the United States Court, has appointed George Wharton Pepper receiver of Bay State Gas." I whispered to myself, "Pepper—George—Wharton—if that is not the ideal body tag for a smugger my mental perspective is on the boomerang." I set down no more than the unvarnished truth when I explain that the figure my mind's eye bodied forth matched close as beeswax the man with whom I was subsequently to become so well acquainted. Here were all the outward aspects of a glued-goodness almost portentous: a head slightly forwarded, as though its owner were habitually in an attitude of prayer; eyes whose remote gaze indicated perpetual thoughts of just—ahead, heavenly things; elbows held tight to the side from the carrying of hymn-books and church reports; an O-Lord-have-mercy-on-those-who-know-not-Thy-ways expression—the type of man to whom in any auction room the master of the block always turns when offering a gross of damaged "Thy-will-be-done" mottoes with "There is surely, at least, one man in this room who places duty ahead of Mammon sufficiently to raise that last bid 62½." Never shall I forget the first time I saw this prince of smug men. He was entering the Massachusetts Supreme Court with that peculiar "How-I-wish-I-knew-this-court-was-as-pure-as-I-am" look of his clan. Instinctively my hand started for my pocket to get out the five-dollar contribution-box gold-piece, but how soon I recovered. A quick glance over the tall, solid, athletic figure with its holier-than-thou air, and I found myself mentally deciding that the little book on "How to Run an Episcopal Convention" might have the leaves cut out to hold a smooth-backed, nicked-edge poker deck. Then I guessed, what closer touching afterward confirmed, that George Wharton Pepper belonged in the raised-platform-for-exhibition-purposes, entrance-fee-waived-for-good-of-cause section of the smuggers' show.

As soon as "Pepp," as I shall hereafter, for brevity, designate this eminent Philadelphia smugger, received his appointment, he employed for his chief counsel (perhaps "chestnut puller" would be a more fitting handle) a Boston lawyer who from any possible view-point, inside, outside, overside, and underside, is the antithesis of a smug man, Sherman L. Whipple, counsel for Barron, of the "News Bureau." When I learned that Whipple was to play tongs for "Pepp" I began to sit up and take an inventory of the buttons on my coat and waistcoat, particularly those which from being behind and out of eyesight could be snipped off without a "By-your-leave." Also I concluded that Esquire "Pepp" knew his biz.

Sherman L. Whipple has to-day one of the largest practises at the Massachusetts bar. He once accorded me the responsibility of his great success, inasmuch as his first case against me at a time when his business was small was so sensationally fought that ever after when any one came to town with blood in his eyes and a scalp-remover in his portmanteau he headed straight for Whipple. As there is a steady procession of citizens and corporations thus intention-equipped, his clients grew apace. This man has made his reputation on the same basis that the successful expressman who builds up, pre-empts and holds down a route. He delivers the goods. If the goods are for the cellar you will not find Whipple complaining of working underground, and if your chattels are destined to go up-stairs, he'll see that neither your guests nor a leaf on your family tree are disturbed while he deposits his gatherings. An agile and versatile lawyer is Whipple, and of him his fellows say that he'll play the law game with whatever cards he is dealt. If incense, tracts, and painted altars are trumps he'll see they are used to take tricks, whereas if there are no such exhibits he'll show you that small cards in a strong hand are just as useful to win cases with.

When "Pepp," with his peculiar make-up and the flexible job with which he had been endowed, headed for Sherman L. Whipple's law shop I naturally felt about as the country boy did who spied a couple of black flasks in Deacon Robinson's hip pockets as a gust of wind lifted his coat-tails while on the way to town, that there would surely be things doing on his return. Feeling with me in such a case is doing, and I set about liming the trails. It did not take long to ascertain that "Pepp" was a great man in his own "countree," a member of one of the innumerable first families of Philadelphia, and he seemed to enjoy in a particular measure the favor and confidence of Judge Dallas of the 3d Circuit Court. Over the respectability title that "Pepp" had to such lordly pickings I did not linger, but set out to find the links which are ever between two ends of a whole chain. The first search-warrant I issued brought back the fact that Mrs. George M. Dallas, *née* Wharton, wife of Judge Dallas, was a sister of the mother of George Wharton Pepper, which was important because my lawyer had once informed me that Section 7, Chapter 866, Statutes of the United States, passed August 13, 1888, read as follows:

> "That no person related to any justice or judge of any court of the United States by affinity * or consanguinity within the degree of first cousin shall hereafter be appointed by such court or judge to, or employed by such court or judge in, any office or duty in any court of which such justice or judge may be a member."

The real thing, at last, said I to myself, as I surveyed the situation, and I remembered the cynical comment of a friend of mine who had learned by bitter experience that holy hands often have itching palms: "When the truly good go hunting scalps, it is best for even baldheaded men to strap on their bonnets." I sat out of the game and watched the play.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE RECEIVING OF THE RECEIVER

For the benefit of those readers who are unfamiliar with this branch of frenzied finance, let me say that to the right man a corporation receivership spells opportunity. A business institution fairly managed seldom fails. Failure generally means that the institution has been dishonestly directed, that some one has profited out of it, and in the remains may always be found clues to the looting. Claims are often the best asset of a disabled corporation, but it is the receiver's part to collect or compromise them. His judgment and discretion are practically supreme. If he be honest, the creditors obtain their due. If a grafter, he prospers amazingly. But he must be careful, for receiverships are strictly hedged by the law, and a slip-up provides a through ticket to the penitentiary. The value of a holier-than-thou reputation and an all-right-in-all-circumstances-in-court standing in an official so dowered with power to use his judgment for the "best interests" of individual creditors is obvious.

Probably no receiver ever found a more interesting job on his hands than the one "Pepp's" judicial relative turned over to him. This is the condition of affairs he found on taking command of Bay State affairs:

The Bay State had had out $2,000,000 income bonds. Of these, about $1,700,000 had been redeemed. So there was probably outstanding about $300,000 of these, together with the legitimate Bay State stock, which we estimated at 1,500,000 shares. In addition thereto was the 1,500,000 shares Addicks had just stolen. Against these liabilities were assets about as follows:

Buffalo Gas stock and bonds, supposed to be worth, rising, $2,000,000;

The sum of $350,000 cash in the hands of my old partner, as liquidator of the firm of Lawson, Weidenfeld & Co.;

The equities in the Boston gas companies, claimed to be worth five to seven million dollars;

A tangible claim of $3,000,000 and interest against H. H. Rogers and William Rockefeller for their various lootings, and a claim against Addicks for several millions more, together with odds and ends in the shape of Boston gas companies stock and the Wilmington gas company.

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* "Affinity" (Webster): "Relationship by marriage in contradistinction from consanguinity, or relationship by blood."

Before proceeding to narrate the facts of "Pepp's" administration, let me indicate the opportunities such a responsibility would have afforded a less virtuous man. For instance, the Addicks affair. If Addicks, who was known to have stolen Bay State Gas stock of a par value of $75,000,000, could insinuate himself into the good graces of the receiver, he might be allowed to settle by returning the unsold portion of the 1,500,000 shares of stock, and say $48,000 in cash—and no one could stay such a compromise but the court. Again, if Rogers and Rockefeller, knowing that they might be made to pay back five or six millions of cash, could arrange with a conscienceless receiver to so handle the case against them that it would surely be lost, they could well afford to turn over to some person (of course, not the receiver) at least $1,800,000, to see that the burgling was properly performed. It was to guard against such contingencies as these that "Pepp" was entrusted with the job—for his cream-laid respectability and "goodified" habits rendered him immune against temptations that might keep a grafter of the common herd vibrating. Let us pass on to the history of the case.

As soon as our paragon receiver had canvassed the Bay State situation, he began to busy himself with Addicks. The astute Delaware statesman, smarting under my denunciation of his burnt-cork, rubber-soled villainy, quickly showed the good man that he was dealing with the original injured innocent, and that I, not he, was the man who had brought about all Bay State's misfortunes. As Addicks afterward put it: "Why pay cash when you can get a receipted bill for advice?" Having gleaned from the veracious Addicks the long list of wrongs I had perpetrated on the corporation, "Pepp" transferred his search-light to me and soon afterward, through Attorney Whipple, submitted to the Massachusetts courts a long catalogue of sums that he claimed I had looted from the Bay State Company. I informed "Pepp" that some scoundrel had been practising on his credulity, that I did not owe a dollar of the amounts he had charged up against me, but that my old partner, Weidenfeld, did hold a sum of $363,000 belonging to the company. When I asked where "Pepp" had gleaned the items presented in his claim, I was told, from Addicks and his office force, in much the same way as if the answer was, "From the Scriptures," and it was added that he would pursue me to the court of last resort to get every dollar of it. There were other proceedings in variety. "Pepp" sued Kidder, Peabody & Co. to save the Bay State equities, and one of Addicks's old debtors sued the Bay State Company. This suit was won by the debtors on Addicks's own testimony and a verdict of $171,000 was recorded against the corporation.

The most important proceeding of all these, however, was the equity suit against Kidder-Peabody, and all parties to the proceeding were seriously concerned as to its outcome. While these movements were on, I had conferences at intervals with Mr. Rogers, and was frequently assured by him that, when the preliminaries were over, I should find everything arranged as he and I had mapped out. I was beginning to be doubtful as to the unwinding, for, as the different threads were woven into the yarn, it appeared of quite a different color from that I had expected to see. However, I believed that Mr. Rogers and Mr. Rockefeller had too much at stake to play me false, and I knew there was no release from the consequences of past deeds for them, unless the Bay State end was brought out right. Affairs took definite shape about the time the forces lined up for the trial in the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

To understand properly what was involved in this suit of the receiver against the big Boston banking-house, let me set forth the lay of the facts prior to the trial.

Kidder, Peabody & Co. had foreclosed on the several Boston companies for the bondholders, and had bought in these companies for the Massachusetts Gas Companies for the bonds, $11,000,000. Rogers, as trustee for the Bay State Company, had not opposed this move, nor lifted a finger to secure the $5,000,000 to $7,000,000 additional representing the Bay State equity, which should have gone to the Bay State Company. As trustee, it was his bounden duty to look after this interest. Consequently, if it could be proved that Rogers had any connection with Kidder, Peabody & Co. in the purchase of the Boston companies, he would clearly be liable for this breach of his trusteeship.

It was therefore of vital importance that Rogers should be shown to have had no part in the Kidder-Peabody deal.

A few days before the case came to trial, Mr. Rogers began to call frantically for me to talk with him on the wire. He desired to bring me to New York. It was the first time in all our connection I was to go into court and, under oath, tell of our doings. I was well aware of what was expected of "Standard Oil" lieutenants on such occasions, but I had always been quite sure that on the night of the day when circumstances should compel Mr. Rogers to say to me, "Lawson, let us match up," we should probably not belong to the same branch of "F. F.'s." The day had at last arrived, but as I was not hankering for the programmed you-must-and-I-won't match, I found it convenient to be farming on that part of my potato patch remotest from the telephone.

The morning before the trial Mr. Rogers got a good connection with my secretary, and said:

"Clapp, I have been trying to get at Mr. Lawson for two days. Where is he?"

"At Dreamwold," answered my always-posted secretary.

"You say to him I am leaving for Boston and will be at the Touraine this afternoon, and that I must see him without fail—remember, *without fail.* That case comes to-morrow in the Supreme Court, and if we do not talk things over there may be ugly complications. I will call him as soon as I get to Boston, and you must see that he is where we can get together without delay."

Mr. Rogers arrived at the Touraine, and promptly called me. I put Clapp on the wire with this message: "Mr. Lawson wants me to come up and see you and deliver a message. Shall I come now?"

"Right away," was the answer.

Mr. Rogers was with his New York counsel, our old friend James M. Beck, ex-Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, and his Boston counsel, Alfred Hemenway, when Clapp sent up his card.

Rogers took my secretary into a corner and said: "Clapp, Mr. Lawson has put me in a very awkward position by not matching up with me, and now it is too late for us to see each other. Beck and Hemenway are frightened at the possibility of the other side asking us to-morrow on the witness-stand if we have matched up, and they say we must not meet to-night, but that they will see him and will lay out things so we shall both tell the same story Kidder, Peabody & Co. do; so say to him I want him to see Beck and Hemenway right away, and talk as freely and frankly with them as with me. Tell him he must do this for me, but that, never mind what we swear to to-morrow, it will in no way affect the trade we made. I will see to it that after we are off the stand he gets a writing from Kidder, Peabody & Co. that will guarantee him his full interests."

When my secretary gave me the message, I at once returned answer to Mr. Rogers that I regretted being unable to comply with his request, but that I was just as particular as himself. If there was any talking to be done, his lawyers would have to do it with mine; for, in no circumstances, would I see his counsel.

That night the Master of "Standard Oil" began to realize that the natural law which says that you cannot ring a bull's nose with a doughnut is as unalterable as the well-tried-out theory that you cannot drive a camel through the eye of a needle at top speed.

This message brought the two distinguished advocates down to my counsel's office on the run. They frantically explained to him that if I were not produced and rehearsed along the lines which Mr. Rogers and Kidder-Peabody were to expound in court next day, trouble would surely come. My counsel, Homer Albers, noted at our bar for practising law according to the unrevised edition of Blackstone which teaches that verdicts should not be prepared before jurors are impaneled, informed the custodians of Mr. Rogers's fact hatchery that he apprehended no possibility of any of the three memory cameras disagreeing in their plate impressions, for each man knew what had happened, and it was only necessary to adhere accurately thereto. At this the "Standard Oil" lawyers proceeded to explain that Mr. Rogers had entered into a partnership with Kidder, Peabody & Co., which, if mentioned to the court, would probably lose Kidder, Peabody & Co. their suit, because, while this partnership was in reality only for Lawson's benefit, it would certainly look as though it were a partnership between Rogers, the trustee, and Kidder, Peabody & Co., who were gobbling up the property which the trusteeship was created to protect.

"Well?" said my old-fashioned counsel.

"Well," said the ex-Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, "the three parties to the proceeding must match up, so all shall tell one story and tell it alike. Will you not take us to your client?" Mr. Albers explained that this was impossible without his client's consent. Then would he not try to obtain his client's consent? Whereupon Mr. Albers came to me and briefly spun their yarn.

"Let us waste no more time," I answered, "on this fork of the case. Mr. Rogers evidently desires that I shall commit perjury. I will not exchange any words with his counsel before going on the stand."

Next day the case was on. I was in court for four weeks while Kidder, Peabody & Co. and Rogers were on the witness-stand. When Rogers stepped down I followed him.

My testimony was directly contradictory to that he had given.

One of us committed perjury.

The city of Boston recently elected a new district attorney. This man ran independently against the incumbent, who had received the nominations of both the regular parties. He is a square and fearless man who dares do his duty. John B. Moran would just as soon drag either a "Standard Oil" magnate or a Lawson before the bar of justice upon the heinous charge of perjury as order the discharge of some poor fellow arrested for driving nightmares beyond the speed limit. It would not surprise me at all if before this chapter is over age, an attempt were made to determine before a Massachusetts court who committed perjury—Henry H. Rogers or the man who so flat-footedly contradicted all that to which Henry H. Rogers swore.

Other curious anomalies occurred during the progress of this trial. One midnight I was called on the telephone from Kidder, Peabody & Co.'s office and given this startling information:

"You know that it developed in the course of Kidder, Peabody & Co.'s testimony to-day that their books have been altered a number of times while this trial has been going on, to make the figures and accounts match the evidence that was being brought forward. Well, on the strength of this Whipple got the right to examine these books at this office to-night. In doing so he has dropped on to startling things. Large sums have been paid out in peculiar ways, and attached to these expenditures are the initials of prominent men, inverted, twisted around, and disguised in a way that looks as though it might constitute actual evidence of legislative bribery. Every one down here is panic-stricken, and visions of State prison are in the air. They have begged Whipple to smother it, but he has refused, so they have sent for the receiver, who is a very intimate friend of very intimate friends of the gang, and he is on the way down here."

"Well, well," I soliloquized, as I turned into bed after leaving the telephone, "it is certainly a ripe old saw which says, 'Buckets lowered into the well too often and too recklessly will surely slip off the hook some time.'"

I went to court early next morning, rather expecting the confounding of some of the eminent persons who had been so busy testifying to their own rectitude. This expectation was not destined to be gratified, for I entered the trial chamber just in time to see Whipple and the Kidder-Peabody outfit go into executive session in the judge's little room back of the bench, and again I realized that it was still the era of frenzied finance; that the tradition of the virtue of great wealth had to be preserved and that dollars could do no wrong. After an hour of impatient waiting and wondering on the part of the crowd of spectators, the negotiators reappeared, and it was evident to all that if the Kidder-Peabody-Rogers crowd had been in close proximity to a live buzz-saw, they had found a way to put its teeth to a no more violent use than sharpening their pencils or clipping their finger nails. Not one of them went to jail, nor has any one yet gone, although as I write, the air is again full of the shadows of coming examinations in this same connection.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF "PEPP"

"Pepp," the receiver, finally gave Kidder, Peabody & Co. a clearance of all Bay State claims for the Bay State equities in the Boston companies they had got away with, in consideration of their paying Whipple his fees, generally understood to amount to about $25,000. For the whole service of this eminent attorney, you ask? Oh, dear, no, just his services in this particular suit for the recovery of the five to seven millions of Bay State equities! Not so long ago it transpired that "Pepp" had reached a settlement with Addicks in connection with the 1,500,000 shares of Bay State stock (par value $75,000,000) the Delaware statesman had made away with. Addicks turned back some of the stock and agreed to pay $48,000 in consideration of a release. Forty-eight thousand dollars in cash? you ask, importunate reader. No—not cash—that would have inconvenienced Addicks—Addicks's promise to pay.

Thus far "Pepp's" brilliant crusade to recover the millions of the unfortunate stock- and bondholders of Bay State Gas has resulted about as follows:

Received from Kidder, Peabody & Co., Whipple's lawyer's fees.

Received $48,000 from Addicks. I have never been able to learn whether this sufficed to pay the lawyers' fees and expenses connected therewith, or to pay the fees alone.

Indebted to Hewitt estate by loss of suit, $171,000.

Enthusiastic at these victories, the Prince of Smugdom and a large force of his legal friends boldly attacked Rogers for his three millions and interest, and myself for the $2,000,000 odd alleged lootings. Rogers's suit came first, and the importance of the Master of "Standard Oil" was duly regarded by all the parties concerned. The trial was held behind closed doors and the press muzzled, with special instructions that there must be no comments on the testimony, Mr. Rogers being oversensitive in regard to such notice. This trial degenerated into a sort of fore- and afternoon verbal fencing bout between the Master of "Standard Oil" and Attorney Whipple, and when it closed the other day, after running for months, Mr. Rogers remarked to a friend that he would seriously miss his mental athletics. He also whispered, or wanted to, that it was dollars to doughnuts he had won the fight. If I were a betting man I'd make it dollars to the hole around which the doughnuts are built that he wins it.

There probably never was an easier suit to win, if it had been handled "winnably." An examination of William Rockefeller's books, and the Bay State stockholders would presently have been discussing the division of the three to six millions Rogers and Rockefeller would have been ordered to disgorge. William Rockefeller waited patiently on American soil for "Pepp" and his nimble fee-gatherers to net him and his interesting books. Then he decided that his health required that he should go to Europe. After he was safely out of the jurisdiction of the American courts, "Pepp" discovered that he needed both Mr. Rockefeller and his books. He explained it in his "O-Lord-I-cannot-conceive-why-such-unrighteousness-should-be-allowed-to-annoy-me" manner, and the court gave him an extension in the hope that William Rockefeller might on some sleep-walking expedition wander back and thereby put a crimp in the plot. There was no possibility of such a happening, as all the tribe of Rockefeller proceed according to "the rules," asleep or awake, and if there had been the Master of "Standard Oil" would have provided for it in the layout of his farce.

The whole case, with Rogers answering almost every question with "I cannot remember anything but my name" and Rockefeller and his books anchored in Europe, swung on the point of what the trade was which Rogers entered into with the Bay State when he accepted the trusteeship. As I had negotiated this trade for the Bay State, I had a very clear recollection of what it amounted to, and published the details in my story while the suit was being tried. In addition, I requested on behalf of the sandbagged Bay State stockholders that I be allowed to win the suit by testifying, but all to no avail. "Pepp" had no intention of having his case disarranged. The Bay State stockholders must therefore content themselves with the knowledge that what is their loss is somebody's gain, in whole or in part, unless, indeed, justice—I should have said good luck—gets a new two-shoulders-and-a-hip clinch on the successful schemers by presenting the facts I have given of "Pepp's" relationship to the court and others before some tribunal of competent jurisdiction—in which event there may be a tip-over of recent proceedings.

As I related in my last chapter, the day finally came for "Pepp" to make good his charges against me in open court, when lo! as I had predicted, the bold and righteous smugger with meekness and humility quietly took his $363,000, less the allowance my ex-partner claimed, and asked his relative's court and the Federal courts of Delaware, Massachusetts, and New York to indorse his release of my old firm, my partner, and myself from any and every claim which had existed, did exist, or might in the future come into existence. It was a tough bunch of vulture meat to swallow, or at least, after all the wild charges and boastings, it would have been to an ordinary mortal, but 'tis said "holier-than-thou" smug men of finance take such performances as a matter of course, and as I was not compelled to pay him a nickel of the enormous amounts he had boasted he was going to collect, I suppose I have, as the schoolboys say, "no kick coming," particularly as during the same week "Pepp's" counsel and his client, Barron, were obliged to walk up to the crow-pan and partake of another and far more bitter mess.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

IN A BOSTON CRIMINAL COURT

I EXPLAINED in my last instalment that as the magazine went to press Barron had caused my arrest for criminal libel because, under the caption of "An Ebon Knight and his Ebon Adventures," in my October instalment, I, to use his language in applying for my arrest, had most outrageously libeled him. This episode, in connection with the termination of "Pepp's" suit, seems a fitting climax for my story's end.

He who takes a flail to his generation provokes the bludgeons of his contemporaries. The man who raises his voice against the prevailing system of grab, divide, and mum's-the-word is a rebel, a disturber, and necessarily, among those whose plans he disturbs, a scoundrel. I am no exception to the rule. I have raised my voice against the corruption of finance, and those I have assailed have replied, "Who art thou that callest us cursed? We will tell you—you're another." And in the twenty months during which this story of mine has been appearing, I have been a target for more mud, cobblestones, and broken bottle glass than I had believed could be found outside the devil's back-yard.

The insurance grafters, the McCalls, McCurdys, Perkinses, and Tarbells, first turned the Niagara of Slushville loose upon me, but I hear little of their threats now. In their machine-made efforts to explain how and why they didn't do it, and keep out of prison, I seem to have slipped their memories. Then came the Donohoes, Becks, and Eckelses, heelers for Rogers, Rockefeller, and the "System," who for months megaphoned my unworth throughout the land. Though unheard and forgotten these men still live. Next came a suit brought by the eminent firm of Couderts for $275,000, and the newspapers had it that this was the first gun of the fight to destroy me. In the first hour in court the Couderts changed their minds, and I allowed them to crawl out of court after paying my lawyers' fees and expenses, $11,000. Following this, the "System's" first victory, came the collapse of "Pepp's" gigantic suit that the "System's" agents had promised should prove my final undoing. At this time there were to be revelations of malpractise and looting on my part that should far excel aught that I had shown in regard to Rogers. What a sad setback when the Federal courts of Delaware, Pennsylvania, New York, and Massachusetts stamped my bill of health with their O. K. Imagine the joy of these discomfited plotters when in the person of Barron, of the "News Bureau," there appeared at last a man who dared enter the criminal court after my scalp. To put it in the language of the "System," "At last Lawson has put his head in the noose and we can see that he is properly hauled and mauled all over the criminal courts without endangering ourselves—for Barron cannot possibly be compelled to show up 'Standard Oil' or the 'System's' books."

For a time it did seem as though they might get me without my being able to hit back—for many a yellow-oil-slushed black spot in history tells how judges have been charmed and juries, too, and enemies skidded into the dungeon along well-greased ways. Barron applied to a police judge for my arrest. A warrant was issued. I waived examination, and in two weeks my case was brought before the grand jury of Suffolk County (Boston). This particular jury had been five months in session. It was composed of retired capitalists, brokers, and business men, and its ability was unquestioned. Barron went before it, read my chapter, told his story, brought his witnesses, and came forth from the jury room gloatingly boasting of what was to be done to me. The frenzied financiers were in a frenzy of joy. It was all over town that "Standard Oil" had lined up right behind Barron. Then I was sent for. I was before the jury one hour and forty-two minutes. An interval of three days' waiting for a verdict followed. Saturday morning I went with my counsel to the criminal court in Boston. I had never been in a criminal court before. In watching the dripping misery unveiled and bare there, I forgot what I myself had at stake. What a study for a soul and conscience painter. What practise for a heart dissector. The large court room was crowded with the mothers and wives, the sisters, brothers, fathers, sons, and daughters of the unfortunates who, like myself, awaited the declaration of their fate at the jury's hands. As a stirrer and fermenter of heart sediments, I had thought the tape and the ticker were in the front tier of all the world's excitements, but here was a gamble which made the tape look like confetti and the ticker sound like a Hallowe'en tick-tack by comparison.

A solemn judge seated at a desk like a pulpit on a raised platform; a brusk clerk at the pulpit's base, who stood holding a great bunch of grand jury reports which he read one at a time in a clear, kindly voice that brought back those long-ago school graduating days when we children in our best bibs and tuckers proudly caught the loving beams of our parents as the master read off in his running-water, quick-stop-and-start-again voice the figures of our standing in the classes. But how different this scene—the thronging thoughts that came as we watched the unfolding of those fateful papers; the sense of tense expectancy that throbbed in the heavy air of the room; the solemn silence as each message of doom was spoken; then the flutter and murmur, the rustle of uneasy bodies, the craning of necks, the undertone of sighs and stifled sobs as the culprit came forth in answer to the call of his name. I heard:

"John Charles So-and-so, indicted for forgery."

The door in front of the tense throng swung back mechanically as the kindly looking court officer in his blue uniform and brass buttons raised his voice and repeated "John Charles So-and-so." From an inner room where the jail van had just deposited him stepped John Charles So-and-so. He lined up at the rail and faced the solemn judge and the automaton-like clerk and the mother, wife, or sister, who could easily be detected by her blanched face and strained glance. I never again want to see such a look as came into John Charles So-and-so's eyes, that wild, "What-is-it—heaven-or-hell?" look. Truly, the ticker-and-the-tape game is only the rehearsal end of Gambledom.

I sat there so fascinated with each scene of this rapidly moving biograph of human hell that I forgot to wonder, "Will the next be mine?" But as I scanned the set faces of the mothers, fathers, wives, sisters, and children of the different John Charles So-and-sos detained in the pen behind the judge's pulpit, I realized that the weight of an impending fate was never for an instant lifted from their souls, nor did the misfortunes of others divert for an instant the strained gaze of their eyes from the sheaf of unread papers in the clerk's hands.

As the hell pictures were unrolled one by one before my fascinated gaze they seemed to call up in my mind contrasting scenes equally vivid and alive—Wall Street and its moving throngs of men with gold bodies, ruby heads, and diamond hands and feet; Trinity's steeple that pierces the sky in the narrow interstice between giant sky-scrapers, and the graveyard that nestles beneath; the mob beating at the City Bank doors in a wild clamor to throw in their sacks of money; a board room in a great banking-house, and two handsome, white-haired men facing one another over a judgment seat; and I heard the words: "William, I feel as though I had done an honest day's labor! Thirty-six million dollars 'made,' and no hitch, no delay!" An interval and then another turn of the vision's crank, and I was looking into the private office of the ex-president of the Mutual Life, with the $12,000 rug on the floor and the $2,000 inlaid and enameled desk that shines like a jeweler's window. In another board room, paneled and frescoed with marvelous art, I saw McCalls and Perkinses and Andy Hamiltons chuckling over the millions they were amassing. Then the scene changed to the great banquet-hall at Sherry's, with Jimmy Hyde in his white satin breeches, his violets, and his foreign decorations, the center of a gay throng of bediamonded women in silks and tulles, and men in strange apparel. And as I remembered that this sumptuous scene, this matchless luxury were paid for out of dollars, blood- and tear-soaked, wrung cent by cent from the honest toilers of the land—that these dollars meant sacrifice and abstinence, chilled bodies and scant food, fireless hearths and dreary days—all that there might be a widow's mite or an orphan's livelihood—a fierce rage rose within me, and——

But what's this? The clerk glances into the crowd, and in a low, rapid tone, murmurs, "Miss ——, murder in the second degree. Stand up." A tiny girl of nineteen, but looking only sixteen, with dazed, wondering eyes, steps to the rail, and answers, "Guilty" in the "Now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep" tone of the children of other worlds than hers. Murder? Guilty? I thought I must have misunderstood. I turned to my counsel. "Don't you remember the girl you wrote me about to see if anything could be done?" he replied. I looked again. Could it be possible? And the picture that had been shown me a few days before by one of those whose business it is to help the lowly, came back: A father-less, motherless girl; her babe born in the darkness of an attic room in the dreadful loneliness of the night, with no physician but her instincts, no helper but her despair, no witness but her Maker's stars and the big, wondering moon. Then the gray dawn and the call to work from below, and, to escape detection, the quick hiding of the tiny mite in the old black trunk in which other girls of other worlds might hide their dolls. Then later—horror of horrors! only the empty shell from which God, in His infinite wisdom, had recalled His breath. Police, and a simple, straightforward confession, the jail, and——

> "The sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
> By man is cursed alway!"

My counsel had stated the facts to the authorities, and the grand jury had indicted for murder in the second degree instead of the first, and the menace of the gallows was shifted to the prospect of a living tomb. It was a sad sight—this girl. When I think of her pitiable plight there comes to me the memory of another picture—carpeted streets, police to guard the block, a group of the world's greatest physicians, and an expectant world. Then the announcement, "The richest child in the world was born in America last night, and the mother, with the aid of everything that wealth can procure, is doing well." And every time I see the two I ponder, whether a generation or more back the fates of these two mothers might not have trembled in life's scales and some pin's weight tipped the beam that foredoomed one to misery and endowed the other with title to all the pleasures of the world. I said to my counsel, "If there is anything more within the limits of the law which can be done for this girl, it seems we owe it to our Maker to find out what it is and do it." *

The clerk turned the crank again. Three boys, fourteen, sixteen, and seventeen. "Breaking and entering a building and stealing one gas-meter." "Well, well, well," I gasped, "one gas-meter? Surely this is the first time the law has taken cognizance of gas affairs. Addicks I have seen get away with three millions and Rogers and Rockefeller with eleven at a clip in gas, and all without any one intimating to them that there was such a thing on earth as a criminal court. Is it possible, I speculated, that they are really going at last to deal out justice to the gas thieves, and are beginning logically at the bottom by giving these boys three to ten years in prison for stealing a meter? But what could they have wanted with a gas-meter, anyway? That puzzled me. Then it came to me and for a moment I thought that perhaps I might be to blame for their crime. They had read how Addicks, Rogers, *et al.* had been for years pumping air through the meter and taking out millions on the other side, and had *stolen* one to get the combination!

From far-away thoughts on the vagaries of fate I was brought back to earth by the loud call of a name which I knew quite well—a Boston broker—and I remembered in this theatre of tragic contrasts that this man was also an operator in frenzied finance. But mark the difference. A few years ago there was a Norfolk & Western Railroad. Certain real frenzied financiers had reorganized it, had wiped out the old stock and in its place had issued new paper. This unfortunate young man conceived the idea of using the worthless stock certificates of the original Norfolk & Western as securities for loans from Boston banks and trust companies. These institutions, supposing the certificates were the genuine ones quoted on the Stock Exchange list, gladly accommodated him, and among others our Puritan Trust Company lent him $4,000.

It is a true bill the jury has against him and he is arraigned in due form. Again I say, "Strange, passing strange." Only in degree and method does his crime differ from similar juggles that the "System" performs every day in Wall Street. It's the minor criminal and not the millionaire burglar whose feet are entangled in the legal mesh.

The clerk is reading again: "——, indicted for breaking and entering a store and stealing flour and groceries" (to aid a starving wife and child). The functionary's voice seemed to linger over the terms of the charge and, calloused though he must be to the spectacle of human misery, there was a break in his even tones. I had noticed behind me on one of the benches a pale, drawn-faced little woman holding a baby. Each time the clerk opened a new indictment she had leaned forward and with drawn lips and almost bursting eyes held her breath to catch the name, the child clutched to her breast in an almost frenzied clasp. She would drop back half-fainting against the bench as an unfamiliar name smote her ear, and I wondered what she awaited. Now she had half-risen, and it was evident to all who watched that this name meant *him* and that these were the "*starving wife and child.*"

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* As we go to press I learn that the new district attorney and the court, after looking into this case, accepted a plea of manslaughter, and the girl was sentenced to an indefinite period in our woman's reformatory, where if the rules and regulations are conformed to and a broken spirit is shown, a prisoner may be discharged in a year.

When the little door behind the pulpit opened there stepped forth a man. There could be no doubt that this was a real man—young, tall, straight as an Indian, equipped with the shoulders of a blacksmith, and a chest that would guarantee in a swimming or rowing race that its owner would have plenty left on the shelf when the others were "all in," a good, big, strong face, lit up with a pair of deep-set eyes—and the whole topped by a head of curly black hair. His stride was that of an athlete; he wore a blue flannel shirt with a low collar and a short black jacket, into the pockets of which were thrust both hands, and as he stood there he would have made a study for a sculptor.

How could such a man have come to such a plight, I wondered. With so much power, strength, and force, he should be a leader; if a working man, the head of his union; if a patriot, a front-rank pike carrier in the liberty and equality army.

I noticed the wife as her eyes met his. The pain, the drawn tension, the misery seemed to leave her face. Her grip upon the baby seemed to relax. It was pathetic. I thought I should hear a piercing "Bill! Oh, my Bill!" and then a proud "It's him, my man, my Bill!" His eyes, when they met hers — they, too, seemed for a second to lose their flint and steel. Then I imagined him sweeping the court officers and crowd aside and with a mighty stride placing himself at her side, kissing the baby and her, saying, "It's a dream, my girl—just a dream." I expected it—'pon my word, I expected it. Then rang out, "Guilty or not guilty?" Instantly the man changed—the sudden light passed from his face. For a second he seemed dazed. I whispered, "Is this strong man going to turn child and weep?" It was only for the fraction of a minute. Then, swiftly as the needle flies back to the magnet, his eyes became the contact-point of flint and steel, and he grasped the rail with both hands. He gave one unconscious throwback to his broad shoulders, and slowly his eyes were shadowed by the overhanging brows, his voice sounded like the echo of one sharp blow upon the anvil, "Not guilty; I have no counsel," and he was back to the pen and on his way to the jail. I dreaded to look again at the woman and the babe—I dreaded to, and, like a coward, I turned my eyes inward and once more I saw a marching people, bearing aloft grizzly heads on gory poles, and I heard above the low, bestial murmur of the mob the cry for bread and for revenge; and in the front ranks, bearing aloft the goriest head upon the longest pole, strode the young giant who had just disappeared, and I heard a piteous begging for mercy. But above the begging rang out a fiendish laugh, and then a fiendish, "I had no work and was made a criminal for a few dollars' worth of food, less than you throw to your jeweled dogs, and no one showed me mercy." I closed my eyes to shut out the horrid picture, when suddenly I was aware of a murmur, and I opened my eyes in time to meet the gaze of the throng, for they had come, many of them, to hear the verdict on "the big case." They thought it "the big case," and so had I till I had learned as I sat in that court room that it was the smallest of all—a parody on the heart-and-soul cases I had been listening to; for what mattered it whether one, or a thousand, or a million well-fed beneficiaries of the people's labors were sent to prison for a year or two for criminal libel! As I caught their eyes, I heard, as though it had been spoken in the midst of the far-off forest, my name. My case was the last on the list, and as I focused the words and glanced along the double row of twenty-three faces in the jury seats, by the kindly look on each face and the smile in some, I knew the verdict before it was pronounced.

Afterward the jurymen made no pretense of disguising the fact that it required only a few minutes' deliberation after I had left the grand jury room for them unanimously to decide, "No bill." I had never a doubt of what twenty-three honest Americans would do when the matter was fairly presented to them—no more doubt than I have of what they would do to Rogers, Rockefeller, or the rest of the people's tigers could they once get them in their clutches—no more doubt than I have of what the American people will do to the whole breed of tigers and jackals who have been fattening on them when the time comes to rise and act. I felt no hatred for Barron and the gang because of this, their last plot, but instead was pleased that they had given me at this time the only missing bit of material to round out my story.

CHAPTER XXXIX

BY WAY OF EPILOGUE

My story is ended, and in passing it to the American people let me say just a few final words:

"Twenty months ago, when I began this history, I said 'I shall tell you of things and conditions I have seen that you may know what is going on among you, and so can stop what is and make impossible what is on the way. I shall write truthfully, plainly, bluntly, so you may all see, feel and understand, and I shall spare none—not myself, nor those with whom I have been associated, for if what I have to say is worth taking at my weighing and the price paid accordingly, the sacrifice of a few men more or less will be of slight consequence compared with the use the world can make of the knowledge that I shall impart to the world.

My story is now spread before you, and it is for you to decide whether or not I have made good my promise. When it first entered my mind to set forth these things, I feared that perhaps I might not be able to put them down in black and white with the action and the color of their happening. Then I said to myself: "I have lived through these facts and deeds, I have pinched them, and had them stick pins into me by day, and scatter tacks for my bare feet at night, and if they are real, and not shadows, I can put them into words and make them live for others. If they are dreams, I shall soon find out, for no man can trick out his visions in the trappings of fact and pass them off upon the world as other than phantoms—fleshless, bloodless, heartless." And I began. In a foreword I diagrammed the facts of which my story would consist and then called on my pen and my memory to do their part. I have said what I had to say—and have finished. The evidence and the argument are before you. I await your verdict, confident it will not differ from those I have just cited.

The story recited in these pages is but the necessary prelude to a proposition, the demonstration of which I am now about to begin. My Remedy. Some years ago, in thrashing over the problems of finance and the inequality and unfairness of present business conditions, a solution occurred to me which seemed like an inspiration. I spent my silent moments for years hammering this theory into practical shape, fitting and riveting its parts, perfecting its processes. In Paris in 1898 I set forth its details, to able bankers, and then was offered the loan of immense sums of money to put the form of institution I had devised into practise. I declined. I did not believe the time ripe nor the people alive to the wrongs the "System" was inflicting on them. Now they know all, and demand a remedy. A remedy must be found—if not mine, another.

In closing this narrative I desire to reiterate that my primal object in setting down my story has been to educate the American people so they could grasp: first, the appaling corruption of prevailing financial methods; then the significance of this remedy and its application to existing conditions. Throughout I have had these two purposes in mind—and while in any event I should have given the people the history of the monstrous frauds of Amalgamated, so they might be awakened to their wrongs, the story has owed its chief importance in my eyes to the fact that at its conclusion I should have an audience equipped to understand and turn to practical use the Remedy devised to correct the very evils which it had been my task to expose. The method and the style of narrative used was aimed at arousing the people's attention to my facts. It will be admitted by my severest critics that the latter result has been achieved. The people are awake. They are ready to act. My judgment has been vindicated.

The elucidation of my Remedy is another affair, however. It calls for quite a different form of exposition, and from now on I shall perhaps err on the side of calmness, studied evenness of statement, and sobriety of recommendation. Not indeed that I shall throw away the pen with which "Frenzied Finance" was written, for the crimes set forth therein have many prototypes calling as loudly for the scourge and the scalpel, and in the course of time, when the mathematics and economics of my Remedy have been given to the people, I shall return to the performances of other American royalties, whose millions have been crimped and gathered by methods as devilish as those of "Standard Oil" and Amalgamated.

THE END OF "FRENZIED FINANCE."

In the March number Mr. Lawson will write on the subject of the Insurance investigation in New York, and will, in his own forcible way, show what the inquisition has revealed and how much has been concealed.

With "Everybody's" Publishers

Continued from page 288

hard work, this educating the public to pay higher prices; and what will happen if we run into a period of lean years when the country isn't prosperous?"

We have tried to give you a fair summary of both sides of the controversy, good friends, and if we mistake not, your sympathies will be with the workmen and your decision with the employers. We have no doubt the employers would cheerfully grant the eight-hour day if they could be sure the union would stop at that, and if changes could be made so that the employers might have some say in running their own shops.

One thing the public must keep in mind: You are concerned in every strike. You felt it in the coal strike. You pay the bills. If the compositors win the strike, the cost of printing will go up twenty per cent., and that twenty per cent. will be added to everything printed that you buy. You will pay more for your books and magazines or get less for what you pay. You will pay more for a lot of things beside printed matter. The stores use a heap of stationery and advertising. You will have to pay for the increased cost of it, sure.

You see, there is a great big question involved here. When compositors shove up wages they help pay the increase themselves, and members of other unions help and everybody helps. But, of course, the compositors benefit far beyond the increased cost they have to pay and the increase is a dead loss to everybody else. However, while the compositors are getting this advantage in the printing business, other unions are busy in other businesses, and the compositor eventually finds that the increase he considered clear gain is going to pay higher wages to men in other businesses. His furniture costs more; his meats and groceries; his carpets; his clothing—everything he eats and wears and uses. This method followed to its logical end means that some day we should have unions of all the men concerned with one trade. Unions would be fighting other unions. All the men in the printing business, employers and employees, would be trying to put up their own prices and keep down the prices in other businesses.

So far as we know, there is no one in America or in the world who knows how many hours a day printers ought to work, and what wages they have a right to get. Not masons, nor carpenters, nor clerks, nor motormen, nor coal-diggers, nor anybody. At present the rule is not "It is more blessed to give." Quite the contrary. *Give the least you have to and get the most you can.* We can see only turmoil and failure and distress in that direction. Yet the business man who would give the unions everything they ask for would be the laughing-stock of the unions and would wreck his business. While the union which would give the employers everything the employers would take would be a joke and would not last a week. Failing the millennium, the only hope at present for data on which to base a fair judgment of rights lies in those being collected by the Department of Commerce and Labor. The future of America depends upon this department more than on any other in the national Government. With the department increasingly efficient and with a compulsory arbitration law, backed by a powerful executive, we may pull through the next fifty years.

❧

WHAT ARE BUCKET-SHOPS?

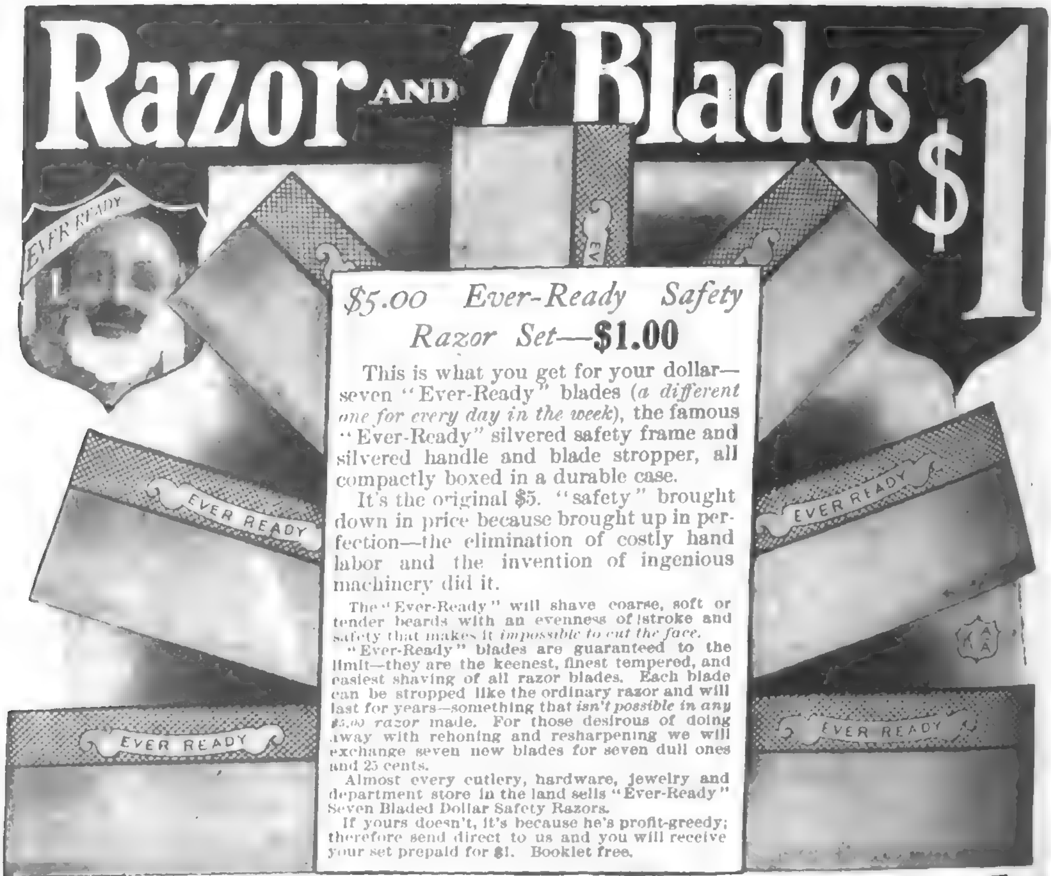
The unscrupulous financiers who organized the chain of great banks and insurance companies into "The System" represent the royal beasts of prey of the world of graft; the owners of the Bucket-Shops are its wolves and jackals. Some of our readers hardly know the ill a bucket-shop does, and none perhaps realizes the thousands of these dens that exist throughout the country and the millions that they annually filch from the people. Everybody's has undertaken to ventilate this evil in such fashion as to abate it. Merrill A. Teague, of the Philadelphia *North American*, who drove the bucket-shops out of that city, has been secured to prosecute the work.

❧

SOMETHING NEW

The Classified Advertising Department now in this magazine is not only new, but unique. We want you to know about it. See page 74.

Razor AND 7 Blades $1



$5.00 Ever-Ready Safety Razor Set—**$1.00**

This is what you get for your dollar—seven "Ever-Ready" blades (*a different one for every day in the week*), the famous "Ever-Ready" silvered safety frame and silvered handle and blade stropper, all compactly boxed in a durable case.

It's the original $5. "safety" brought down in price because brought up in perfection—the elimination of costly hand labor and the invention of ingenious machinery did it.

The "Ever-Ready" will shave coarse, soft or tender beards with an evenness of stroke and safety that makes it *impossible to cut the face.*

"Ever-Ready" blades are guaranteed to the limit—they are the keenest, finest tempered, and easiest shaving of all razor blades. Each blade can be stropped like the ordinary razor and will last for years—something that *isn't possible in any $5.00 razor* made. For those desirous of doing away with rehoning and resharpening we will exchange seven new blades for seven dull ones and 25 cents.

Almost every cutlery, hardware, jewelry and department store in the land sells "Ever-Ready" Seven Bladed Dollar Safety Razors.

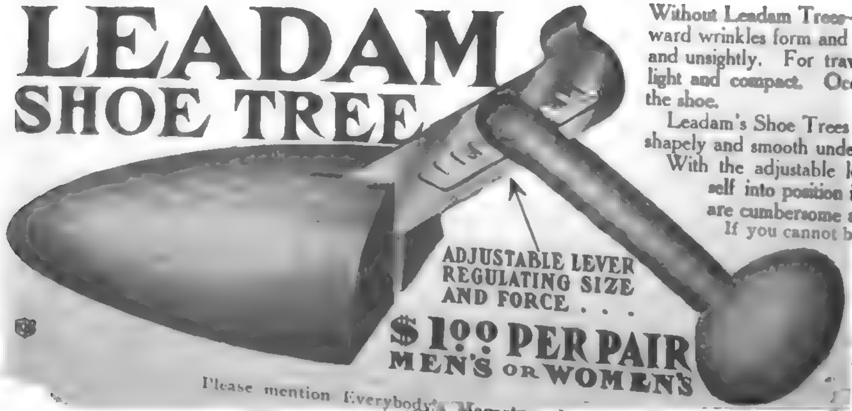
If yours doesn't, it's because he's profit-greedy; therefore send direct to us and you will receive your set prepaid for $1. Booklet free.

A blade for every day in the week·

NOTE TO DEALERS—Send your orders for quick delivery direct or to the nearest of the following distributors: Norvell-Shapleigh Hdw. Co., St. Louis; Wells & Nellegar Hdw. Co., Chicago; Belknap Hdw. & Mfg. Co., Louisville; John Pritzlaff Hdw. Co., Milwaukee; Van Camp Hdw. Co., Indianapolis; Farwell, Ozmun & Kirk Co., St. Paul; Marshall-Wells Hdw. Co., Duluth; Lee-Glass-Andreeson Hdw. Co., Omaha; Wyeth Hdw. & Mfg. Co., St. Joseph; The Bronson & Townsend Co., New Haven; Iver Johnson Sptg. Goods Co., Boston; Buhl Sons Co., Detroit; Luthe Hdw. Co., Des Moines; Richards Conover Co., Kansas City; Kelly-How-Thompson Co., Duluth; Caverhill Learmont & Co., Montreal, Canada; Frothingham & Workman, Montreal, Canada; Marshall-Wells Hdw. Co., Winnipeg, Man.; Dunham-Carrigan & Hayden Co., San Francisco; Supplee Hdw. Co., Philadelphia; A. Baldwin & Co., New Orleans; Wood-Vallance & Co., Hamilton, Ont.; and others.

THE AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., - 66 to 68 Duane St., NEW YORK

LEADAM SHOE TREE


ADJUSTABLE LEVER REGULATING SIZE AND FORCE . . .
$1.00 PER PAIR
MEN'S OR WOMEN'S

Without Leadam Trees—shoes "toe-up"—awkward wrinkles form and wet leathers dry out hard and unsightly. For travelers there is no tree so light and compact. Occupies only the space in the shoe.

Leadam's Shoe Trees keep your footwear full, shapely and smooth under all conditions.

With the adjustable leverage the tree locks itself into position in the shoe. Hinge lasts are cumbersome and bad substitutes.

If you cannot buy Leadam's Shoe Trees (name on every pair) at your shoe dealers, I will send them prepaid upon receipt of your dollar. State style and size of shoe.

LIONEL G. LEADAM
229 Central Avenue
NEWARK, N. J.

The Black Flag on the Big Three

Continued from page 413

this reputable old firm succumbed to dry rot, and J. P. Morgan, the chief creditor, placed George Harvey, an ex-secretary to William C. Whitney, in charge. Far be it from me to trace the career of this egregious egotist who, in spite of brazen assurance and circus methods, has been unable to earn the interest on securities given the creditors to cover the old firm's indebtedness. Suffice it to say that the Harper's institution owes direct allegiance to J. Pierpont Morgan and his man Perkins, that it stands ready to attack all who oppose the "System's" methods, and to print anything to further the interests of Wall Street. That Harvey should have about the same liking for me that a wart has for acid or a vampire for sunlight goes for the saying. Hence his attack.

In reviewing the foregoing, I ask again: Can permanent good come from any investigation which stops short of the head-waters of the "System"? For myself I have no hesitancy in declaring that the only remedy I see for the evils which are now partially exposed is to place the companies in the hands of men at the coming annual election who will be pledged to find out by the employment of public accountants how many dollars have been looted and how, and who will then compel restitution and punishment and, after that, an honest reorganization. *If this is not done, I am firmly of the opinion that within the next five years each of the Big Three companies will have become insolvent, and I now take the full responsibility of advising all to cancel their policies in the Big Three companies, taking what they can now get, unless on or before the next annual election of the New York and the Mutual companies there is a complete turnover of the entire management, not to pliable dummies of the "System" but to real live representatives of the policy-holders.*

In closing this insurance subject I wish to say: There are already in my possession probably three or four times as many proxies as will be required to control the forthcoming elections of both companies, and proxies are still coming in by thousands. These proxies have been sent me under my voluntary, distinct and unchangeable pledge that in no conditions will I accept any office or money or other benefit for what I have done; that so soon as I have turned over the election of trustees to my committee, which is probably the most representative of its kind ever formed in this country, my work in connection with this branch of the insurance evil shall end.

But there is another factor—one of the greatest importance to take into consideration at this juncture. The by-laws provide that at the annual meeting only twenty-five per cent. of the directors shall be elected. This would mean at least a two or three years' fight for that absolute control without which the program I have outlined cannot be executed. However, if one man can enter the annual meeting with a clear majority of the policy-holders in the two companies, he can unquestionably force the resignation of all the old directors and at the same time can speak authoritatively for the policy-holders before the New York Legislature in opposing the cut-and-dried legislation now proposed.

Therefore, I desire all policy-holders to understand distinctly before it is too late that if they hope to escape from their present net through my work, they must back me up in it before it is too late. Already I have spent on my "Frenzied Finance" work, directly and indirectly, several millions of dollars and on the insurance campaign $200,000, and as it is still costing me many thousands of dollars per month I do not feel disposed to prolong the contest beyond the annual meeting in the spring.

Therefore, once more I urge all policy-holders to sign and return to me the accompanying proxy.

NOTICE

Of Vital Importance to Policy-holders of the New York Life and Mutual Life

Since I wrote the foregoing pages events have begun to move swiftly in the insurance fight. The grafters have set about perpetuating their control. They have put into operation their highly organized and wide-spread agency system to collect proxies of policy-holders. Each agent is required to obtain ten proxies. Special rewards are offered the first agent who gathers one hundred proxies. An expensive campaign is in progress. Your funds in the companies are being utilized to maintain the satellites of McCall and McCurdy in their well-paid places. Letters and circulars are going out by the ton to agents and policy-holders at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Hurry-up calls follow these, urging representatives to greater efforts. The grafters are fighting for their jobs, for their liberty, for their lives.

Confronted by this state of affairs, I decided that the time had come to turn over my work to the committee of representative men I had selected to act for the policy-holders. It had been my purpose to continue my own campaign until a short time before the annual meetings and then to place in the hands of this committee the proxies I had gathered. I had hoped to save these eminent men as much work as possible, and my own machinery was accomplishing excellent results. It is true I had already encountered considerable opposition on the part of the companies, but this had been of a sporadic character. Confronted by the full power of these two immense organizations, I feel it might be fatal to delay longer calling the committee to the front, and I have therefore summoned them. At this moment I am arranging to turn over the proxies I have gathered at my own expense to the committee, the integrity and high standing of whose members cannot be questioned. Now the responsibility is directly upon the policy-holders—it is "up to" them to say whether the grafters are or are not to remain in control of their funds.

Before reproducing the letters and circulars by which the Big Three are whipping their agents into line, let me once again give you the situation in tabloid form:

Great wrongs have been done policy-holders. The men who have profited by these wrongs have not been punished. They cannot, they will not be punished, unless the management of the companies is entrusted to new men. The most important thing in the world for these grafters, then, is to preserve their control of the companies. As long as they have their hands on the levers of the head office machinery they are safe against prosecution and enforced restitution. Accordingly, these guilty ones order the agents of the companies—men who must obey orders—to secure a sufficient number of proxies to perpetuate their sway. This is to be done at the expense of the policy-holders whom they have wronged.

On the other hand, a committee of representative public men seeks control of the companies for the sole purpose of serving the policy-holders' interests. If policy-holders do not know what to do in these circumstances, it would be a waste of any man's time to tell them.

To state the issue should be to settle it.

The by-laws of the New York Life provide that "no officer, agent, or employee shall act as proxy for a policy-holder" (this, by the way, being a trick to prevent any of the big agents collecting proxies enough to dislodge the management). Whereupon the officers in control proceed to nominate three of the trustees of the company to hold proxies for them, and then set out to obtain the proxies which they intend shall ~~be used~~ to maintain them in their places.

Take the trouble to run over the following circulars:

THIS SPECIAL BULLETIN

Tells how Policy-holders of the New York Life Insurance Company may vote at the Annual Election of Trustees, to be held on the Second Wednesday of April, 1906.

With this Bulletin we send each field representative ten (10) blank proxies. Additional blank proxies may be secured at Branch Offices on request. No agent is *required* to obtain proxies, but every agent is vitally interested in the management of this Company; every agent should show a lively interest in the Company by doing absolutely everything in his power to induce the policy-holders to vote for this administration.

Many representatives the country over have been asked for proxy blanks. We therefore send to each representative direct this small supply—10 proxies—and ask each agent to get additional proxies, as needed, from the Cashier of his Branch Office. This Bulletin gives full particulars; it also details a plan by which you can pay a SPECIAL COMPLIMENT to your Agency Director on his return from the Lakewood Convention.

I would like personally to get a letter from each agent as soon as he secures his *hundredth proxy.* Don't fail to write me!

READ THIS BULLETIN CAREFULLY; USE THE OPPORTUNITIES THESE PROXIES WILL GIVE YOU FOR INTERVIEWS TO SECURE APPLICATIONS FOR NEW INSURANCE.

THOS. A. BUCKNER,
Vice-President.

Home Office, January 13, 1906.

PROXIES

FOR THE FORTHCOMING ELECTION

Every policy-holder of this Company is entitled to vote for Trustees of the New York Life Insurance Company, at the annual election on the second Wednesday of April, 1906.

Policy-holders may vote in person or by proxy.

The By-Laws provide that the Trustees shall elect certain policy-holders, who may act as proxies for members of the Company who are unable to be present at the annual meeting. But this in no wise precludes a policy-holder from giving his proxy to any other person, ***except that, under the By-Laws, no officer, agent, or employee shall act as proxy for a policy-holder.***

A PLAN TO HONOR YOUR AGENCY DIRECTOR

This Bulletin will be received by most of the agents of the Company while their Agency Directors are attending the annual convention of agency men engaged in making plans for the year 1906. Every Agency Director is, of course, personally and vitally interested in the present management of the Company; consequently, he is personally and vitally interested in the election of Trustees to occur next April, and in the question of proxies to be obtained in the meantime. The Bulletin, therefore, cannot ask that a greater compliment be paid to any Agency Director than that each and every agent in his Branch shall secure during the absence of the Agency Directors at least ten proxies, to be presented to the Agency Director upon his return. Will you be one of those to do this? If so, immediately on receipt of this, go out at once with the ten proxies enclosed, visit the people you have insured; visit any other policy-holders of this Company; secure their proxies on the forms enclosed, until you have secured ***at least ten proxies from as many different policy-holders.*** Hand your ten proxies to the Cashier, to be presented to the Agency Director with your compliments on his return.

Here's the hurry-up call which followed:

THOSE PROXIES

Have you obtained signatures to the ten proxy blanks recently sent you? Reports from the field show that large numbers of proxies are being procured from policy-holders; many field men report that new business has come to them as a result of interviews brought about by their effort to secure policy-holders' signatures to these proxy blanks.

Many a policy-holder will be glad to know he has a right to vote at the Annual Meeting to elect the Trustees of the Company. You can explain to the policy-holder how he votes; you can show him how his influence may be exerted for the welfare of the Company in which he has so vital an interest. You will thus be able to have a good insurance talk and enlist the policy-holder's interest and sympathy.

Many field men are able to secure new insurance through the opportunities thus offered. Surely you, Mr. Reader, can do likewise if you TRY.

Let me ask, therefore, that you VIGOROUSLY try once more to round up a goodly number of additional proxies and then—let the matter drop.

Whatever you do along this line will surely redound to your own profit. The following truth, as old as insurance itself, has been here demonstrated anew—in order to get business you must first get interviews; anything that helps get interviews helps you round up business. Go after proxies, then, with but one thought in mind and—

WRITE ME THE MINUTE YOU GET YOUR HUNDREDTH PROXY!

THOMAS A. BUCKNER,
Vice-President.

Home Office, January 27, 1906.

WHO WOULD NOT WORK TO PROTECT THE POLICY-HOLDER AND THE COMPANY? EVERY POLICY-HOLDER THAT SIGNS A PROXY BLANK PROTECTS HIS INTERESTS AND OTHERS' AND ALSO PROTECTS $435,820,359 ASSETS!

Here's a sample of the campaign-work carried on by the New England branch. Consider what the place of an agent who did not bring in ten proxies was worth.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH OFFICE,
JANUARY 24, 1906.

TO NEW ENGLAND BRANCH
REPRESENTATIVES.

RE PROXIES.

Gentlemen: At the meeting on Saturday morning of this week at the office here, 60 State Street, each agent who is present at the meeting will be called upon to announce how many proxies he has secured, so please be prepared yourself to state the number you have turned in.

Yours truly,
ALEX. H. BROWNE,
Inspector of Agencies.

Simultaneously with these intimations of the grafters' campaign I began to hear how they were shaping up insurance legislation before the New York Legislature. Here their activities are of a peculiarly vicious character, and I knew that unless it was sternly opposed, without a moment's delay, my work would go for naught. This was another reason for bringing the committee forward without further delay, and I thereupon sent to the gentlemen who had been nominated for place the following telegram. It explains itself:

> JANUARY 17, 1906.
>
> On October 6th last I asked the following: ———, if they would serve as a committee for these purposes:
>
> To compel restitution of all moneys illegally taken from the policy-holders of the New York Life, Mutual Life, and Equitable Life insurance companies;
>
> To punish all who were guilty of plundering the policy-holders of these three companies;
>
> To bring about a reorganization of the three companies in the interest of all policy-holders without fear of, or favor to, any, and without expense to the committee.
>
> Each consented with the provision that his acceptance should not be binding if when the matter was placed before him for final acceptance there was any condition of which he did not approve.
>
> I then went to work, at my own expense, and without assistance from any source, to obtain proxies for the next annual election of the New York and Mutual Life, the two mutual companies which are absolutely in the control of the policy-holders.
>
> I now have in my possession a very large number of proxies, duly executed, giving me the full powers of a policy-holder.
>
> To circularize, advertise, and collect these proxies from all parts of the world I have employed scores of assistants and spent months of my time and hundreds of thousands of dollars.
>
> I am now ready to turn over to the committee all the results of my work.
>
> I will accept absolutely nothing in money, office, or control of said companies in return for what I have done, or will do in the future.
>
> I only ask that said committee, which has been selected solely for the purpose of doing that which is best for policy-holders, will take charge of the work I have begun and carry it to that successful issue which it unquestionably will lie in their power to bring about.
>
> No member of this committee has been, or will be, asked for any pledge other than that outlined above.
>
> Upon my receiving final consent, I will notify each member that the committee being in existence, I turn over to it all my proxies, to be dealt with as it deems best.
>
> Thereupon I will make one further call upon the different committees and individuals who have notified me they hold thousands of other proxies which they stand ready to turn over to said committee.
>
> The situation in the Big Three insurance companies at the present time is:
>
> The New York legislative investigation was steered to expose only the petty grafting and discredit only the minor, or dummy, plunderers.
>
> These three companies, as a result of the partial exposure, have been absolutely captured by the "Standard Oil"—City Bank—J. Pierpont Morgan—Thomas F. Ryan combination.
>
> Cut-and-dried new legislation is being mapped out to be railroaded through the New York Legislature, which will perfect for all time the control by the above combination of these three companies and their allied companies.
>
> If this committee does not act at once, it will be too late, and the funds of these three companies will be put in such jeopardy that I shall deem it my duty to call upon policy-holders to cancel their policies, giving them valid and substantial reasons for such action.
>
> If this committee does proceed at once, nothing can prevent its instant success as follows:
>
> Backed up by the very large number of proxies I will turn over to it, it will simply ask the New York Legislature to enact two laws, to wit:
>
> At the coming election no proxies bearing an earlier date than October, 1905, shall be valid at the next annual election of the New York and Mutual companies; and
>
> At the next annual election, held in April, there shall be elected at least fifty-one per cent. of the entire board of directors and trustees.
>
> The procedure of the committee then will be:
>
> Turn over the two companies to their own members and others they will select; have a corps of experts investigate the past and report all illegal amounts taken, and by whom, and begin public or private action to compel restitution and punishment.
>
> This can all be accomplished in a comparatively short time at the expense (comparatively small) of the companies.
>
> As soon as this has been done, recommendations of the committee for reorganization of all life-insurance will have behind them an irresistible public backing.
>
> To show you the urgent necessity for instant action I will say:
>
> I have in front of me, just issued by Vice-President Buckner of the New York Life, an urgent, hurry-up call to all of the thousands of agents. This call commands each to secure at once ten proxies for instant forwarding to New York, and then secure ninety more.
>
> Nothing but a call to the country by this committee can stay this foray on policy-holders, backed by the millions of policy-holders' funds, which will be ruthlessly used in collecting proxies.
>
> In asking you to assume this task, which my experience in the past two years in this work has shown me is the most sacred duty possible for any public-spirited American, I frankly state to you I have done all in my power, and can do no more. I have met with such unprecedented success that I can offer this committee a start which no committee, coming into existence in any other way, could possibly hope to duplicate.
>
> I pledge myself that no part of the contents of this telegram, which goes to-night to each of the proposed members, or the answers to it, will be made public until the committee is complete.
>
> As it will be seen that time is of vital importance, I would request that you favor me with your acceptance by wire to-night, if possible. Kindly treat this telegram as strictly confidential.
>
> THOMAS W. LAWSON.
>
> (Chg. T. W. L.)

Later, I sent out the following:

JANUARY 29, 1906.

Returns from all proposed committeemen in and thrashed out. I think committee as now constituted should meet immediately, organize, take control of my proxies, issue proclamation to policy-holders (which I will distribute at my expense), add to their number, if they deem advisable, any of many who are willing to serve, draft such bills as they advise, and get same quick before New York Legislature.

If this is agreeable, upon receipt of telegram to that effect, I will notify each member to meet earliest possible day, some time this week, at Chicago, and I will send my counsel there to deliver proxies and assist committee in outlining course of action. I will defray all expense until committee is in saddle. As New York and Mutual are now in the field and plotting night and day, every hour is vital. Therefore please telegraph your O. K. upon receipt of this. THOMAS W. LAWSON.

(Chg. T. W. L.)

JANUARY 31, 1906.

Following telegram just gone to each member of committee:

Please meet, Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, Monday morning, February 5th. I sincerely trust each member will be there on time that we may return by midnight if possible, sacrifice of time being great to some, Governor Broward, Florida, and Editor Older, San Francisco, being on road six days going and coming. I will arrive with counsel Sunday night. At request of Senator LaFollette, have gone over investigation of Wisconsin Committee which is just from President Roosevelt, District Attorney Jerome, Counsel Hughes, Chairman Armstrong, of New York investigation, our own Governor and Insurance Commissioner, which confirms me in my opinion that time is vital.

(Chg. T. W. L.) THOMAS W. LAWSON.

This is being written just prior to my departure for Chicago, where I shall meet the committee, put through the transfer of proxies, and help organize a plan of campaign. I regret that the exigencies of magazine-printing make it impossible for me to hold up the presses till after the committee-meeting.

However, by the time this statement is before the people, the committee will have assumed charge of my work and the public will be fully informed of their action.

As these are my parting words on the subject of insurance, I ask all my readers who are policy-holders in the Big Three to give what follows careful consideration. I told you at the start of my campaign that it was directed solely in the interests of policy-holders, and that I could not possibly benefit by it. As time went on and proxies came pouring in on me, I reiterated this with increasing emphasis. At the same time, all the grafters of "the System" and the hirelings of the Big Three declared that my assertions and pledges were false upon their face, and that if I obtained control of these companies I would surely use my power for my personal benefit.

Who lied, who spoke the truth will now be evident to all.

I have on hand in my Boston office more proxies than all the other interests that have been gathering them combined. By using them unscrupulously I could control the forthcoming annual elections of both companies—and eventually, in two years, the great corporations themselves. By destroying them I could receive from the grafters a fortune in money. I have kept my agreement to the letter. I believe the men who form the committee are of such high standing and character that policy-holders may feel sure their interests entrusted to them will be cared for most scrupulously, most adequately, and most carefully. To accomplish what I have done has cost a fortune, but I ask nothing now for such service, nor shall I at any time accept aught therefor.

But I do ask policy-holders to begin at once to back up the committee in its work so it may go before the New York Legislature prior to the annual meetings of the two insurance corporations and compel the passage of new laws which will make the work I have done effective. If they do this, I shall have been completely repaid and shall feel encouraged in my prosecution of other fights against "the System" which I am still waging with might and main.

These, I feel sure, in the long run will be as successful as the insurance fight has been, and I assure my readers that in every instance they will be demonstrated to be as absolutely unselfish as that which now ends.

From the bottom of my heart I thank those thousands and thousands of policy-holders whose manly honesty and loyalty have made the gigantic task I undertook successful. However I have been slandered and vilified, I have the consolation of knowing that my work has won the support and engaged the faith of men all over these United States and Europe, and the overwhelming testimony of their belief in my integrity and disinterestedness far more than compensates me for the personal hell my task has dragged me through.

February 2, 1906.

SIGN THIS PROXY

For the reasons assigned in the foregoing article, all holders of policies in the Mutual Life-Insurance Company and the New York Life-Insurance Company who have not already done so, are urged to sign the subjoined proxy and mail it to Thomas W. Lawson, in Boston. Mr. Lawson has agreed to turn over the proxies thus secured to a committee of representative Governors of States and of men prominent in the business and political world, of such high standing as absolutely to insure the salving of these great corporations, the restitution of the moneys stolen, and the punishment of the looters.

Know all Men by these Presents, that I, ____________________

residing at No. ____________________ Street, in the City

of ____________________ County of ____________________

State of ____________________ do hereby constitute and appoint

THOMAS W. LAWSON my attorney and agent for me and in my name, place, and stead to vote as my proxy as a policy-holder or as a member of the corporation at any meeting of ____________________ corporation, and at any election of trustees or of directors, or of other officers for whom policy-holders have the right to vote, and for such other business as may come before the meeting, and any adjournment thereof, and to act at such meeting as fully as I could do if personally present, with full power of substitution and revocation, hereby ratifying and confirming all that my said attorney and agent, or his substitute, shall lawfully do by virtue hereof. Unless sooner revoked, this proxy shall continue in force for one year from the date hereof. I hereby revoke all proxies heretofore given by me for any of the above purposes.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this ____________

day of ____________ in the year ________.

(Seal.)

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of ____________________

Owner of policy Nos. ____________________ Amount, $____________

In accepting the above proxy, said Thomas W. Lawson agrees that:

1. It will only be voted for a set of men who shall be nominated as trustees by a committee to be selected; said committee to consist of representative governors of different States, representative labor leaders, and representative clergymen. That when this committee has selected the men in its opinion best fitted to serve as trustees, and they have accepted, their names shall be announced to the policy-holders.

2. Said Lawson, in accepting this proxy, agrees he will not use same until ten days after he has announced to said policy-holders the names of the trustees selected, and so given said policy-holders opportunity of revoking same.

3. Said Lawson agrees that, in accepting said proxy, he will not use same to elect any one a director of the Mutual Life-Insurance Company, the New York Life-Insurance Company, or any other insurance company who will not first agree to do all in his power after he is elected to exact full restitution of all moneys filched from these corporations, and enforce punishment of officers, directors, agents, or other employees who have been in any way guilty of wrongdoing.

The Fight for the Big Three

Continued from page 549

I am glad to entrust my interests to these gentlemen. They are men of wide reputation, sterling character, and conservative ideas. They are not Wall Street operators. To the realm of speculation they are strangers. They do not belong to the school of Frenzied Finance; notoriety is not their aim in life. They have made no dire prophecies whose fulfilment would call for disaster to the great insurance companies. Their financial mission has been legitimate business and investment. Their methods will build up, guard, and make secure the patrimony of the widow and the orphan. In all ways I deem them worthy of the confidence of the policy-holders.

Yours truly,
ALVA ADAMS.

It is interesting to note in this ex-Governor Adams loan-me-your-looking-glass-and-I-will-let-you-have-my-mirror missive, the statement that "these gentlemen are strangers to the realm of speculation." It is a common opinion in Wall Street that if the Mackay millions should be turned loose in the Mackay Building on Broadway, each and every one of the dollars would cart-wheel itself down to the Stock Exchange on Broad Street.

NEW YORK LIFE FEIGNS IGNORANCE

Other letters along the same lines as that of Governor Adams are coming to me by the score. There is one from an Ohio policy-holder who had the temerity to ask the New York Life its future intentions. From the reply attached to his letter, my readers may judge the character of the information dealt out to him by return mail.

HAYDENVILLE, OHIO, February 20, 1906.
THOMAS W. LAWSON,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir: Enclosed I hand you copy of a letter from the Cincinnati Agency of the New York Life Insurance Company, in answer to mine which was called forth by their urgent request for my proxy as a policy-holder of their company.

I had asked them a few questions as to the sentiments and intentions of the would-be proxy-holders, and this is their answer. I had hinted that they should be as outspoken in their intentions as you seemed to be.

I have no means of knowing by this letter what they intend to do, or of proving what they say about you, as a policy-holder is generally at the mercy of the many winds that blow, with hardly sufficient steering-gear in these strenuous times, but I intend to learn all I can, and in ample time before the meeting do the best my judgment may at that time dictate.

In the meantime thought it best to disseminate what little information I may gain on the subject, unimportant though it may be.

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) ROBERT J. THOMPSON.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Cincinnati Branch Office,
CINCINNATI, OHIO, February 17, 1906.
MR. ROBERT J. THOMPSON,
Haydenville, Ohio.

Dear Sir: Replying to your letter of February 16th, allow me to say that it is impossible for us to know what the intentions are of the gentlemen who are to vote the proxies sent in by us, as this is a purely voluntary action on their part, and naturally they have not committed themselves. It seems perfectly logical to assume that in view of the investigation in which they have been interested, they will do the best thing for the company, but beyond this, and the literature concerning them which we sent you, I know nothing of their plans.

Of course, if you think that your proxy would be safer in the hands of Mr. Lawson, you are at perfect liberty to give it to him; but it seems to me that any one who was conversant with the methods and previous actions of Mr. Lawson would be very loath to entrust him with any say in their interest, as he has, by his own confession, proven false to every trust that was ever placed in him.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) M. P. LANCASTER,
Cashier.

Mark the "it is impossible for us to know what the intentions are of the gentlemen who are to vote the proxies," and "naturally they have not committed themselves." Are they not committed in advance to a continuance in office of the present discredited régime? The company's campaign for proxies on behalf of these gentlemen constitutes them the grafters' candidates for office, and what purpose actuates the grafters but to continue their graft? It is logical to assume that the Rogers, Rockefellers, Ryans, Morgans, and the "System" have a single motive in common—to keep the millions of the people's savings within their grasp. The instruments of their purpose are Messrs. Claflin, Straus, and Mackay. So what is the use of arguing that they will do aught but what the "System" instructs them to do?

A DISINTERESTED COMMITTEE

I reprint another ingenuous plea on behalf of the New York Life. It is obvious that because Messrs. Straus, Mackay, and Claflin, "men of the highest character," are policy-holders, inevitably they "have the best interests of the company at heart," whereas Lawson, who is not a policy-holder, is conducting his campaign for personal gain only.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEBRASKA BRANCH OFFICE,
New York Life Building,
OMAHA, NEB., February 13, 1906.

MR. P. L. NEITER,
Wisner, Neb.

Dear Sir: Our representative, Mr. C. T. Taylor, has just handed me your letter of the 11th inst. and has asked me to reply to same, which I take pleasure in doing. As explained in the letter which Mr. Taylor sent to you, Messrs. Claflin, Straus, and Mackay have been named as a Policy-holders' Committee to receive proxies to be voted at the annual election on April 11th. These gentlemen are men of the highest character and, being policy-holders, have the best interests of the company at heart. Mr. Lawson, as you may not know, is not a policy-holder in the New York Life and is conducting his campaign against the insurance companies for no other purpose than personal gain. His ambition is to get in control of the policy-holders' money with which to fight Mr. Rogers and others, to satisfy some personal grudge. You will be interested, no doubt, in reading the attached letter written by ex-Senator Chas. F. Manderson, one of Nebraska's leading citizens. I can assure you that Mr. Taylor would not ask you or any other man to sign a proxy if he did not know that it was for your best interest to do so, and I sincerely hope that you will sign the enclosed blank and send to him by an early mail. If you have sent your proxy to Mr. Lawson, by signing a new blank the previous one will be nullified. Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) EDWIN T. SWOBE,
Agency Director.

MANDERSON'S CHARITY FOR GRAFTERS

Though it takes far more space than it is worth, I cannot forbear quoting the noble sentiments of the eminent counsel of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway, concerning the reorganization of which I have had something to say in my story. Ex-Senator Manderson's logic is as convincing as his approval of the strictures of the editor of *Harper's Weekly* upon myself and my motives is eloquent of his loyalty to his masters.

(*Copy of Circular Letter*)
(2865)

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY RAILWAY COMPANY
Lines West of the Missouri River
Law Department
OMAHA, NEB., December 8, 1905.

MR. FRANK CAMPBELL,
General Agent, N. Y. Life Insurance Co.,
Omaha, Neb.

Dear Sir: You have called my attention to the fact that many of the holders of insurance policies in the great insurance companies of the country, notably the New York Life, Equitable, and Mutual, are allowing their policies to lapse or else are surrendering them at a loss.

I am very greatly surprised at this statement, which was corroborated by an editorial that I read a few days ago in *Harper's Weekly.*

I have read with great interest the developments made by the investigation conducted by Mr. Hughes under the resolution of the New York Legislature. While I can see matters deserving of condemnation on the part of some of the officials of these companies, one thing is fully and firmly established, and that is that all of these companies are entirely solvent and a policy of insurance in them to-day is as good as it ever was, and I really think, because of these developments, that the policies are better than they ever have been before. The errors of judgment that have been made will not be repeated and certainly a better condition will come as the result of this investigation which has been given such a great publicity.

I have known frequently of solvent institutions, such as savings-banks and commercial banks, being wrecked because of a scare among some of their depositors who have received a fright for which there was no foundation and with the result that perfectly solvent institutions, where their money was entirely secure, have been forced into liquidation. Perhaps there is no way to control these timid and easily frightened people, but the man who holds a policy in one of these great insurance companies, and particularly in the New York Life, which stands in some respects in very different position from the others, and permits it to lapse or surrenders it, does himself a very great injury with a more severe reflecting injury upon his family.

I do not hold a policy in any of these companies, have no connection with them whatever, and do not know the officials, but realizing that much harm is being done to innocent people by reason of this unnecessary scare I feel like placing myself on record in regard to the matter and doing what I can to prevent the injury.

I see also by the papers some policy-holders are succumbing to the desires of Thomas W. Lawson, the frenzied and sensational magazine writer, and are sending proxies to him. I feel like repeating the words of the accomplished editor of *Harper's Weekly* by saying "that they might just as well send their proxies to the devil as to Lawson."

Truly yours,
(Signed) CHARLES F. MANDERSON.

It is only to reassure the frightened policy-holders who in their alarm at the disclosures of the Armstrong investigation are allowing their policies to lapse that the good ex-senator, counsel of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, comes forward with his words of cheer. The value of the senator's opinion on the subject may be gaged by the degree of his disapproval of the reign of graft and plunder disclosed in the management of the Big Three — the yellow-dog funds, the Andrew Hamilton million-dollar loan, etc. These are "matters deserving of condemnation" and "errors of judgment." In this

connection it should not be lost sight of that the New York Life carries some twelve millions of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy collateral bonds.

A WARNING FROM THE WEST

Get proxies—get them any way and every way—is the trumpet-call of the Mutual and the New York Life to their agents. That their improper and dishonest methods are not confined to the East is proved by the following letter from Washington:

(Copy.)

PUGET SOUND EXHIBITION CO.
W. A. Johnson, Mgr.
Pub. "Business Men's Guide"
Everett, Wash.

Everett, Wash., February 21, 1906.

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson,
New York.

Dear Sir: Agents of the New York Life Insurance Company are taking applications for $5,000 and upward, giving free the first two years' premiums with the stipulation that the applicant gives the company his proxy for two years. This is evidently for the purpose of thwarting your movement to get the company into clean hands.

Last winter our State Legislature passed a law making this a misdemeanor and specifying a fine of $500 for agents and company or imprisonment or both.

If I can be of any help to you in cleaning out that rotten gang, advise me.

Wishing you success, I am,

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) Walter A. Johnson.

MUTUAL LIFE "SCARED TO DEATH"

When I began my campaign to control the "Big Three" by means of policy-holders' proxies, I realized that I had undertaken a gigantic task. The response, so prompt, so overwhelming that met my proposition encouraged me and I persisted in my fight, with the results I have laid before my readers. Day after day the mail brought me proxies by the thousands from all parts of the country—until I have to-day enough to control the annual elections in the "Big Two." Last month I described to my readers the frantic efforts of the New York Life and the Mutual to gather proxies to offset those I had collected and told how they had virtually ordered each of their agents to turn in ten to one hundred proxies or have his head cut off. At once an anxious army took the field and began to canvass among the men to whom they had sold policies. Undoubtedly a great number of proxies were thus collected. Men have come to me and said something after this fashion: "Mr. Lawson, a relative of mine, who is an agent of the Mutual, has asked me to give him my proxy. I have refused. The poor fellow is having a hard time; if I don't help he will probably lose his job." In this fight on behalf of the companies every possible string has been pulled; every influence used—political, financial, social, friendly, and that of fraternal organizations. The appended letter shows the degree of success which has crowned this strenuous campaign. This letter comes from a man of high place in the Mutual Life. For obvious reasons his name cannot be given, but his opportunity to know authoritatively what is going on inside the institution is as good as any man's:

February 25, 1906.

Thomas W. Lawson, Esq.,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir: I have just finished reading "Everybody's" for March and I must say you have taken the measure of the insurance people.

I am "confidential man" for the Mutual Life, and my business lately has been molding public opinion toward the "proxy scheme." For three months I have done nothing but chase proxies, a copy of one of which I enclose.

I have never yet been willing to subscribe to the creed that declares "Lawson is crazy, dishonest, and a gambler." Confidentially they are scared to death. If you care for additional information I shall deem it a pleasure to furnish it to you, and have notified the company that I positively will not vilify you or urge people to refrain from sending proxies to you.

Assuring you of my desire to assist you in any way, I am,

Very truly yours,

CAMPAIGN PLANS

Among the excellent recommendations submitted to the New York Legislature by the Armstrong Committee — recommendations that bear the intellectual earmarks of Counsel Hughes—was one that the Legislature pass a law postponing the annual elections of the Mutual and the New York Life until November 15th, and that all proxies gathered before be null and void. Whether this recommendation was suggested by the "System," which had made up its mind that I had enough proxies to control the annual elections of the two companies, or not, matters little. The one thing of tremendous importance is to deliver the great insurance corporations out of the grasp of the grafters. My work will be a success when the Mutual, the New York Life, and the Equitable shall be in the hands of their policy-holders. Now, if I should oppose the Armstrong committee's proposed new law because it will destroy the proxies that it has cost me so much time, effort, and money to gather, inevitably a long wrangle would ensue, possibly an indefinite postponement of the meetings, and as a result of the controversy the resourceful "System" might continue to hold on to the management and avert its own final exposure. Therefore, after mature thought, I have decided to ask the Committee of Governors to join with the Armstrong Committee in asking the New York Legislature for the passage of the proposed law which provides, in effect, that:

> "At every election of directors in any domestic mutual life-insurance company, every policy-holder whose insurance shall have been in force for at least one year prior thereto shall be entitled to vote without other qualifications, in person, by proxy, or by mail.
>
> "The board of directors of each company, at least four months prior to the date of an election, are required to nominate for every vacancy to be filled what shall be described as the 'administration ticket.' Any 100 or more qualified policy-holders may nominate a ticket with an appropriate title to distinguish it. The companies shall mail at least two months prior to the election the names of candidates nominated and the persons appointed to receive proxies, to all policy-holders eligible to vote. The enclosure shall contain a sealed envelope for the return of the vote and a blank for the designation of proxies."

Instead of balking the work of my Committee of Governors, this new law will simplify its task. All they will have to do is to nominate a board of trustees of unquestioned honesty and fearlessness, whose names must be sent by the company to every policy-holder, along with those of the nominees of the administration. By another provision of the proposed law, all lists of policy-holders must be made public. Accordingly, it will be possible for me to provide that, at the same time that policy-holders receive the rival lists of nominees, they shall have from my committee, at our own expense, a fair statement of the reasons for the selection of each of our trustees making clear what their election will accomplish. Also I shall set forth plainly the issues at stake and explain how the interests of all policy-holders and citizens will be subserved by the selection for office of honest, fearless men rather than the nominees of the administration. There is no doubt in my mind as to who will receive an overwhelming majority.

I cannot impress too strongly upon all policy-holders the necessity for remaining thoroughly awake and alert between now and the annual election, as well as for doing all in their power to secure votes for the board which will be nominated by my committee. The list of names which will thus be presented will be absolutely supreme in eminence and acknowledged integrity. The election of my committee's board will be public notice to the world of the beginning of the end of the "System," for the trustees we shall elect will have been pledged:

First. To find out how much has been stolen.

Second. To find out who stole it.

Third. To bring suit for restitution.

Fourth. To punish the thieves.

At this stage the discomfiture of the "System" will be complete, and I shall be able to go on with the second section of my work, which will complete the destruction of the iniquitous financial combinations that have so long preyed on the people, and restore to those who have been plundered the millions of which they have been so iniquitously deprived.

DID YOU LIKE IT?

Perhaps you were one of the hundreds who wrote us about the little gem of an illustration which appeared on page 329 of our March issue, entitled:

"HEAR MY DOLLIES' PRAYER"

If so, you'll be interested to know that we can furnish a handsome photogravure enlargement of it, size 10x11½, ready for framing. You can get it, together with a year's subscription to "EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE," for $2.00. Hand your order to your newsdealer, or send it to THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY, 31 East 17th Street, New York.

Fools and Their Money

Continued from page 695

action stands: Heinze has parted with 2,000 shares, legitimately worth around $5,000, for $30,000, which is the price the broker pays for the 1,000 he supposed he was buying from some legitimate seller. Out of this $30,000 Heinze has paid the broker $125 commission and $3,000 bonus, leaving in his hands the 2,000 shares fictitiously representing $60,000. The broker has taken this stock to the bank or trust company and borrowed the greater part of the $30,000, leaving in the lender's hands collateral which could not be sold for over $5,000.

THE "SYSTEM'S" MAGIC MACHINE AT WORK

The expense of a campaign of this kind is great, for not only do the $3,000 bonuses and the $125 commissions pile up, but it is essential to expend thousands of dollars every day in "washing" the stock on the Exchange or the curb. (You will remember that I have already described "washing": Two brokers in connivance with each other pretend one to buy and the other to sell at a certain price on the floor of the Stock Exchange, for the purpose of having the official records of the Stock Exchange and the tickers throughout the world quote the price they have thereby made, as though it were a price arrived at, in a legitimate transaction, because of real supply and demand in this particular stock.) For instance, Heinze and his gang have been "washing" regularly now for weeks as high as 30,000 and 40,000 shares a day for the purpose of deceiving the bank and trust-company officials and brokers into believing that the public are greatly interested in the stock and are buying and selling large quantities of it. The commission for "washing" 40,000 shares of stock is $10,000 each day; that is, the broker who has the "selling end" of the "washing" receives 12½ cents per share, or $5,000, and the broker having the "buying end" the same. The game is one of the oldest in the stock world, but it is worked every day. Its effectiveness, as a method of siphoning millions out of banks and trust companies direct or through brokers into the pockets of schemers, is obvious. And when one realizes how great a proportion of the swag goes to the brokers during a campaign that may last months or years, it is easy to comprehend why Wall and State Streets welcome such crooked deals and do all possible to help them along.

Scene 2. With part of the proceeds of this campaign Heinze has one of his dummies buy of Mrs. Daly her no-account mine for $500,000. This mine becomes the basis of a new company and Heinze issues against it $1,000,000 bonds, $2,000,000 preferred stock, and $10,000,000 common stock (400,000 shares, $25 per share). Then, to the tune of the marvelous stories of the outcome of the Butte war which Barron and his echoes are chirping from the housetops, Heinze sells to the public the $1,000,000 bonds, with $1,000,000 preferred stock thrown in for "a sweetener," for $1,000,000 cash. When completed, this transaction stood—and it was completed in little longer time than it takes me to tell of it—as follows:

Without parting with a dollar, for he had repaid himself, from the proceeds of the sale, the $500,000 he had given Mrs. Daly, Heinze found himself possessed of $500,000 cash profit, $1,000,000 of preferred stock, and $10,000,000, or 400,000 shares, of common stock. This common stock he immediately put upon the market at par, and by dint of the same means as those used in United Copper, began to quote it at $25 to $28 per share. Simultaneously his agents proceeded to insert it into the banks, trust companies, and brokerage shops, as in the case of United Copper, and while this was being done Heinze rushed up the price of the stock amid great activity to $42 per share, representing an aggregate of $16,800,000. At this stage Heinze's paper profits on this one product of the "System's" magic machine were $16,800,000, plus $1,000,000 preferred and $500,000 cash, or a total profit of $18,300,000.

THE WHEELS GRIND ON

Tut-tut! my gentle readers of the laborer or farmer class, or of the storekeeper-small merchant class, you who work a lifetime to save $500 or $1,000, don't get indignant yet, for I have given you only a squint at the profits of these men to whom the savings you have so carefully secured in banks and trust companies are turned over for juggling purposes. I have given you only an inkling as to the kind of assets that your banks and trust companies will have to show when the day comes, as come it surely will, that you demand your deposits. Then you will be told that you must either go without them or take them in the shape of the brilliantly illuminated chromos I am describing.

Scene 3. "Tom" Cole arrives in Butte. Instantly he comes into conjunction with "Johnnie" Ryan. Within a few days the world learns, through the Barron army of shouters, of new wonders in the copper world. Cole buys the other old mine (the one which was not good enough for Rogers or any of the old Butte sharps who had cut their eye-teeth in the matter of copper mines) for between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000. Immediately he capitalizes it with 600,000 shares, $15 shares, or $9,000,000, and by the same tactics as those Heinze employed in United Copper, rushes them within a few weeks up to $94 per share. At this point this particular transaction showed a total profit of over $56,000,000, $18,000,000 of which remained in the treasury of the company through 200,000 shares that have not yet been flooded on to the banks, trust companies, and brokers.

"GOSPEL TRUTH"

Again I hear my simple-minded readers gasp, "Is this true? Can this be true? Or is he simply kiting his imagination through the higher air strata of romance?" For answer I refer such questioners to any of the banks or bankers of any of the financial centers. They must reply, "Gospel truth." And all happening right here within the past few days and on top of the telling of "Frenzied Finance." Then, if my readers will turn to the daily press of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, or a hundred other papers, they may read the glowing products of the pens of the Barron "news" manufacturers, couched in this strain: "North Butte was very active to-day, over 20,000 shares being traded in on the Boston Stock Exchange alone, at from 92 to 94. This stock is now eagerly sought by the most conservative investors and bankers, and we have it on the very best authority that it will steadily advance to 200. Banks and trust companies in New England and Pittsburg are tumbling over one another to secure loans upon it, and such a favorite is it that we hear of loans being made at as low as 4½ per cent. In to-day's transactions it was a close second in activity to United Copper, with which its principal owners are closely connected."

A DARING PROPOSITION

So far, this is but the first act of the performance. The second begins quietly. It is a sort of tableau: Heinze and Cole, each with a pedal extremity of the public in hand, are hauling with might and main. Rogers stands above them megaphoning the merits of Amalgamated, while a "Standard Oil" servitor behind him is sharpening a serviceable collection of knives and saws for the removal of the public's legs, as soon as Heinze and Cole shall have elongated them to the final straining point. In the background am I, Lawson, busy with ears and eyes and mouth, watching the performance and issuing frenzied warnings which have about the same effect upon the Cole-Heinze-Rogers gang as an alarm-clock has on a professional burglar.

At just this point the really incredible happened. Heinze, realizing that he was paying out more lines than any one who was not a market expert could possibly hope to keep taut, made me a proposition to take charge of his market campaign—me who was not only upon the war-path against the whole "System" generally, but had just finished a strenuous attack upon him in particular. However, I have lived to know that there is nothing so startling, nothing so impossible in frenzied finance that it will not be attempted at the drop of an eyelash by the "System's" votaries or its novices, and I treated the affair as I do any that come in the regular course of business. I called in my counsel and had him listen to the story. Then I gave answer to Heinze: "There is not one chance in a million but that I shall use all the information that comes to me through the negotiations, to thwart plans to float United Copper on to the public. And I refuse to enter into even preliminary negotiations without a full understanding on your part that I will not be bottled up or shunted off my work against the 'System' and United Copper through confidential communication."

Heinze and his people rose to the occasion with a splendid candor that reminded me of the old-time burglar who, being confronted by a police officer as he was looting a residence, said: "I offer to take you into partnership. Let me first enumerate the amount and value of my silver, and then, if you are not dazzled into acquiescence, we will part as friends, or at least with the same respect we had for each other before we came together."

It is impossible to explain such audacity and imprudence unless one suppose that, being a daring gambler, Heinze was willing to take the chance of landing me by the very glitter of his proposition, for it must be remembered that the foundation principle of the "System," its votaries, and its would-be votaries is: "Every man has his price."

On the terms above stated—that I should have full privilege of doing with my information what I am doing here, I finally consented to look into the proposition. It was certainly liberal. I was to have three millions for my work, all profits on the common stock over and above twenty-odd dollars per share, and half the profits on all the 400,000 shares of the new company which had cost nothing. In all there seemed to be, as one listened, from twelve to thirty millions of "sure easy money." I was to be at no risk; they, the gang, were to supply all capital. My part was simply to lead the lambs to the shambles and to see that they were not stampeded until they had been completely sheared and, I presume, "skun," drawn, and turned into juicy chops.

Of course, no such language as this was used in the negotiations. On the contrary, I was shown that in addition to making enormous amounts for myself, I was to benefit investors as they had never been benefited before. For seven days I went through the motions of investigating their outfit, and I will say for Heinze and his troopers that they played the game dead square and to the limit. Of course, they could not do otherwise, if they hoped to make headway. They allowed my counsel to go through their books and papers, did not attempt in any way to disguise their situation, and, familiar as I am with the deviltries of stock manipulation, I may say that I never have seen the equal of their layout.

Heinze's United Copper stock had been quoted on the Stock Exchange for a number of years, and even the most experienced student of stock affairs would have said that there must have been a number of thousands of shares out, the location of which he did not know. Instead, these people accounted to my counsel for every share of stock that had been issued. They knew just where to put their finger on it in the accounts of dummies in banks, trust companies and brokers, and had it down to such a fine point that they showed him—what even my most confidential clerk did not know—that I was short 1,250 shares of the stock, where I had borrowed it, and what I had sold it for. In other words, the entire business of this apparently great enterprise, United Copper, was as fictitious and unreal as that of the fraudulent auctioneer who, out of a total audience of fifty, has forty-nine dummies who are in the landing of one innocent.

At the end of my counsel's negotiations I gave my answer to the gang in practically these words: "The proposition does not pan out even as well as you led me to think, for while there are unquestionably millions in it, one could make them fully as surely and with much less twinging of conscience by holding up the banks and trust companies with black-jack, dark lantern, and dynamite bomb."

Heinze and his pea- and shell-tossers were not in the least disconcerted by my plainness. They only regretted that I would not see it as they did. Immediately after giving them my answer I issued a brief statement, as I had told them I should, warning the public that the boldest swindle of the age was on foot.

May I ask right here: Does any one suppose that if my treatment of Heinze on that night which I described in a previous chapter, and to which my enemies love to point as illustrative of my habit of hitting below the belt, had been any but dead-square fighting, he would have come to me again, asking me to handle the most important affair he ever had to do with?

TALE OF A PITTSBURG MERCHANT

Scene 4. A few days after I had given the Heinze crowd their answer, United Copper took on renewed life and with enormous transactions advanced from 30 to 78. In four days the stock had climbed from 30 to 64. It was about this time that I was called on the telephone by a merchant of Pittsburg. He explained that he had a sure tip from a bank president friend that United Copper was going to 125 at once and was to combine with Amalgamated; that he wished me to buy for him 10,000 shares on a margin of $80,000, which was all he could afford to withdraw from his business. He explained to me that he was worth not over $200,000. I told him I would not buy 10,000 shares of the stock on margin for any one; that I would not buy 10,000 shares even for cash, and I tried to tell him how much more I knew about it than he did.

Two days afterward he told me that he had found some one who would "carry" 10,000 shares for him with his $80,000, and that he had purchased it at 68. A few days afterward, United Copper dropped $20 a share in as many seconds, and then quickly recovered. I learned that my merchant friend had not only lost his $80,000 but was held, or threatened with being held, for over $100,000 additional loss.

Picture what would happen if a merchant from Pittsburg should announce in the station of the Pennsylvania road in Jersey City that he had just been robbed of $8,000, not to say $180,000, through the old-fashioned gold-brick process, and should point out to a sympathetic crowd the confidence men who had perpetrated the robbery. Would it not require the services of the police to save the gold-brick artists from violence at the hands of the infuriated spectators? Yet in these days of eleven-legged finance my tale of the Pittsburg merchant, if told in Wall Street, would evoke only a loud and contemptuous guffaw.

WILD MINE YARNS

Scene 5. Amid furious transactions on American and European stock exchanges and on the curbs, the price of Anaconda mounts to 300 per cent. ($75), Amalgamated to 118, North Butte to 94, and United Copper to 78. Barron, of the "News Bureau" and affiliated organs, sends out to the press of the world the news that Rogers, Heinze, Cole, and Ryan have had a great love feast, and have buried the hatchet; that the Heinze and Amalgamated properties are to be consolidated into a new company with $400,000,000 capital, which will be exchanged for the Amalgamated's $155,000,000 and the United Copper's $50,000,000, which, together, a few months previously had been selling at about $50,000,000; that Heinze personally has been paid $25,000,000 cash and his United Copper Company $40,000,000 more cash, and that the stock of the Amalgamated will be rushed up to 200, United Copper to 150, North Butte to 200, and Anaconda to 2,000 ($500). About the same time Barron begins to distribute the yarn that new strikes of fabulous richness have been made in the Anaconda mine, and these are followed up with wild telegrams from Butte explaining, with that minute detail always employed by the out-of-the-whole-cloth liar, how the strike has spread to North Butte on the one side and to United Copper on the other.

MONTANA DAMON AND PYTHIAS

The coup was one of those razzle-dazzle, everybody-shouting-at-once, nobody-given-time-to-think planned affairs which the "System" knows by experience seldom fail to carry the people off their feet, and for two days it seemed as though Wall and State Streets' gold-brick supply would be exhausted before the people's savings had given out. Everybody who knew stocks, or hankered to know stocks, was sure the millennium had arrived. Barron's entire force of lie-machine tenders worked in forty-eight-hour shifts, and marvelous was the product they turned out. According to their yarns, Rogers and Heinze had never been anything but Damon-and-Pythias our-eyes-on-the-cross crusaders, bent on seeing that the people came into their own in record time. Apparently the only concern of these noble fellows was to invent new love terms for each other. And my! the way the real money did roll in! I started at the very first announcement of the deal to yell "Robbers!" and "Police!" but instantly saw that, in the public, I was dealing with a lot of maniacs who were incapable of sanity until they had received a really good soaking. For forty-eight hours I stood aside to witness the drenching. I saw it coming as plainly as the salt-water skipper sees the dogfish which are inevitable at the shoaling of the gentle smelts and mackerel.

Next day, after Barron's semi-official announcement, Ryan, Heinze, and Cole unqualifiedly corroborated the wild stories afloat, and, still more potent proof, Heinze turned over all his properties to Cole and Ryan to be held for a day or two in trust on account of the new company. This in turn was followed by the dismissal of all the accumulated suits of Heinze against Amalgamated and of Amalgamated against Heinze, and, of course, this was evidence to the poor dear public that the millennium was really at hand.

I had noticed that, though Heinze, Cole, Ryan, Barron, and all the captains, lieutenants, and pike-carriers were vying with one another to guarantee the coming riches, Rogers was silent. It must be remembered that Rogers's fortune consists of real, not stage money, and that he might be called upon in court to "make good." Knowing the wily old butcher, I realized that he had given the word to the others to get the sheep to the shambles, at any cost, and then to burn every bridge while he was quietly getting into shape his alibi for the wrathful time that would surely follow this new robbery.

CONSPICUOUSLY ABSENT

The dismissal of the suits was the culmination of the third day's bombardment, and with things at the top I saw the opening for a fair, square drive at the very vitals of the swindle, and I let fly. I have found that in all such affairs—affairs where one must deal with the great masses of people whose passion for gold has been stirred to a froth—it is not the heroics of eloquence that will move them, nor the brute logic of facts; it is rather the ironic jab of some slim, ridiculous weapon—a hat-pin, for instance; or the cold douche of a well-aimed squirt-gun.

So in this case I employed no invective, but coolly called attention to two blanks that, if the business were real, must have been filled:

1st. Neither Rogers, Rockefeller, nor any one financially responsible was on record as in any way guaranteeing the yarns being floated.

2d. The easiest thing of all to bring into existence, the new company, was missing.

Then I pointed to the mysterious outpour of Amalgamated, Anaconda, North Butte, and United Copper stock, and I picked up that most effective weapon of all, that most undignified and disreputable of arguments, the little bean-blower which seldom in the hands of an expert fails to land its projectile in the eyeball of the biggest Goliath—the bet. I offered to wager any part of a million dollars, ten to one, that every story put afloat by the swindlers was unqualifiedly false, and that the instant the new company should be announced, the entire series would be proved false. I ended up with this parting kick on the shins: "Owners of the stocks involved should demand the official announcement of the new company and, if refused, should throw over every share of their holdings." Then I stepped aside to help tumble the market when the scare should be on.

ROBBED AGAIN

The swindlers, caught red-handed, met the indignant demands of those whom they had induced to load up with United Copper and the others with the bold declaration that the new company would be officially announced the next day, and I was pelted with a shower of frantic "Wrong again's" by Barron and his fake artists. I saw I had smoked them out and that they were simply playing for another twenty-four hours to unload, which idea the increasing outpour of stocks corroborated. Next day the new company was announced, and again I know you will cry "Incredible!"—but the records are accessible to all. It was "The Butte Coalition Co., capital $15,000,000," of which $10,500,000 was all that went to Heinze. Actually this was the full amount he had been paid to settle for the bonds, debts, and preferred stock and for the $45,000,000 of common stock which was quoted in the open market as selling at over $34,000,000.

At this, of course, the jig was up, and again the people saw they had been robbed, even more boldly and coarsely than in Amalgamated itself. And, as I write, Anaconda, Amalgamated, North Butte, and United Copper are crashing—Amalgamated has gone from 118 down to 99¾, Anaconda from 300 is in the 240's, North Butte from 94 is crossing 75, United Copper from 78 is breaking through 55, and unless Rogers and the "System" again come to the rescue, the slaughter, by the time this chapter shall be in the hands of my readers, will have been frightful. But it is my opinion that at this time Rogers and the band will attempt to stay the crash, at least long enough to let the people who have been robbed cool off, for even they recognize that if the slaughter is too ruthless at just this time, the people may lose their heads, forget the laws they have made, and for a day or two go hiking after the "System" with noosed ropes, as the people of Philadelphia did a short time ago.

ARE THE PEOPLE WORTH SAVING?

Was there ever such an exhibition of idiocy? Do you wonder that in the face of such fatuity I hesitate to put forth a Remedy that must be sanely and intelligently dealt with if it is to be successful? The performance I have detailed was put through in the light of day. In the face of red lights and storm-signals the public madly scrambled to the shambles. What assistance can I possibly expect from men who in their business ventures of great moment seem not to have the instinct that both domesticated and wild animals possess—the instinct of self-preservation?

Of course, I exposed this outrage and in just and direct terms stigmatized it for what it was, but in reply these men said to their dupes who were millions out of pocket by the fraud:

"You are foolish to listen to Lawson. He's surely wrong. Our scheme is a good one. We do not deny that the new company has only fifteen millions to be exchanged for all the property we have been saying was worth hundreds of millions, but you must not overlook the fact that the new company is to have 1,000,000 shares of a par value of $15 instead of 150,000 shares of a par value of $100, and that because of this fact each share of United Copper will receive a new share of Butte Coalition. With our combined facilities and money, these 1,000,000 shares will sell at as high as 150 or 200 a share, and with a market so big and so broad that any who wish to sell out can easily find purchasers. You must admit that with Heinze, Cole, Ryan, and Rogers all pulling together in the stock-market, where they formerly were fighting each other, the stock must advance to fabulous figures and become a great favorite in Wall and State Streets and even in Europe."

"And as a sample of what we will do, watch us," they bade, and they actually did, on the first day Butte Coalition was announced, rush the price up from 15 to 45—$15,000,000 to $45,000,000.

And their explanation was seriously considered and regarded as satisfactory by the victims.

A CAUSE WORTH SERVING

Again I ask, can you blame me if I wanted to throw down my pen and say as the "System" does, "To hell with the people! They are not worth working to save!"?

Yet, how weak and trivial is such an outburst in the face of a cause so momentous! No upward step in the progress of humanity was ever taken save against hostile pressure; no world ever made over in a day; no successful reformer but had to convince his followers before he could convert his opponents. Should a great fight be abandoned because some privates have refused to abide by the general's counsels? Positive results count, not reverses. Who cares after the sheep are folded how far during the day they have wandered? The cause is the thing; blessed he whom fate affords the chance to serve it.

IN THE "SYSTEM'S" NETS

I know that the people can be liberated from the "System's" nets only by one who knows how these nets are woven. Only one like myself whom long usage has familiarized with every knot, twist, and mesh of the entanglements of the financial organization can extricate the unfortunates caught in its cunning bonds. For what I have undertaken no obligation compels me to justify myself to individuals. Nor does individual dissent prove aught against my cause or me. My eyes are on the myriads of innocent victims of the hell-hounds and their cruel machine—the God-fearing, home-loving people who, while they never seem to buy or sell a share of stocks or a bond, are the ones who eventually must pay the price for such *coups* of the "System" as those I have just set forth. My task is to make visible to such as these their fetters and convince them of the inevitable enslavement just ahead. And if in the long run, after additional years of reiteration, I shall have enlightened the people as to the crimes committed against them and they shall rise in their might and sweep their oppressors into oblivion, how trivial will seem incidents which at the moment appear as setbacks!

The several instances of deviltry set forth in this narrative, infamous as they are intrinsically, are most serious in their largest application to the life and affairs of the American people. At the risk of being dubbed prosy, I propose to dwell awhile on the results of these transactions, so as to drum the meaning and bearing of them into the heads of the millions who do not know stocks.

When the transactions I have described shall have reached their ultimate conclusion, there will be in the hands of less than two score of men millions of money which was not only not there before, but was not in existence before. This money will eventually have to be coined out of the people, either through the direct sale to them of manufactured securities at a manufactured price, or by the exchange of these manufactured securities at their fictitious valuation for the people's savings deposited in banks and trust companies. Until either or both of these ends shall be accomplished—until the plotters shall have marketed their wares—they will continue to sustain the price fabric in the stock exchanges. After that the securities must rest on their actual value, and doubtless will drop back to the valuation from which they were manipulated.

If, at this turn, the prices for these securities remain at the high figure at which the people purchased them, it must be because the stocks yield in dividends on the inflated valuation at least five per cent. annually. This means that the mines must turn out enough copper, the metal, to yield a profit of at least five millions per annum for the stockholders. Such millions cannot be paid in addition to what is already being produced and paid, except through the price of copper, the metal, being maintained on its present lofty level, or raised still higher. That means the consumer—the people—must pay an additional price for every article of copper used in their daily requirements. To pay those extra five millions every new copper gutter, copper roof, door, hinge, boiler, or roll of trolley-wire, every electrical machine or appliance into which copper enters must bear a part of the tax. This involves extra rent for home and office, extra cost for machinery, extra fares and freights. Taking these facts into consideration, a mathematician might easily figure out just what percentage of the cost of living the increased price of copper imposes on the people of this country.

PROFITS FOR THE FEW

Let us turn now to copper, the metal. Before the thimble-rigging era set in—the year before last—the price was twelve cents per pound; last year it was eighteen to twenty cents per pound. Not a fraction of a mill of this six to eight cents advance on any of the hundred million pounds of copper—all of which is profit—went to the miners or other laborers who helped produce or refine the metal. They received exactly what they did when the "System" sold copper at twelve cents, and as the price of their necessities of life was advanced by the same process of manipulation, applied in other directions to yield other schemers millions, it is obvious that they are worse off now than under former conditions. The difference is pocketed by the schemers who neither dig, sow, reap, nor labor upon that which has been dug or reaped.

I shall go even farther, and use this recent *coup* of the "System" to impress again upon my readers the fundamental bearing of certain other financial conditions.

Stocks and bonds have recently increased in price valuation over six billions; but for the purposes of argument let us say $6,000,000,000. Five per cent. interest per annum upon this amount is $300,000,000, which represents the labor of 600,000 people, or, with their dependents, 3,000,000, or almost four per cent. of our entire population. If our country has grown so prosperous that in a short time there could legitimately come into existence $6,000,000,000 of real values in those industries represented by these stocks and bonds, why should these $6,000,000,000 go to a few score of men instead of to the whole people? But this latter proposition involves a discussion not germane to the issue here.

THE PEOPLE'S LABOR MORTGAGED

If, on the other hand, these $6,000,000,000 have been created by a trick and will exist only long enough for the tricksters who created them, the "System," to exchange them for the people's savings, do they not constitute in one form or other a perpetual mortgage on the labor of all the people to the extent of $300,000,000 each year? In the hands of their original owners, the people, the six billions must have yielded that revenue. Their new owners will exact from the people in new taxes on their necessities or luxuries revenue to that amount. And this on top of other hundreds of millions in interest payments yielded by other billions created in a similar way.

This is the actual effect upon our every-day existence of such transactions as those I have described. If the few have by a trick gained possession of billions of wealth for which they have given the many nothing in return, they, the few, have a mortgage upon the future labors of the many, and this mortgage the many cannot raise or pay interest on except by the produce of their labor. To carry the condition to its ultimate conclusion, it is conceivable that the transactions I have recounted might be multiplied by this score of the "System's" votaries to such an extent that within a single year they would have a mortgage on the entire product of all the rest of the eighty millions. This would mean slavery to the American people, for the annual interest alone would be sufficient to keep the mortgage in force until eternity.

I have long contended that the most pressing, most fatal of all the evils that surround the American people is the unrestricted creation of tokens of corporate ownership. If a few men may arbitrarily stamp prices on pieces of paper which, through their control of the machinery of exchange and finance, are made to seem worth the price marked on them, so that banks and trust companies loan the savings of the people on them and the people purchase them as securities of value with their savings, it must follow after infinite duplications of the process that the actual money and tangible property of the country will be in the hands of the paper-security makers and that in order to pay the interest on these securities the bulk of the people must yield up the product of their labor to these few for nothing beyond the means to sustain life.

It is only the ignorant who assume that, because they never buy or own these pieces of paper—stocks and bonds—they are not affected by the fraudulent manufacture of them. Once it becomes possible to substitute the pieces of paper, thus fraudulently marked, for the savings of the people in the banks and trust companies, then every man, woman, and child in the country becomes liable to the consequences of their existence. Through such pieces of paper the industries of the nation, big and little, are controlled, so that even the laborer who has neither ownership of land nor savings in bank helps pay the tax they impose, in the increased cost of his food and fare and clothes. For it must be borne in mind that the first charge against all industries is the charge of capital.

CAPITAL'S CLAIMS FIRST

The manager of a railroad in computing rates of fares and freight is confronted by the necessity of earning a fixed sum to pay interest on his millions of bonds and dividends on his millions of stock. Next he adds the cost of maintenance and operation—i. e., the actual charge for labor and material used in running his trains. It is only shilly-shallying to pretend that capital must take its chances for interest and dividends after material and labor have been paid for. It is the capitalist who controls and manages the road and so makes the rates, and his first thought is to provide capital's share and then to adjust the price of labor and material.

So it is with the farmer, the possessor of the land, who, not owning or caring anything about stocks and bonds, says, "The capitalist gets nothing from me." As a matter of fact, the price of every ounce of necessities and luxuries he consumes, the charge for every hour of labor he uses, every freight or passenger rate he pays, these are all made by the adjustment of what has been produced to what it has cost after capital has taken its interest or dividends—these charges are made after and only after the affiliated Heinze-Ryan-Cole-Rogers gangs and their kind in other industries have first deducted the five per cent. on the, say, $100,000,000 I have shown you that in this particular instance they created by a barefaced and palpable trick. In fact, the price at which the farmer sells the product of that land which he thinks he owns independent of any of the doings of the stock gamblers of Wall Street, is moved up or down by the demands for interest or dividends on this one hundred millions and billions more created as fraudulently and by the same device of finance.

MAN WHO OWNS NO STOCK MOST INJURED BY STOCK-TRICKERY

I CANNOT REITERATE TOO FREQUENTLY FOR THE GOOD OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE: THE PERSON MOST VITALLY INTERESTED WHEN A DOLLAR OF REAL WORTH IS BY A "SYSTEM" TRICK TURNED INTO A STOCK OR BOND $10 IS THE LABORER, WHO NEITHER OWNS A SHARE OF STOCK NOR A BOND, NOR HAS A DOLLAR OF SURPLUS IN BANK, TRUST, OR INSURANCE COMPANY. HE IS THE FIRST TO BE INJURED AND IS THE MOST VITALLY INJURED OF ALL, FOR BY THIS ACT HE IS COMPELLED EITHER TO WORK FOR LESS OR TO EXCHANGE THAT WHICH HE RECEIVES FOR HIS LABORS FOR LESS; AND THE FACT OF HIS HAVING NO SURPLUS SAVINGS IS PROOF POSITIVE THAT HE HAS NOTHING HE CAN LOSE WITHOUT SACRIFICING SOME OF THE ESSENTIALS OF CIVILIZED EXISTENCE. FROM HIM THE INJURY SPREADS UPWARD ON A CONSTANTLY DECREASING SCALE, AS IT AFFECTS THE DAILY REQUIREMENTS OF THE FARMER, WHO OWNS NOTHING BUT HIS LAND, THE SMALL MANUFACTURER OR STOREKEEPER, WHO OWNS

NOTHING BUT WHAT HE HAS INVESTED IN HIS BUSINESS, THE ONE WHO IS A SMALL CAPITALIST BECAUSE HE HAS A SURPLUS IN BANK OR TRUST OR INSURANCE COMPANY, OR HONESTLY BOUGHT STOCK, BONDS, OR MORTGAGE, AND ON AND ON, UP TO THE HEAVY CAPITALIST WHO HAS A GREAT INVESTED FORTUNE, BUT WHO DOES NOT BELONG TO THE "SYSTEM" OR TO THE "SYSTEM'S" CLASS.

Keep your eye on these conditions, O gentle, somnolent reader, and at the same time keep your active intelligence double-circuited to your mental effect-and-cause laboratory.

THE NATION THREATENED

If paper titles, stocks and bonds, to the extent of twenty billions of *honest wealth*, which are in effect a license to collect five per cent. annually (one billion dollars), are, while in the hands of the "System," arbitrarily raised or watered to sixty billions, or the license to collect three billions annually, that extra two billions is what the people are robbed of. And it is because of this robbery—this stock-watering—that to-day the few, the "System," have that which if possessed by the many, the people, would change the entire face of our nation and make her people what they should be—the happiest of all people, and would insure coming generations like happiness. And it is because of this robbery, this stock-watering, or stock price inflation, that our nation will surely go to perdition when Nature frowns, when crops fail or storms devastate—and you must remember that Nature frowns often unless such robbery is stopped. And how can it possibly be stopped save by a reversal of the machinery by which the robbery was perpetrated? It is through this machinery that the "System" is enabled to prevent the present laws being enforced or the making of new laws which would reverse it. To this I know the entire brood of theoretical reformers will object. I am not dealing in theories but in hard, cold practicalities. Illustration:

Heinze, Cole, Ryan, Rogers, and their ilk make by a trick one hundred millions of securities. They exchange them for the dollars of the people. The people go to law to get back their money. These "System" votaries use, if necessary, one-half of their spoils, fifty millions of dollars, to "educate" the courts and law-enforcers. Courts and the law-enforcers, being human, are "educated." Had the people fifty millions, and were they willing to meet the "System" in its vile methods, there might be some show for them, but having been robbed of one hundred millions, they have no fifty millions to stack up against the "System's" pile—they have nothing to stack up against the "System's" pile. Hence present and future unhappy conditions.

So it is with the ballot-box. When the time comes for the people to stack up against the Heinze-Cole-Ryan-Rogers gangs with their scores of hundreds of millions, they will have about the same chance as eighty million snow-flakes would have of extinguishing the fires of hell. Again I hear the theorists protest, and loudly proclaim that the ballot-box is the panacea for all our ills. Yet each of the Big Three insurance companies not only admitted that the policy-holders' money had been contributed to campaign funds to be used in perpetuating the control of vested interests at the polls, but the "System's" great votaries who act as trustees for the policy-holders' money stood up in their boots when caught and boldly swore that this money had been given to the Republican party to save the nation from anarchy. And McCall, on his death-bed, declared that if he had the opportunity he would do it over again, and this in the face of the fact that a large proportion of the policy-holders of the Big Three were Democrats, who at the time were working and spending their own money to defeat the Republicans. Even the great "Andy" Hamilton, who admitted having spent a million and a half to three millions of the policy-holders' money in "educating" legislatures and courts, returned from Europe for the express purpose of appearing before the New York Legislature and openly glorifying that act and others akin to it—yes, and the New York Legislature cheered him to the echo!

CUT WAGES TO INCREASE PROFITS

These brutal truths are the facts, gentle readers. Your belated indignation reminds me of that of a dog who, because the cat is eating up his dinner on an apparently out-of-reach shelf, ferociously chases his tail in a circle to the accompaniment of angry yelps, instead of camping below and quietly and decorously biting the feline's spine in seventeen pieces when she attempts to pass out into the back yard.

Let me give you another illustration of the supreme intelligence of the people's indignation. After reading how the Heinze-Cole-Ryan-Rogers gang "made" a world of new money you might say: "Well, if the honest toilers ever get a chance to crack the 'System,' they at least can be depended upon to mar its physiognomy!"

Tut, tut again! Even the honest toiler is liable to go wrong when his organization is shepherded by the "System." At the climax of the Heinze-Cole-Ryan-Rogers swindle two things stood conspicuously forth: The banks and trust companies were being loaded with the gang's comparatively worthless securities: the warring factions in the Butte mining-camp having come under one head, and a rascally one, with a record black for oppression of labor, would sooner or later take advantage of their coalition to reduce the wages of labor. Because of the fact that there had always been a two- and three-cornered fight on between Clark, Heinze, and Amalgamated, the Butte miners were in receipt of unusually high wages. In order to make any sort of a show of delivering the goods, expenses would have to be reduced, and my own investigation into the swindle had shown me that the first step toward this end would be a tremendous cut-down in wages. Indeed the schemers in all their Eastern stock-selling arguments have dwelt upon the fact that as soon as they got round to it they would so manipulate the Butte mining field that the same amount of copper would be produced as of old, and yet at an annual increased profit of nine million dollars secured from decrease in the labor expense. I also knew that enormous amounts of the inflated stock had been put into the banks of Butte—in fact, that one Butte savings-bank controlled by the gang was actually loaning its deposits upon United Copper and North Butte at the full price quoted for them; that is, loaning without even the customary gambler's margin, which would be demanded upon good stocks selling at legitimate prices; and I determined to warn the miners of Butte and the people of Montana of the facts.

A CRISIS FOR MONTANA MINERS

Calmly take in the situation: The great labor organization of Butte is the Butte Miners' Union. My relations with this great organization have been very friendly. In the past, upon different occasions, I had taken part in straightening out some of its affairs. It knew also that in many parts of the country I had had close and most friendly relations with labor organizations. In addition, the miners of Butte were well aware that with the settlement of the Butte copper war a crisis in their affairs was inevitable. They knew it because for years Senator Clark through the press, on the stump, and by every means possible had proclaimed, "If Heinze and Amalgamated ever come together, 'Standard Oil' slavery for Butte miners!" Heinze's war-cry had always been: "If the people of Montana allow me to be crushed, good-by to Montana's prosperity, for 'Standard Oil' will reduce wages at least fifty per cent." And Amalgamated's battle slogan in its different campaigns had been: "If by hook or crook Heinze or Clark should compel us to sell out, their first act would be a reduction in wages, which would not only wipe out Butte's prosperity but bring untold suffering upon the miners."

NEWSPAPER SCAVENGERS

There are and have been for years in Montana four scavenging leeches of a type which is always found in the wake of the "System's" operations in new territories. "Newspapers" they call themselves, but I ask forgiveness of that most industrious and honorable of all professions for using its name in the case of which I am writing. They are: The *Butte Miner*, the *Anaconda Standard*, the *Butte Inter Mountain*, and the *Butte News*. The first two are owned by Senator Clark—United—States—Senator Clark; the *Inter Mountain* by Amalgamated, and the *News* by Heinze.

The conditions of so vile and sordid a warfare have drawn to the service of these publications a type of brute degenerate unknown elsewhere in the newspaper profession—the barroom brawler type — whose fitness consists in his ability to gouge and bite and exude filthy language, and to whom, of course, all the decencies of civilization are strange. During the years while these worthies have been flailing each other with muck-rakes and black-jacks, the unfortunate citizens of Montana have been compelled to keep their eyes bandaged, their nostrils corked, and fumigators and disinfectants handy. Nothing that a degraded pen could trace or chalk could draw have the four overlooked while hunting one another's lairs. "Perjury," "murder," "arson," are words so often employed by these character scavengers on the opponents of their bosses as to make such terms of opprobrium more familiar to the children of Montana than "liberty," "reverence," or "self-respect."

The opinions of these four literary prostitutes have varied with the fortunes of their owners in the bitter controversy that has been waged in Butte, but on several points they have agreed. Each has asseverated that if its owner withdrew or was forced out, leaving the field to the others, labor would surely be crucified. Again, each has declared that the stocks representing its owner's opponents' properties were not worth more than blank paper. They are all on record as stating that the banks and the trust companies controlled by their rivals are being used to further nefarious schemes at the expense of the depositors, and, curiously enough, at one time or another, each has pronounced me "about all an honest man can be." These eulogies represent varying phases in the fight. When I had a finger in Amalgamated the *Inter Mountain* could see only nobleness and ability in my every move. When I attacked Amalgamated the *News* could hardly be restrained from circulating a petition that I be granted the Order of the Saints, and when I lifted both Heinze's and Amalgamated's scalps the Clark papers insisted upon my being given the freedom of the State. Indeed upon one occasion, when one of my statements was questioned by Amalgamated and Heinze, the *Butte Miner* displayed $5,000 in gold eagles in its office window with big placards: "The Great Lawson of Boston's Noble Answer to Butte's Character Thugs."

MINERS' UNION SPURNS A WARNING

Believing it my bounden duty to spread as far as possible my exposure of the rascally manipulation in progress, and being desirous of warning the men most immediately concerned as to what was in store for them, I wired the press of the country and the labor-unions of Butte the following:

> Have you any money on deposit in the banks at Butte? If so, does it not behoove you to look into the condition of *your* bank?
>
> Here are some facts:
>
> A short time ago a mine in Butte was bought by speculators for $3,000,000 and odd. It was capitalized at $9,000,000, 600,000 $15 shares. By manipulation and fake price-making on the Boston Stock Exchange it was rushed up to 94, or over $56,000,000.
>
> You know such figures are—silly!
>
> A short time ago a mine was sold by the Daly estate for $500,000. It was then capitalized at $1,000,000 bonds, $2,000,000 preferred and $10,000,000 common stock, total $13,000,000, and the price rushed up to a total of $19,000,000.
>
> You know such figures are—silly!
>
> A short time ago Heinze's United Copper was a drug on the market at $4 per share, $1,800,000. Its 450,000 common stock was rushed up to 79, over $35,000,000, or, with preferred stock, bonds, and debts, $45,000,000.
>
> You know such figures are—silly!
>
> A short time ago Amalgamated, 1,550,000 shares, was selling at 33, $54,000,000. It has just been rushed up by manipulation and fake price-making to 118, $185,000,000.
>
> You know such figures are—silly.
>
> The Butte Coalition Company has just been capitalized, 1,000,000 shares, $15, total $15,000,000, and has just been rushed in price to $45,000,000.
>
> You know such figures are—silly!
>
> Here you have a total of queer curio paper chromos purporting to be worth $340,000,000.
>
> You know such figures are—silly!
>
> They could not be sold to real buyers for real money at $75,000,000.
>
> Now let me tell the people of Montana, who have money deposited in the banks of Butte, something which is not so silly:
>
> This gigantic swindle was made possible only by a certain lot of Butte banks giving to a certain big brokerage house in Wall Street their combined guarantees to stand behind the deal. This house has given its guarantee to banks and trust companies, who, by false pretenses, have been inveigled into loaning their deposits to these schemers, and to brokerage houses, who have been induced to carry these stocks.
>
> A crash in these stocks is on the way, and when it comes the loss may be larger than the combined capital and deposits of all the banks and trust companies in Montana!
>
> I earnestly advise every depositor in certain banks in Butte, Montana, to demand from the officials of the banks a quick show-down of their condition—not the condition of record, but the actual condition; and at the same time to take quick action to prevent the loss of their deposits.

> TO THE MINERS OF MONTANA
>
> Based upon the Amalgamated, Heinze, and North Butte mines coming under one management, plans are being made for a big reduction in wages to cover every branch of the industry.
>
> The miners of Montana should investigate at once.
>
> Such investigation may show them that the present high price of copper is because of deep-laid plans based upon a big curtailment of production caused by a long shut-down brought about by wage reduction.
>
> It behooves the miners of Montana not to postpone such investigation until after the stocks of these mines have been unloaded upon innocents, for if they do, the position of the present management will be impregnable, as they will welcome or even force any kind of a contest which will give them an excuse to shake down the stocks, that they may purchase them at slaughter prices.
>
> March 19, 1906. THOMAS W. LAWSON.

And this is the answer I received:

BUTTE March 22.

To THOMAS W. LAWSON, Boston, Mass.:

The Butte Miners' Union takes notice of your warning that plans are being made to reduce wages of miners in Montana, and has only to say to you that the miners of Montana need no stock-jobber or bucket-shop manipulator to take care of their interests. The Butte Miners' Union has for twenty-seven years maintained a satisfactory scale of wages for its members, and has at the same time maintained friendly relations with the management of the companies employing them, and at the present time the management has the entire confidence of the members of our Union. In your effort to depreciate the value of Butte properties by your attacks on companies employing 10,000 miners in Butte, and on the banks of Butte, you will not be aided by men who are to-day, as they have been for over a quarter of a century, getting steady work and fair wages, with the friendliest of feeling between companies and employees.

(Signed) BUTTE MINERS' UNION.
FRANK O'CONNOR, President.
WM. MALLOY, Secretary.

In reply I wired:

MARCH 22, 1906.

THE BUTTE MINERS' UNION, FRANK O'CONNOR, President; WILLIAM MALLOY, Secretary, Butte, Mont.:

I thank your Union for its prompt and courteous treatment of my statement, which cost your Union nothing to receive.

I think you are in error in your reference to the Heinze-Cole-Ryan-Rogers gang being bucket-shop operators. They are stock-jobbers all right, but I do not think they have yet sunk to that depth of all depravity—bucket-shop operating. I am pleased to know you do not need their help.

You are also in error about my attempting to depreciate Butte property by attacks on the Butte banks. My efforts are directed entirely to the exposure of the crookedest lot of crooks who ever robbed the blind and helpless and by bribery and other methods secured the indirect aid of others in their thuggery.

Again, you are in error about my wanting the aid of your Union in any of my work. I would welcome the cooperation of your magnificent body in any work of mutual interest I might be engaged in, but at present I am engaged in no work which I am not able to push to complete success without the aid of any one.

I would respectfully ask your Union to frame my statement and your courteous reply, and if your members do not within twelve months from its receipt gaze upon them through that pickled mist which scalds while it clarifies, I will come to Butte and present myself to your esteemed Union for a football or punching-bag. Am mailing you check for cost of your courteous telegram.

THOMAS W. LAWSON.

FALSE SECURITY

"What is the explanation?" you ask. Simple—very simple!

Wages are still good in Butte; the "System's" trusted lieutenants are on the ground carrying bags bulging with portions of that one hundred millions I have described, and other bags bursting with unlimited supplies of that trick-made stock, a single sheet of which will remove a $100-a-month mine boss and his family from their cozy little homestead to a mansion on Easy Street. From 26 Broadway and Wall Street daily the wires bring the message: "Pay anybody any price; promise everybody everything, but hold your lines intact until we have unloaded."

Do I blame the Butte Miners' Union for their attitude? Not a whit. They are to-day what they have always been—a great body of honest, manly miners, country-loving, home-adoring victims of the wiles of the wiliest band of human vampires the Lord ever allowed to prowl this earth in quest of human prey.

Their arguments would assuredly run just this way—arguments first carefully rehearsed by the "System" to its lieutenants, then passed on by the "System's" lieutenants to their trusted workers in the Butte Miners' Union, and then handed out to the manly miners of Butte:

"Our condition was never better; copper plentiful, prices high, and our wages at the top and lots of 'em. Why should Lawson disturb this situation? Johnnie Ryan is now boss of all the mines, and Johnnie says no harm will come to us, and we know Johnnie."

THINGS MONTANA MINERS DO NOT KNOW

Perfect argument! Seems as though, if I were a member of the Butte Miners' Union, I would go looking for Lawson with a club. But there is no phonograph at the ear of the Butte miner humming this tune of the past:

William Scanlon once stood where Johnnie Ryan now stands. He, too, made promises, but one day without a word of warning he was called by wire to New York and Butte knew him no more. His days of usefulness had run out, and in his place the miners found Johnnie Ryan. Beyond this they knew and can know nothing, for the working of the great "System's" machine would puzzle even the most active and intelligent of the "System's" lieutenants, let alone plain, honest, all-day-working, all-night-sleeping miners.

Nor is there a phonograph at the ear of the Butte miner humming this pregnant message of the present:

At this very minute a choice collection of the "System's" experts sits in a certain office in New York weighing to the fraction of a nicety a hundred and one different plans, all having for their end a reduction of $9,000,000 in the net expenditure for labor. One plan is, when the price of the metal drops, to show such an overproduction that parts of the mines must shut down. Or the metal will be forced so low that the miners themselves will see that unless their wages are reduced, the entire enterprise must fail. Another device suggests an accident to this shaft, a fire in that shaft. But all of the schemes are directed one way—toward the reduction of nine millions in the amount which goes annually to the miners.

If there were such a thing as a prophetic phonograph at the ear of the Butte miner, it would be humming some such tune of the future as this:

Discord, strikes, hell. Where is our friend Johnnie Ryan? He has not been seen since he went to New York, and this man who now takes his place we do not know, other than that he is famous for his Colorado, West Virginia, and Homestead labor thuggery. Where are Rogers and his promises? Rogers is in New York grieving at the condition of affairs, but unable to help as he is getting old and long ago sold out his interests in Butte, etc., etc.

TARGET FOR MUDSLINGERS

Such alarming assertions as mine to the Montana miners logically called for investigation, and the average reader imagines the people of Butte saying: "For self-protection let us look into the conditions he says exist, if we go no further than the surface." But when the "System" is waving its hands in the air, making its cabalistic passes which promise millions while you wait, the American people are fascinated as a bird by a snake and, dumbly transfixed, allow themselves to be outraged and robbed. In this instance no attempt at investigation was made, but I at once became the target for the combined mud and filth sputterers of the "System." The four so-called newspapers belched forth their vituperative broadsides upon me, and not since the time when their degenerate associate Donohoe, at Rogers's orders, attacked me, have I encountered such a hail of vilification. The front pages of these reptilian organs fairly blazed with red headlines and infamous cartoons, while the editorial pages resembled the walls of a cell wherein some coarse, illiterate, rum-crazed brute had spent the night scrawling on the whitewashed walls with burnt match ends his opinion of the officer who had arrested him. Such comments as: "We'll paste him in the jaw," "We'll smash him in the face," "Let him come to Butte and we'll dance him on the rope's end," were among the mild and intelligent comments upon my statement of facts.

ANOTHER COURT SCENE COMING

However, I repeat to myself that such occurrences are among the fortunes of war, and that in an encounter with beasts one must not complain if they employ the weapons natural to them. To expect dignity or logic from a crew of panderers would be as unreasonable as to object to skunks, hyenas, and mules defending themselves in the brute way of their kind. I can only pray that the Miners' Union may be saved from its friends.

This episode has run itself out further than I had intended, for it was my purpose to close the chapter with a court scene, the antithesis of one presented in an earlier instalment. There I depicted the world of groundlings and the groundlings' court; here I proposed painting a most pretentious and important performance, in the United States Court of Boston. Before a learned judge the able attorneys of "Pepp," the receiver of Bay State Gas, and the astute counsel of Rogers and Rockefeller have for the past two weeks been arguing the big suit of the former against the latter for the return of those three to four millions which I have shown that these magnates looted from the Bay State stockholders. It was lordly eloquence these great men unleashed. As I listened to their excellent oratory I realized the broad distinction between tampering with a gas-meter and stealing a million. The latter is a crime whose impropriety depends on the manner of its commission, not on the fact itself; whereas in the other the offense and its punishment are mere cause and effect—analysis of the motives or demeanor of the scoundrel tamperer in the act being beside the point.

What I saw and heard fits so perfectly with my predictions as to what the outcome of this historic case would be that it becomes an additional reason for my hesitation in bringing forward my Remedy at this stage of the battle. It furnishes a further illustration of what may be choked down the people's throat by the "System," sure of its power and of the cowardice of its victim. Next month it will be my task to render justice to this instance of the dispensing of the higher law.

BEAUMONT

THE CITY AWAKE

East Texas is the money making center of the great Southwest—
And Beaumont is its most rapidly developing, its most prosperous city.
Beaumont is a city awake—pushing, prosperous, up to the minute.
It is a beautiful city—a pleasant place to live—a good place to grow up with. It is the natural focusing point for the manufacturing interests of the Southwest.
It has shipping facilities by both water and rail that put it within easy reach of the markets of the world.
It has an abundant supply of cheap fuel.
It is the center of the rice growing industry of the United States—producing nearly 2,000,000 bushels of rice a year.
It is surrounded by a fruit and vegetable growing country of unusual richness—a veritable garden spot for the farmers.
Its lumber interests exceed those of any other city in the country.
It is the center of an oil production aggregating 30,000,000 barrels a year. It is the city of opportunity.

If there is ANYTHING you want to know about Texas and its money making opportunities write to-day to the

Chamber of Commerce, Beaumont, Texas

401 KYLE THEATER BUILDING

Punch and Judying the United States Court

Continued from page 832

documentary proof, and remained on European soil, out of the jurisdiction of American courts, until yesterday (April 2), when the case closed. In the New York papers I found the following despatch from San Remo, Italy:

> William Rockefeller and his guests left San Remo to-day for Havre. The party left hurriedly in motor-car for the French port, where Mr. Rockefeller will embark for America. It is said that just prior to his departure Mr. Rockefeller received a cablegram from his brother, John D., urging him to return immediately to New York. William Rockefeller, who seems to be in the best of health, informed his guests that his brother's health is "not encouraging."

In this little episode the public has a warm illustration of the smoothness with which the "System" works; the contempt in which it holds the people's intelligence. After hiding in Europe for two years, Mr. Rockefeller starts for America the very day after the cause of his exile ceases to exist, and then from Europe comes this flimsy excuse.

A SIGNIFICANT REFUSAL

Roughed out, the foregoing are the high-place facts. My readers will bear me out that I set forth in my story all the details, splice-jointed, sandpapered, and polished to a see-yourself finish, so that none concerned could have excuse for not knowing the story of "The Bay State Steal." In addition to blue-printing all brick-board-lath-and-mortar facts which went to make the structure on which the suit rested, I roundly stated what my story definitely proved: that if I were put upon the witness stand, "Pepp" must win and Rogers and Rockefeller lose; if I were kept from testifying, in my opinion Rogers and Rockefeller must win and the four millions looted from the already wholesaledly and retailedly "skun" Bay State stockholders be cinched forever and aye. I set forth, as plainly as I could put it in words, that if Rogers and Rockefeller intended to "winky-wunk" the case, their surest play was to keep me off the witness stand; if "Pepp" designed to "throw" his case, his end would be best gained by barring me from testifying. In the chapter of my story alluded to I explained that I had not been called to court; though I had offered to win the case by going on the stand. "Pepp" definitely refused to put me on, although I have reason to believe his counsel, Whipple, had he been permitted, would have made me the chief witness.

NOTEWORTHY FACTS

My readers ask, "Do you mean to accuse the Bay State receiver, an officer of the United States Court, of thus openly selling out to Rogers and Rockefeller?" I answer, I make no accusation. I am not called upon to do so. I simply lay before my readers the facts, with the comment that if Rogers had gained the power to dictate the lines of the Bay State case he would have penciled "O. K. Pepp., Receiver" on the diagram upon which the suit was worked out, and that if "Pepp" had entered into a bargain with Rogers and Rockefeller, for a convenient "I-found-it-between-the-prayer-book-leaves" million, to "pass up" the looted stock- and bondholders' cause, he could have expressed the goods along a no more direct route than the one sign-boarded, "This court is closed to the man with the facts." I know nothing of any corrupt bargain between Rogers and "Pepp." If I did, I should tell it as I have told other crimes I knew of. In writing "Frenzied Finance" it has been my concern to set forth nothing but facts which, because of personal knowledge, I could, if called upon, take to pieces and put together again with hands and feet tied. So before I accuse "Pepp," an officer of the quick-acting United States Court, of conspiring with Rogers and Rockefeller, I shall see to it that I have absolute proof of crime. Charles Lamb was once held up by an angry acquaintance with the charge, "Lamb, I understand you have said I am a liar." Lamb's answer was to the effect that his acquaintance had been misinformed; that he, Lamb, having no personal knowledge that the man was a liar, could not have called him one; that all he had said was that if any other man than his acquaintance had said what had been reported, he would have known he was a liar.

All trials at law within the pale of our United States courts, even cases wherein the defendants are "System" masters and have herculean pulls and strong antipathies to publicity, must at some stage of their meanderings come out into God's daylight, where the unglassed eyes of the plain people, who have no pulls, are privileged to watch truth and perjury chase each other's tails over and under the legal hurdles. That the "System" has neglected an opportunity in permitting this condition to continue is obvious, but while it has been painting winks in the eyes and leers on the lips of the people's gods, and fitting hair-triggers and sliding panels to the Ten Commandments, it has not as yet succeeded in spiking upon the doors of the United States courts the sign:

"Proceedings inside are not for the vulgar many. To-day's show is strictly for the exclusive few."

Up to this moment the proceedings of all American courts are open to the people—up to present writing (I almost forgot to knock wood). Power and pull may screen a Rogers or a Rockefeller from the vulgar gaze while on the witness stand crocheting harmless-looking yarns into truth covers, lie nets, and perjury reins, but at some stage every ell of the testimony fabric he has woven must be submitted in open court for the inspection of the people.

SCREENS DOWN IN COURT

Something akin to excitement was aroused even in staid Boston by the announcement that at last the great Bay State Gas-"Standard Oil" suit was to be submitted and argued in the United States Court, held in Suffolk County, Massachusetts, before His Honor, Mr. Justice Putnam. It was whispered that, among the thousands of pages of testimony so laboriously gathered before the referee, there must be much that was ripe, rotten, and relevant. For never before in the history of litigation had so many barbed-wire entanglements been spread to ward off publicity and to repress comment. Upon the day in court, however, all screens must be down, and even the unfortunate thousands whose savings had been jettisoned from the Bay State craft might at last gratify their natural curiosity to find out by what magic two uncrowned citizens of the Land of the Free could hang on to four millions of their neighbors' savings while they looped the loops and shot the chutes amid staid legal precedents.

TWO OF THE "SYSTEM'S" VICTIMS

Once before I had been in this same Federal court. As Charlie Cole's bondsman the duty devolved on me to be on hand when he was sentenced to many years of servitude. But how the scene had changed from that mournful occasion. The "System" was after Charlie Cole. It had joined the law to punish its own victim. Charlie Cole had voluntarily come into court, had voluntarily beggared his family by giving their all—a million of his wife's and children's property—to reimburse the bank's depositors, until these had received one hundred cents upon each dollar's claim. He was but one against a world. The "System" had sized him up and had chalked him "has been." It had examined his hands and mouth, and contemptuously certified "No claws, no teeth." As a double precaution it had X-rayed him, and when the plates showed "heart big, soul normal, conscience open, and tissues free from bitterness," the final "Worked out; to hell with him" had the same effect upon the people's law machine as the throwing over of the throttle has on the locomotive. Burr-r-r—and Charlie Cole found himself in the Greenfield Jail, where he still languishes.

This time, however, the "System" is on the side of the defendants—the hundred-and-fifty-time millionaires accused of filching four millions from a doubtful lot of common people—and there is no wild rush of the mill wheels of justice, no hasty yanking at the throttle of the law. The blindfolded maiden at the scales wears a mien of respectful deliberation; the officers of the court are as solemn as a king's valets. Everything is sedate, orderly, time-consuming. The very atmosphere is so heavy with dignity that the veriest scoffer, come in to laugh, grows as sober as an owl.

I got over to the Federal building after the word-festival had begun. Near the courtroom door there stood a wizened old man in whom I recognized a Harvard professor who in years gone by had invested his little fortune of $12,000 in Bay State stock. This man, in real knowledge a hundred-time millionaire, at dollar-gathering a tyro, at once put to me the puzzle question he never failed to propound whenever we met:

"Mr. Lawson, what chance is there of getting anything back?"

I knew that if Rogers and Rockefeller could be made to pay back their loot of $4,000,000 and interest, the professor and his unfortunate fellow holders of the million and a half to two million outstanding shares would receive $3 to $4 a share. The Harvard professor confided to me that he had come over to see if he could size up the chances, with a view, if they were favorable, to laying in a few thousand shares of the stock now selling for but ten cents a share in order to average down the 3,000 shares that had cost him $4 a share.

"I am here to size it up myself," I answered.

"You cannot get into the court room," he explained; "every chair is taken. I gave it up after waiting a half-hour."

UNITED STATES COURT DIGNITY

An open-after-vestry-meeting, best-room sort of a place a United States court is—simple, plain, starched-stiff Yankeeish—chairs around three sides of the wall, and a dais taking up the fourth. At its foot is a rail, outside of which is a long table for the advocates. Along this table were gathered on this occasion an array of legal notables, the envy for the moment of the Massachusetts bar, for let it be understood that in a battle for $4,000,000 of "Standard Oil" loot, the legal lights favored with the defense of the strong box and the tattered reputation of this business colossus are the blue-ribbon wearers of their profession. But, as the professor had explained, every seat was occupied. As I cast my eyes over the solemn galaxy, seeking some—any vacant vantage point, a magnificent negro arose from behind a junior edition of the judge's throne, and with the grace and dignity of a Honolulu prince approached me. "All seats are taken, sir, and no standing is allowed," he murmured, and with one long jerk of the right section of a splendid growth of Dundrearies toward the door through which I had just entered, accompanied by a haughty swiveling motion of both eyelids and the whites of the eyes underneath in the same direction, he motioned me imperiously to "git."

As I surveyed the graceful form and the cold, dignified front of this minion of a free people, I realized the source of the professor's trembling irresolution and understood Uncle Sam's austere method of convincing the eighty millions of the supremacy of his judicial institutions. Almost overcome at my own audacity, I was about to turn on my heel and sneak for that yet untrustified section of the American continent—out-of-doors—when one of the lawyers stepped up to the blue-clad official and whispered something in his ear. I caught the one word "Tom." In an instant the statuesque dignity melted, a smile exhibited two Rooseveltian rows of ivory, and before I realized what was happening a large, firm hand was gently leading me in the direction of the minion's own throne beside the door. From this too sudden apotheosis I was rescued by the clerk of the court, who decorously provided me with a less distinguished chair. From this vantage post I set about sizing up the chances in the fight for millions which was being pulled off before me. None of the principals—not even the pure-beyond-contamination "Pepp," was present, but how elaborately, how multitudinously the principals were represented. The scene brought back to me the plea I had heard in that other court referred to in my February instalment, "Not guilty; I have no counsel"—no counsel to protect him from a verdict which would be fatal to his happiness: and here was a plethora of counsel to protect for some rich thieves the plunder that in the counting of their dollars, they would not even get to. In my innumerable duels before the blindfolded scales-lady I have acquired a certain knowledge of the ammunition capacity and carrying powers of the big and the lesser guns at the Massachusetts bar. Many of them have scored their highest records off my own person, and as I scanned their faces infinite memories of encounters thronged through my brain.

THE "SYSTEM'S" LEGAL COACH

On the far side from me sat Walter Badger, almost as famous now as Rogers's and Rockefeller's legal reserve rush and coach as he was a few years ago as Yale's reliable all-round athlete. Walter Badger is as quiet, calm, and mummified during the never-ending word-fire of his colleagues as though he were a conservatory metal figure—all but the eyes. These are apparently hung on nothing and revolve around it as a ball joint does around its center. From time to time this metal image speaks, and when it does it gives good proof that it is not losing sight or sound of anything connected with the battle. Let one of his colleagues in the heat of his speech cross himself, drop a stitch or take up an extra one, and instantly Walter Badger is on his feet with "If your Honor please," and then in a few calmly enunciated phrases, which are so interesting as to make every one, including the court and Badger's opponents, feel that they have some bearing upon the case, he proceeds in some unknown code to telegraph his colleague, "Get on to your job"; that his colleagues know he is always on to his is evidenced by the celerity with which, at the first convenient point after receiving his message, they run back and uncross themselves, or pick up the lost stitch or drop the extra one. In the Rogers-Rockefeller legal belt which carries the empty and overflowing buckets to and from the people's gold pile, Walter Badger, Esq., is an always-smooth-working link.

BOSTON'S BRIGHT LEGAL LIGHT

Next at the table is Rogers's and Rockefeller's senior Boston counsel, Alfred Hemenway, Esq., partner of McKinley's popular Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long. Rogers retains Hemenway for a number of reasons. First, he is a typical Bostonian, with a typical Scotch encasement and with an under-the-butt-of-the-tongue voice, and a dignity that would be as depressing as it is impressive if it were not for an all-over atmosphere which keeps insisting, "Get under my hide, blast you, and you will find whether I am a good fellow or not."

Well along in years is Alfred Hemenway, straight as a fifty-year-in-service Tommy Atkins, and just as bendingly supple. His Scotch right-angle gray side-whiskers are one of the landmarks of Boston. Into the heart of the innermost temples of Boston has he the entrée, and when Rogers comes to town Hemenway puts him up at the Union Club. Now, Boston has about as much use for the Rogerses and Rockefellers of finance as it has for an English monocle or an eight-carat shirt-front headlight, for it is as much awed by their hundreds of millions as it is scared by their Richelieu-like bullying. If it were not for the Alfred Hemenways, the Rogerses and Rockefellers could hope to partake of Union Club delicacies only by bribing the waiters to sneak them round by the below-stairs route. Perhaps you are beginning to see one of the reasons why Alfred Hemenway, Boston's mellow social light, is senior Boston counsel for Rogers and Rockefeller.

Then there are the Boston bar and the judges. Alfred Hemenway, Esq., stands as well with one as with the other. His word goes with either, and any lawyer in Massachusetts, barring perhaps an old timer or two who are similarly hall-marked, is handicapped when he finds himself legal-wise on the other side of an Alfred Hemenway case—handicapped at least to the extent of knowledge that every judge who wears linen and is on calling terms with the bathtub, is a warm personal as well as court friend of Alfred Hemenway and only too glad upon any and all occasions to let the world know it. It may be you are beginning to see why Alfred Hemenway, Esq., Boston's bright legal light, whose word is as good as his bond and whose bond is as good as the Government's, is retained by the master robbers of the "System," whose word, unless it is their legal word, sealed, signed, and stamped with indelible ink in the presence of a score of bribe-proof witnesses, is as good as, no better than, that of an idiot whom the court has placed under guardianship.

Editor's Note.—Again are we reminded of the hazard of depending for results in our own business upon others who are first of all business men with other pursuits. Mr. Lawson, as usual, left his copy until the very last minute. As we were going to press, we received the following wire from him:

"Hold up my copy beyond the Hemenway portrait, Galley 9. I must have a day more to revise it, as I am advised to use extra caution in regard to the United States Court scene."

We replied:

"Are up to last hour. Too long a delay would mean losing our issue day, which, of course, is impossible."

This brought back:

"All right. Go ahead up to and including Galley 9. Balance must go over until next month, as I am advised it may be contempt of court. Will smooth out any dangerous snags. I regret it as much as you can, as I have a screaming wind-up, but it cannot be helped; and, after all, what will it amount to a hundred years from now?"

"Punch and Judying the United States Court"
will be continued in the July issue.